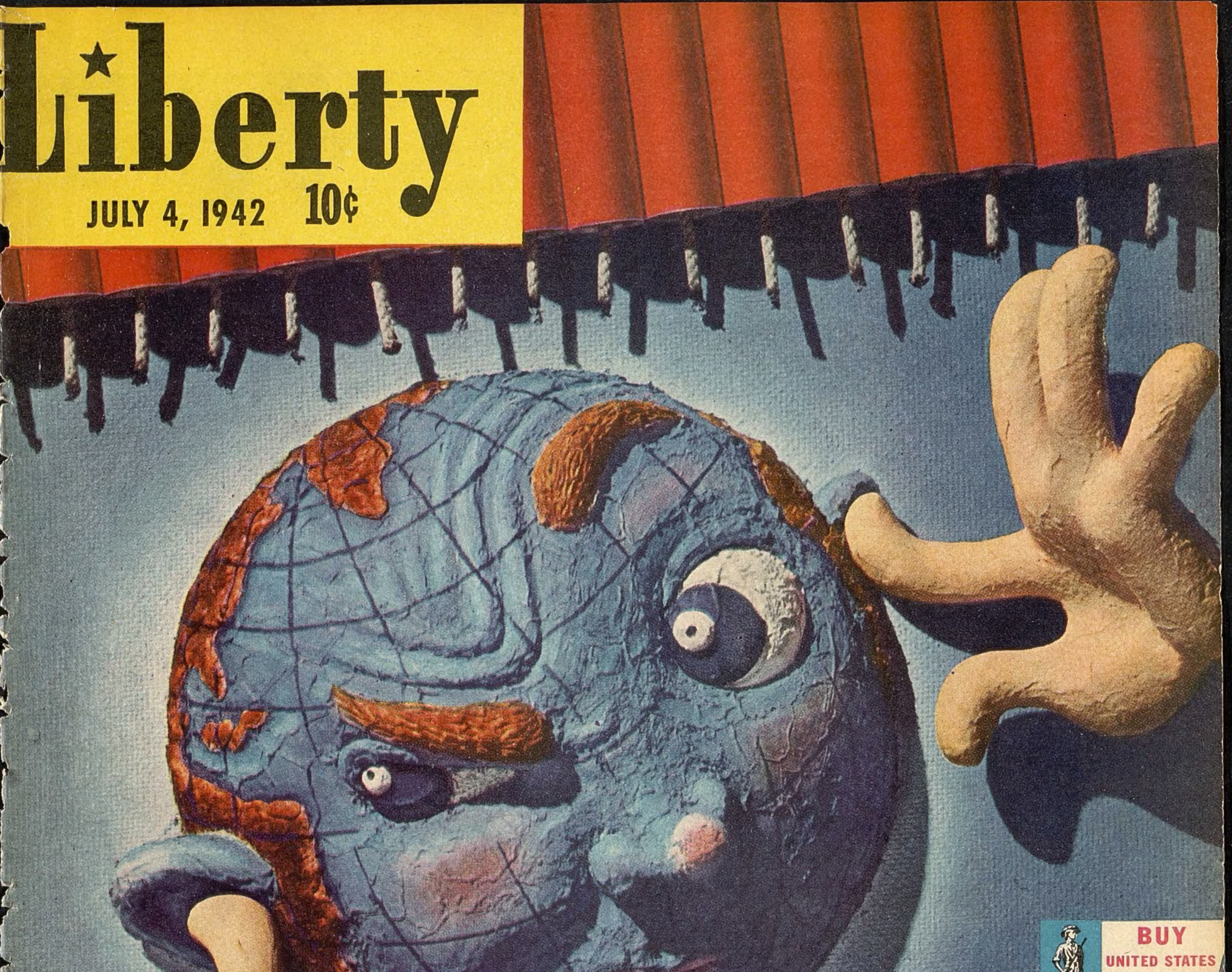
Liberty

JULY 4, 1942 10¢



BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND
STAMPS

GRIPPING NEW MYSTERY NOVEL—THE 14TH TRUMP

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TART NOW—$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST

In these busy times

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

EVERY WEEK WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR,

Listerine *to guard against* **Infectious Dandruff!**

When defense work takes so much of your time you're likely to side-track some important things. Well—don't side-track your hair and scalp.

Remember that neglect can help bring about a case of the infectious type of dandruff, with the ugly flakes and scales, the irritated, itchy scalp that so often accompany it. Fortunately there's a simple, delightful precaution against this condition, which takes only a few minutes at home—Listerine Antiseptic and massage, as part of your regular hair wash. While there's no assurance, of course, that this guarantees perfect protection, thousands find it very effective.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on your scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" that many authorities consider a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

At the same time it gives your scalp a feeling of freshness and invigoration.

76% Got Improvement In Tests

If you already have infectious dandruff, use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day. See how quickly it helps remove distressing flakes and scales, how quickly it helps relieve that miserable itching and inflammation. This is the treatment that has helped so many.

Remember—in clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

Keep on doing your "bit" but don't neglect hair and scalp. Don't wait for infectious dandruff to get started. The Listerine Antiseptic precaution is as delightful as it is easy. Buy the large economy bottle today. Bear in mind that Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Dear Pop:

Even an old Rainbow Divisioner like you would pop your eyes at the army we're putting together this time. Let me tell you, they're doing everything to make up just about the best bunch of fighting galoots you ever saw.

And that goes for what they do for us off duty, too! Take this new clubhouse we got just outside of camp. It's got radios, dance floors, nice soft chairs and everything. And, Pop, you can get something to eat that won't cost you a month's pay!

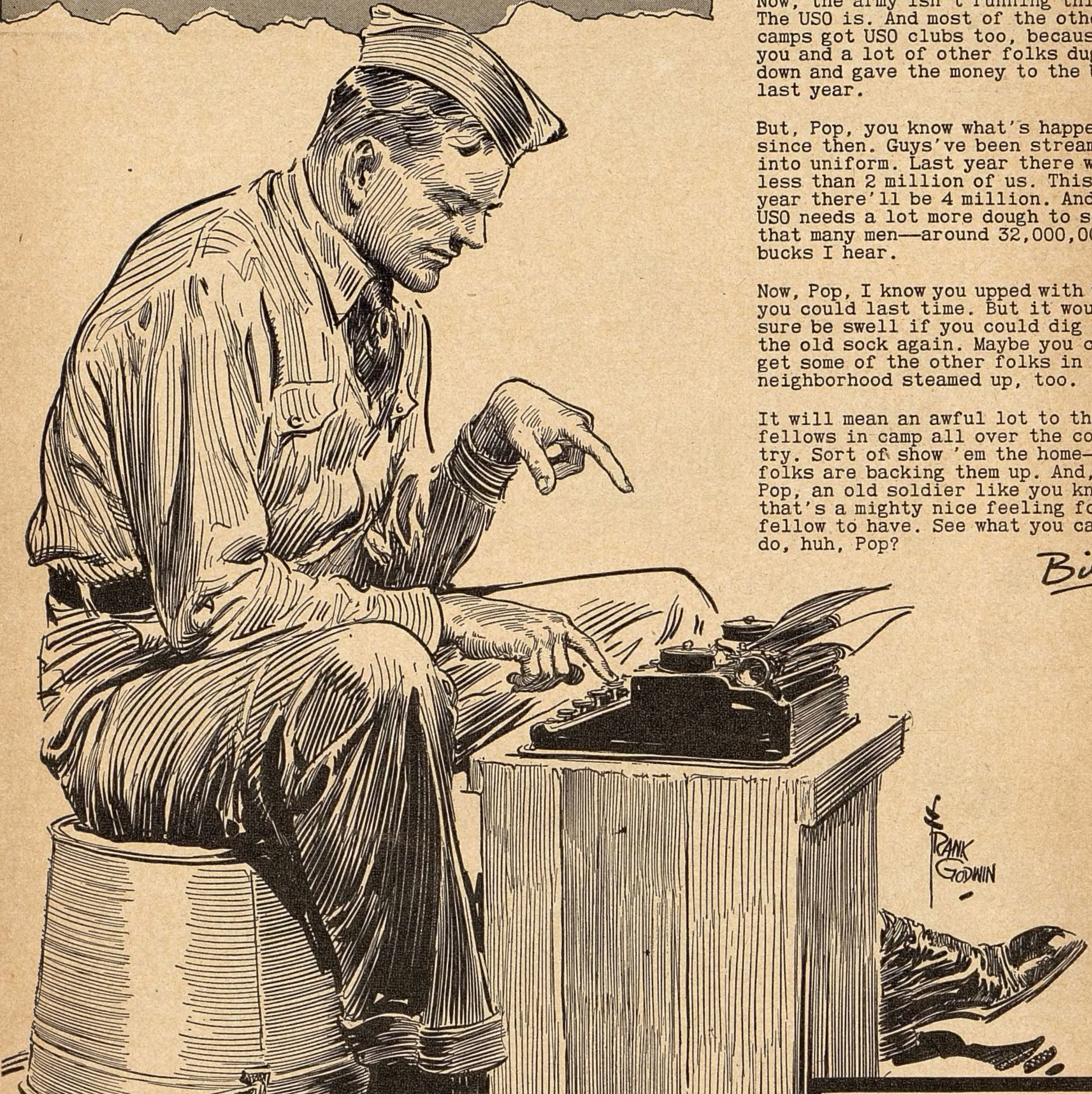
Now, the army isn't running this. The USO is. And most of the other camps got USO clubs too, because you and a lot of other folks dug down and gave the money to the USO last year.

But, Pop, you know what's happened since then. Guys've been streaming into uniform. Last year there was less than 2 million of us. This year there'll be 4 million. And the USO needs a lot more dough to serve that many men—around 32,000,000 bucks I hear.

Now, Pop, I know you upped with what you could last time. But it would sure be swell if you could dig into the old sock again. Maybe you could get some of the other folks in the neighborhood steamed up, too.

It will mean an awful lot to the fellows in camp all over the country. Sort of show 'em the homefolks are backing them up. And, Pop, an old soldier like you knows that's a mighty nice feeling for a fellow to have. See what you can do, huh, Pop?

Bill

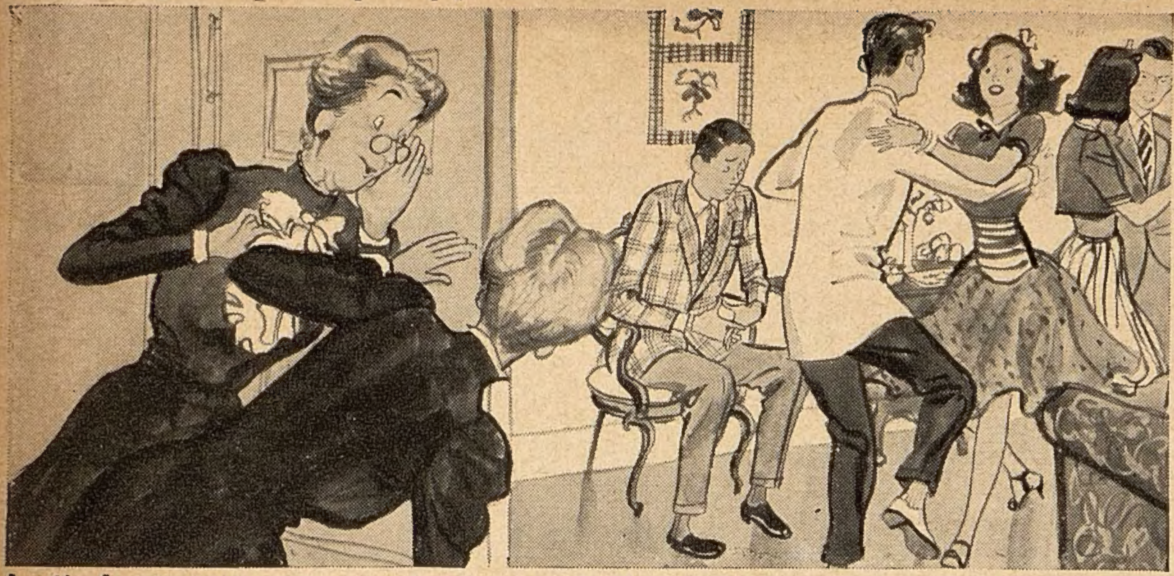


GIVE TO THE

USO

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



Auntie A: Sh! Take a look at Junior. It's shocking! He's become a he-wallflower!

Auntie B: A little job for us, Sister! Come on, let's go.

Auntie A: And now, my fine young relative, you're convicted of not having enough *pep appeal.* No oomph, you know. No zip-zip!

Auntie B: And you're sentenced to eating right and getting all your vitamins! You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. Come on to the kitchen.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Auntie A: Yessir, right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP—a cereal made of choice parts of sun-ripened wheat—you'll find extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Junior: Save the lecture, Auntie! If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'm going to be the most changed man you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK   SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

THIS WEEK

JULY 4, 1942

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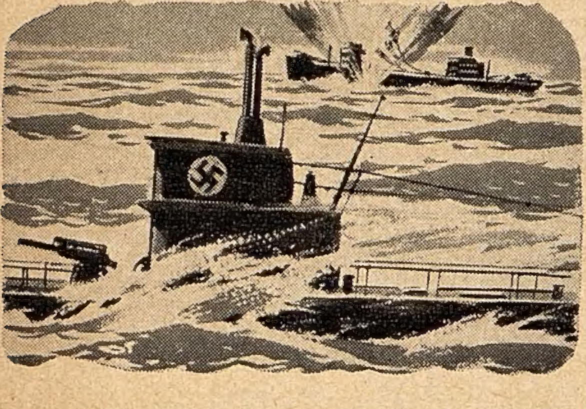
NEXT WEEK

JULY 11, 1942

HOW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE

It is no secret that enemy submarines along our coasts have been a hard-to-solve problem. Their depredations have been more than a nuisance: they have cost lives and affected our way of living. But we have some novel and powerful ways of fighting them—ways of which you will be hearing more in the weeks to come. WALTER KARIG, MORRIS MARKEY, and LIEUTENANT ALLAN R. BOSWORTH, U. S. N. R., give you news about them next week in an important article to which all three have contributed.



IS THE NATIONAL LEAGUE JINXED?

Many of the baseball faithful have asked that question. For Liberty, FREDERICK G. LIEB has pondered it in lively fashion. You'll find a fillip in what he writes, in this month when league meets league in their annual "All-Star" game.

MY ESCAPE FROM SINGAPORE

is one of the most vivid accounts of an individual's adventure that have come out of the war. A friend of a great American actress, married to a British officer, left her husband behind, a prisoner of the Japs, when she got away. Simply and memorably, she tells the story of the desperate days through which she lived, in Singapore and afterward at sea. Her long and perilous journey home has just recently ended.

AND: Are You Safe with Sulfa Drugs?—another MORRIS MARKEY article on the nation's health; for fun (which we need these days), a Crazy Quiz by KAY KYSER; some uncommonly fine fiction; the War Heroes Contest; pictures, features galore. It's an issue we hope you will like as well as we did when we put it together.

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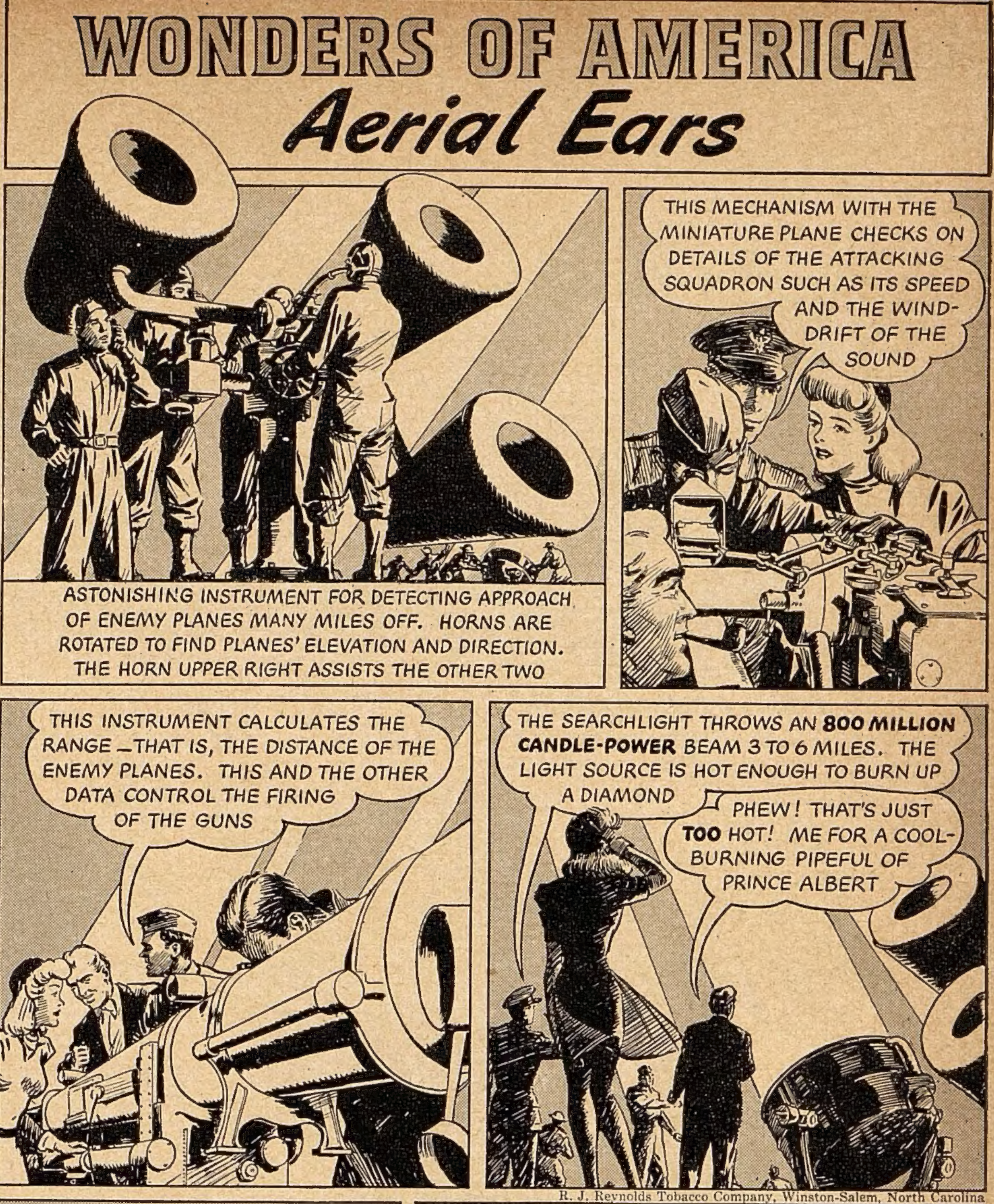
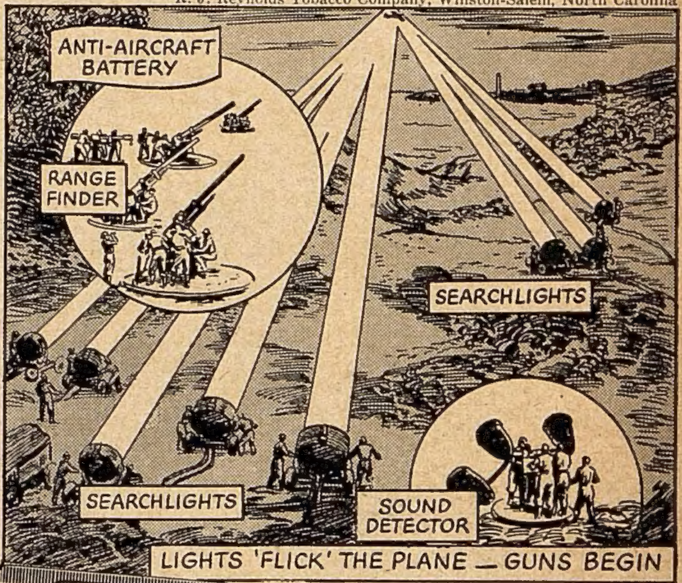

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Aerial Ears
ASTONISHING INSTRUMENT FOR DETECTING APPROACH OF ENEMY PLANES MANY MILES OFF. HORNS ARE ROTATED TO FIND PLANES' ELEVATION AND DIRECTION. THE HORN UPPER RIGHT ASSISTS THE OTHER TWO
THIS MECHANISM WITH THE MINIATURE PLANE CHECKS ON DETAILS OF THE ATTACKING SQUADRON SUCH AS ITS SPEED AND THE WIND-DRIFT OF THE SOUND
THIS INSTRUMENT CALCULATES THE RANGE — THAT IS, THE DISTANCE OF THE ENEMY PLANES. THIS AND THE OTHER DATA CONTROL THE FIRING OF THE GUNS
THE SEARCHLIGHT THROWS AN 800 MILLION CANDLE-POWER BEAM 3 TO 6 MILES. THE LIGHT SOURCE IS HOT ENOUGH TO BURN UP A DIAMOND
PHEW! THAT'S JUST TOO HOT! ME FOR A COOL-BURNING PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*


ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY
RANGE FINDER
SEARCHLIGHTS
SEARCHLIGHTS
SOUND DETECTOR
LIGHTS 'FLICK' THE PLANE — GUNS BEGIN

THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN WE REALLY APPRECIATE COMFORT IN OUR SMOKES — THE DELIGHTFUL MILDNESS AND MELLOWNESS OF PRINCE ALBERT COMBINED WITH SUCH HEARTY RICHNESS OF TASTE
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS ARE 'THAT WAY' ABOUT P.A., TOO. THE NO-BITE PROCESS GIVES OUR TONGUES A BREAK, WHILE THE CRIMP CUT SPINS UP SO QUICK AND EASY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"The forty hour week...time and a half for overtime...

WE, THE PEOPLE

THESE HAVE BEEN THE HEADLINES, the chief topics of discussion, and the news implications of practically all the publications in America, month after month, until even a belated solution of some of these problems has not brought about the national unity that this country needs so much.

If We, the People, believed that wage and time fights like these were actually controlling the minds of the millions of American workers upon whom our nation now depends for turning out the munitions of war in order to win this war, then this would be the saddest day in American history. Because we would know that, while today you walk or ride freely to your work, tomorrow you would goose-step to the same job with a German or a Japanese bayonet at your shoulder blades.

But We, the People, know that this is not true, that it cannot be true, that it must not be true. Because if it were true, if We, the People, of whom you the workers of America are by far the greater part of our citizenship, cannot think this situation out clearly, if we cannot understand what we are up against, if we have to be led like a bunch of sheep—this way and that way—and are not able to control our own destiny, then Hitler is right—and to hell with democracy!

★ ★ ★

THE forty-hour week? Anybody who has ever stood at a jig or a lathe or a die knows that eight hours a day can take everything out of a man that he has, if he gives those eight hours even a reasonable measure of his capacity. Maybe he can go another eight hours by adding another day. And maybe he should go forty-eight hours or fifty-six hours in times like these. And millions of men are doing just that right now. But for normal times forty hours is the limit.

As for time and a half for overtime: Nobody cares about that—nobody has ever cared, so long as it stays within the profit range.

And double time for Sundays? The Germans don't believe in a Sunday—and for thousands of years the Japs never had one. But even so, in this emergency, our men have learned to do their

Liberty
JULY 4, 1942

uble time for Sundays...labor slows up production"

stuff, and the seventh day of steady work is Sunday—no matter when it comes.

So these are some of the questions that came pretty close to giving you workers of America the worst black eye you have ever had, and would certainly have succeeded in doing so if we, the rest of the people, had not had the good sense to discredit the type of news we were reading everywhere.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS it might be well to understand how all this controversy came about, because clear thinking can be based only on clear understanding. You have been reading, as we all have, about "that gang of business profiteers." So if they were getting theirs, why shouldn't you get yours? You were being advised that you ought to get more. And, since nobody ever had enough, many of you tried to get more.

Perfectly logical, except that that is what turns a nation's fight for its very existence into a personal fight for so many dollars and cents. But the worst part of this picture has been the stirring up of the dust on the ancient battleground between capital and labor at a time when, if there is ever going to be any hope of a brotherhood of man, that hope must take deep root in our factual earth right now.

So the first thing we've got to do, if we are going to "form a more perfect Union, insure domestic Tranquillity, and provide for the common Defence," is to stop thinking of the workers of America as some sort of strange and separate entity from the rest of the people. *And for you workers of America to stop thinking of yourselves in that way.* There is nothing strange in your blood that doesn't run in any other blood stream. There is nothing different in your minds that doesn't run in every other mind. You walk the same, talk the same, and think the same; your children go to the same schools and bring back the same reactions of the public mind.

Those children come up through the ranks and spread out into life, just as you have done. There is hardly a leader, from a dirt boss to a President, in any of the businesses of today who hasn't come up from the ranks. There won't be any leaders of tomorrow who won't come up in the same way—if there is going to be any tomorrow. There is no aristocracy of brains or energy. That is why We, the People—we, *all of the people*—can rightly consider this to be our fight.

★ ★ ★

EVERY thinking man knows that if we don't stop these gangster nations and set them back on their heels right now, this will be not only the end of our United States but the end of our whole world civilization—perhaps for centuries to come. Even the idea of a German or a Japanese civilization to follow is funny in the extreme. Whoever heard of a bunch of gangsters that ever stopped short of each other's throats?

But to do our job we must have unity. Not lip service interspersed with private fights, but real unity with steadfast purpose. We don't want a truce between capital and labor. We want co-operation between capital and labor. We don't want a truce between business and government. We want co-operation between business and government. We want to stop doubts and questions and suspicions. Wherever we find offenders, we want to treat them as offenders, and separate them as offenders, instead of trying to classify them as groups and damning the whole group.

This is the type of leadership that is needed now.

★ ★ ★

LIBERTY dedicates itself to bring about a better understanding among all the various people of these United States, in order that we may truly "form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity."

"Now we must all hang together," said Benjamin Harrison as he signed the Declaration of Independence.

"Certainly," said the wise old Benjamin Franklin. "For you may be sure that if we don't, we shall all hang *separately.*"

And that goes double today.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF · SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR · ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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Be Calm Courteous Effective

Right now, when times are tense and everybody is under strain, "The Voice with a Smile" is more important than ever.

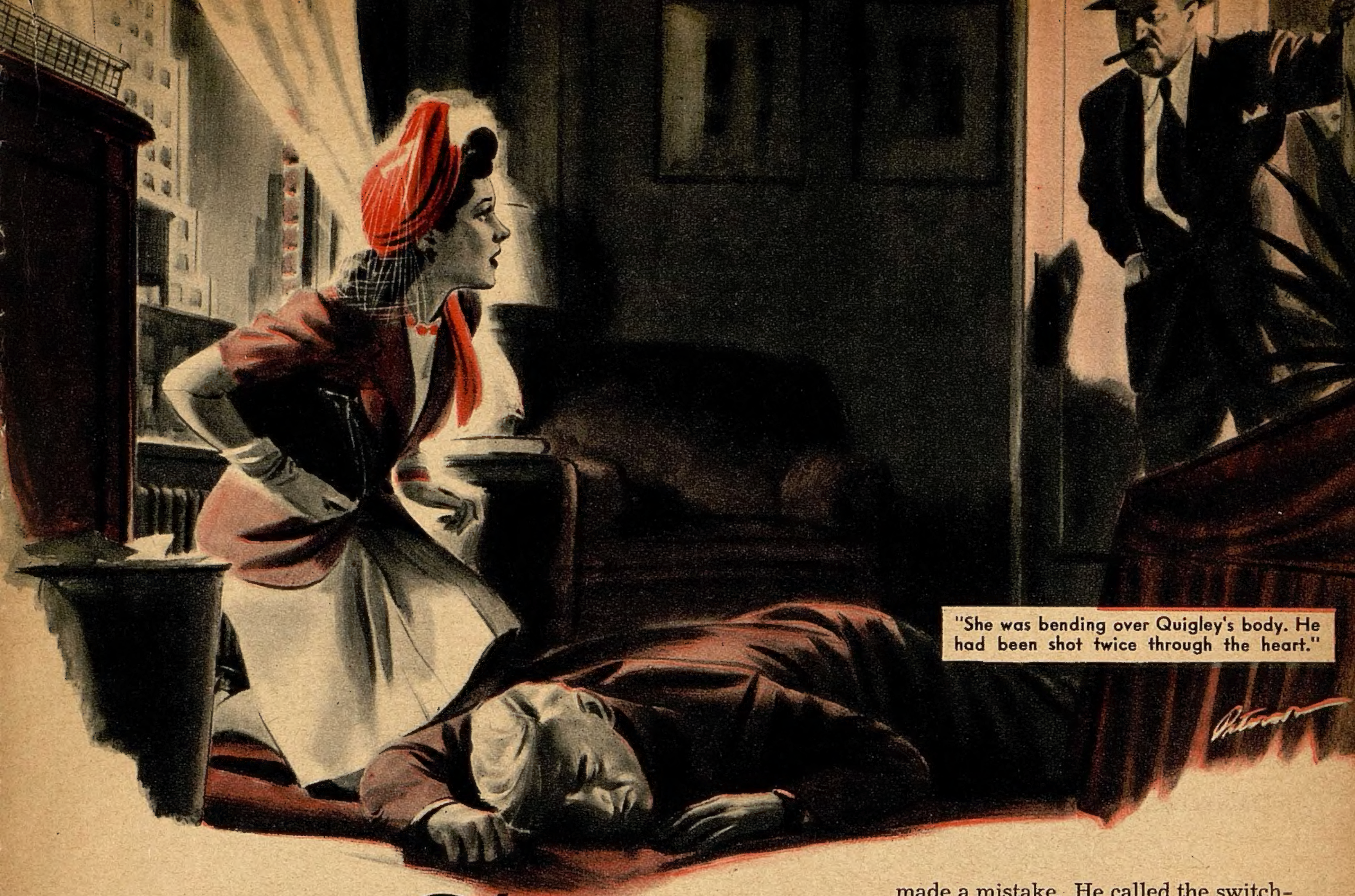
We've all got a big job to do and the friendly, effective use of the telephone helps every one do it faster and better.

The calm way is usually the competent way. Being courteous usually means saving time and tempers all along the line.

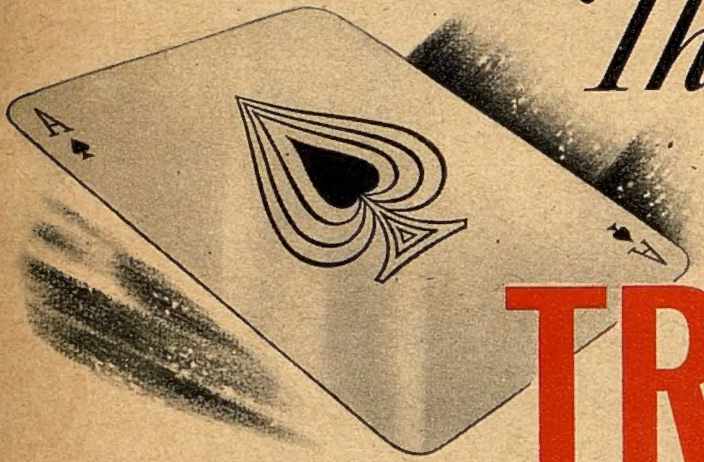
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR"— *presenting great artists every Monday evening* — **N. B. C. Red Network.**

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



"She was bending over Quigley's body. He had been shot twice through the heart."



The 14TH TRUMP

Beginning a thrill-packed story of gambler's luck and murder that will keep you guessing to the end

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

IT was exactly twelve minutes past eight when the phone rang for the first time. Quigley could see the clock on the Paramount Theater Building as he took the receiver from the cradle and held it to his ear.

"Hello," Quigley said.

Nothing happened. The noise of the Times Square traffic drifted up and through his open window. But no one answered, even when he spoke again. "Hello! Hello!"

The line wasn't dead. There was no hum of the dial tone. For a moment he thought he heard some one whispering at the other end of the wire. Quigley shrugged and put the phone down in its cradle.

He turned back to the portable typewriter on the desk.

These summer evenings were long and he could still read the half page of typing in the light from the window. He started pecking away at the machine once more.

At eight seventeen the phone rang again.

Again he picked it up and answered. Silence.

There were two telephones on the desk. One was a house phone, connected with the switchboard downstairs. The other was Quigley's own private wire. The sound of the two bells was quite different, but, concentrating on his work, he could have made a mistake. He called the switchboard operator.

"Order, please?"

"You haven't been ringing me, have you, operator?"

"No, Mr. Quigley."

"I—uh—just came in. Thought I heard the phone."

He sat back in his chair, frowning at the two instruments. He was about forty, slim and wiry, his hair prematurely white. When he frowned, his eyebrows drew together in a straight black line. He took a cigarette from a half-empty package on his desk and lit it.

He went back to his typing.

At eight twenty-two the phone rang a third time.

Quigley picked it up, held it to his ear. He didn't answer immediately. It was the same thing. The wire wasn't dead, yet there was no sound coming over it.

He thought once more he detected a faint whispering.

"If this is some kind of joke," he said sharply, "I'm getting a little tired of it."

Nothing.

He stared at the page in his typewriter without seeming to see what was written there.

Then he shook his head and went back to work.

At eight twenty-seven the phone rang.

He didn't move, but let it ring several times, urgently, before he picked up the receiver.

"Quigley here," he said.

He could have sworn he heard a long tremulous sigh at the other end. He waited. This time it was his caller who hung up. The dial tone buzzed in his ear.

Quigley sat, resting the palms of his hands on the edge of his desk. The street, fifteen floors down, was noisy with theater traffic. He came to a decision.

From the desk drawer he took a couple of sheets of hotel stationery and a fountain pen. He filled both sheets with crisp, bold writing. He read them, folded them, and sealed them in a stamped envelope which he addressed. Then he got up and walked into his bedroom. He opened the closet door. There were seven or eight lightweight suits there, gabardine and Palm Beach cloth. He chose a loose tan coat from the rack and put it on.

Hanging on a hook inside the door was a holstered automatic. He took the gun out of its soft leather sheath, slipped it into his coat pocket.

He went back into the living room and took the handwritten letter from his desk. He opened the door of the room, stood for a moment looking up and down the corridor. Then he stepped out, closed the door very quietly, and locked it.

He walked down the hall, made a right-angle turn, and down a second corridor to the elevators. There was a mail chute beside them. He watched his letter disappear. Then he went back to his room.

He unlocked the door and reentered.

As he closed the door there were two sharp but not remarkably loud reports from a small-caliber revolver. Quigley's left hand was on the doorknob. His knees began to sag. His right hand moved like something in a slow-motion picture toward his coat pocket. It never got there.

He staggered a few steps farther into the room, pitched forward onto his face, and lay very still.

ONLY Coyle's head was visible. His round face was flushed. His dark hair, graying at the temples, was matted with perspiration. The rest of his two hundred and eighty pounds was concealed by a boxlike contraption that fitted up around his chin. An electric cord was attached to a base plug in the wall. A bright chromium inscription on the box indicated that it was a REDUCE-O-FORM.

The room itself was small, but completely outfitted as a gymnasium. There were weight-lifting machines, vibrating belts, medicine balls, a punching bag.

About ten feet from the box was an electric horse. A girl sat sideways on the saddle, showing an intriguing expanse of stockingless tanned leg. She wore a white jersey tunic which did things to her figure that would have thrown the Hays office into a state of confusion. She was quite evidently enjoying herself.

"I was brought up," said Coyle, "always to be polite, under any circumstances, to women. But, so help me, Jane, you're the—the—"

"Darling, if you want to call me that word you go right ahead, because Harvard calls me that word all the time, and I have a sneaking feeling he loves me very dearly, so if you were to use it too—"

"The least you could do," said Coyle, "is to pull out that cord. This thing is a blast furnace!"

"But, darling, you're supposed to stay in it an hour. I know, because I read the directions when it came."

"Damn the directions!" Coyle said. "Will you hand me my bathrobe, so I can come out of it decent?"

"No, Danny. And I wish you would stop complaining, so I can ask you what I want to ask you. You see, if you would let Harvard have a couple of days off, his conscience might bother him and he would make an honest woman of me, which is very little to expect, since I have been in love with him all my life."

Coyle drew a deep breath and then shouted at the top of his lungs: "Help!"

"I know Harvard is important to you, but—"

"Help!"

The door of the room opened and a Negro in a white coat looked in. "Did y'all call me, boss?"

"I did, Sam," Coyle said. "Pull out that cord."

Sam pulled out the cord.

"Now get Miss Rain out of here somehow, I don't care how. I suggest dragging by the hair."

Jane slid down off the electric horse. "All right, darling, I give up; but I think you are really a frightful heel."

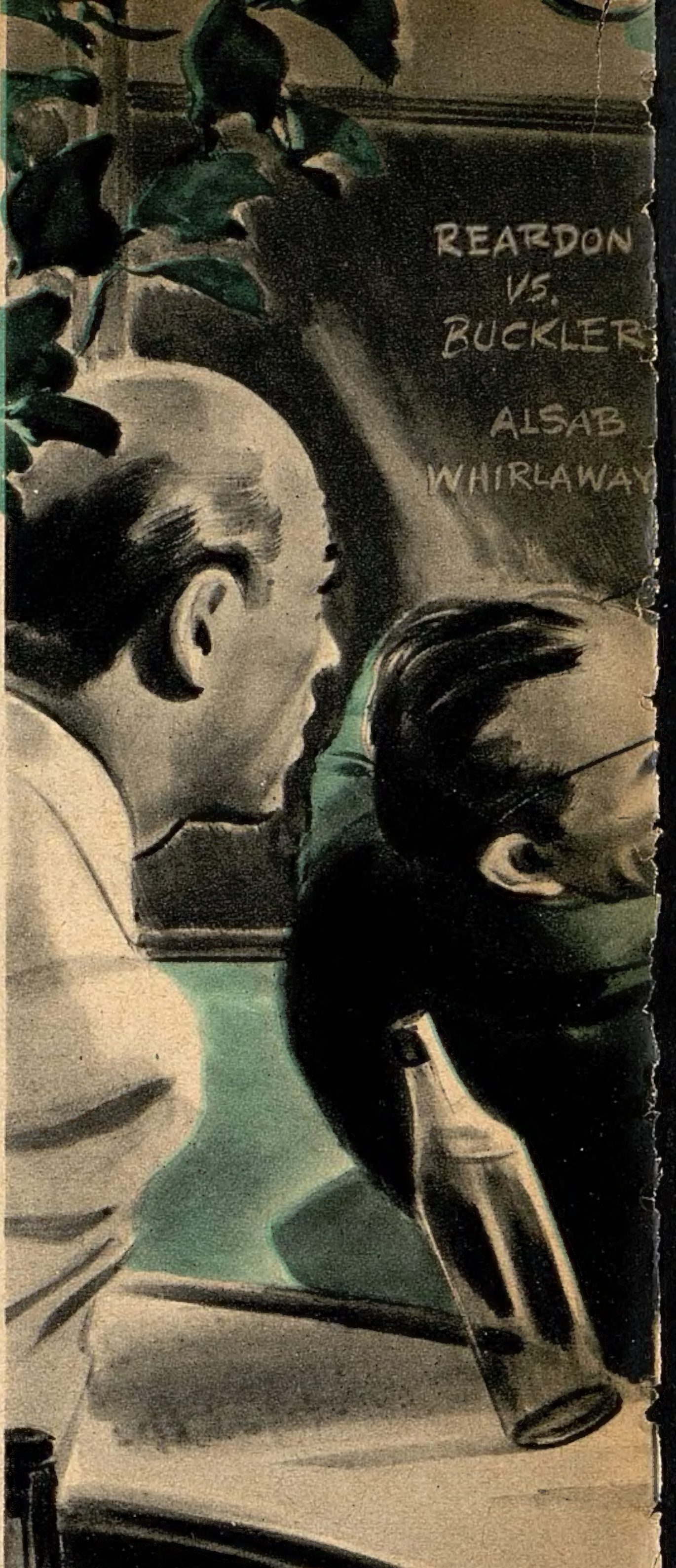
"Get out," Coyle said. Then, as she reached the door: "You and Harvard come to see me after lunch."

"Oh, Danny, you *are* a darling!" She started toward him.

"Scram!" Coyle said fiercely.

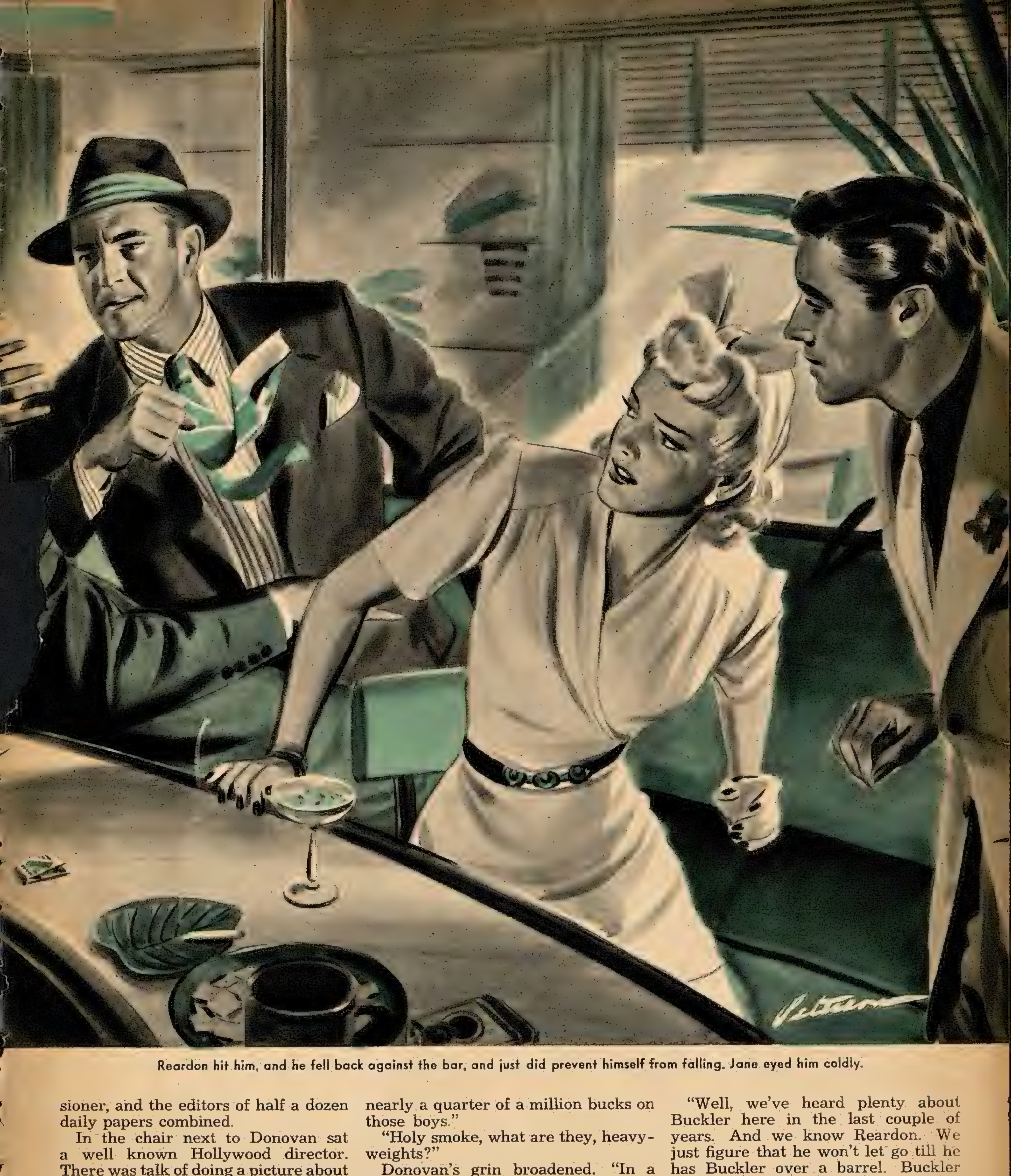
IT was Winchell or Hellinger who had nicknamed Coyle's place the "Lloyd's of New York." In the early '20s Danny Coyle had been a high-class bookmaker; but since then his reputation as a square gambler who would bet on anything in the world provided he himself could make the odds had become fabulous. He was really in a sort of delirious insurance business. Theatrical producers bet on the run of their plays, people bet on their chances of surviving an operation, the probable corn crop in Kansas, the sex of unborn babies, the outcome of the battle for Russia, the possible business-index figure for 1945. Once a hostess had bet with him whether a soufflé would fall in the cooking. Coyle had laid odds it wouldn't and won.

Just off the glassed-in air-conditioned bar, on the floor beneath Coyle's private apartment and gymnasium, was the board room. Here one whole wall was a blackboard, faced by comfortable leather chairs, sofas, and solid-looking tables for drinks and ash trays. On the blackboard were posted the odds on current and future sporting events: the horses, ball games, golf tournaments, boat races, fights.



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

Lounging in one of the green leather chairs was Claude Donovan, Coyle's right-hand man. Coyle did not make his odds on hunches. They were based on carefully acquired information, a finger kept on the pulse of sports, politics, public opinion. Donovan, a former star athlete at Harvard, was that finger. It was his job to observe, to judge, to dig for facts—sometimes dangerously when those facts involved dangerous people—and to report to Coyle. In the area of New York, Coyle and the dark curly-haired Donovan could tell you more about what went on than the mayor, the police commis-



Reardon hit him, and he fell back against the bar, and just did prevent himself from falling. Jane eyed him coldly.

sioner, and the editors of half a dozen daily papers combined.

In the chair next to Donovan sat a well known Hollywood director. There was talk of doing a picture about Coyle and the director had come East to make notes. Donovan was explaining about the board.

The director pointed to the right-hand panel. "What's that?" he asked.

Gabby Grant, the board tender, had printed in very fancy letters:

REARDON vs. BUCKLER 11-5

Donovan chuckled. "That's the boss' pet bet at the moment. He's put up nearly a quarter of a million bucks on those boys."

"Holy smoke, what are they, heavy-weights?"

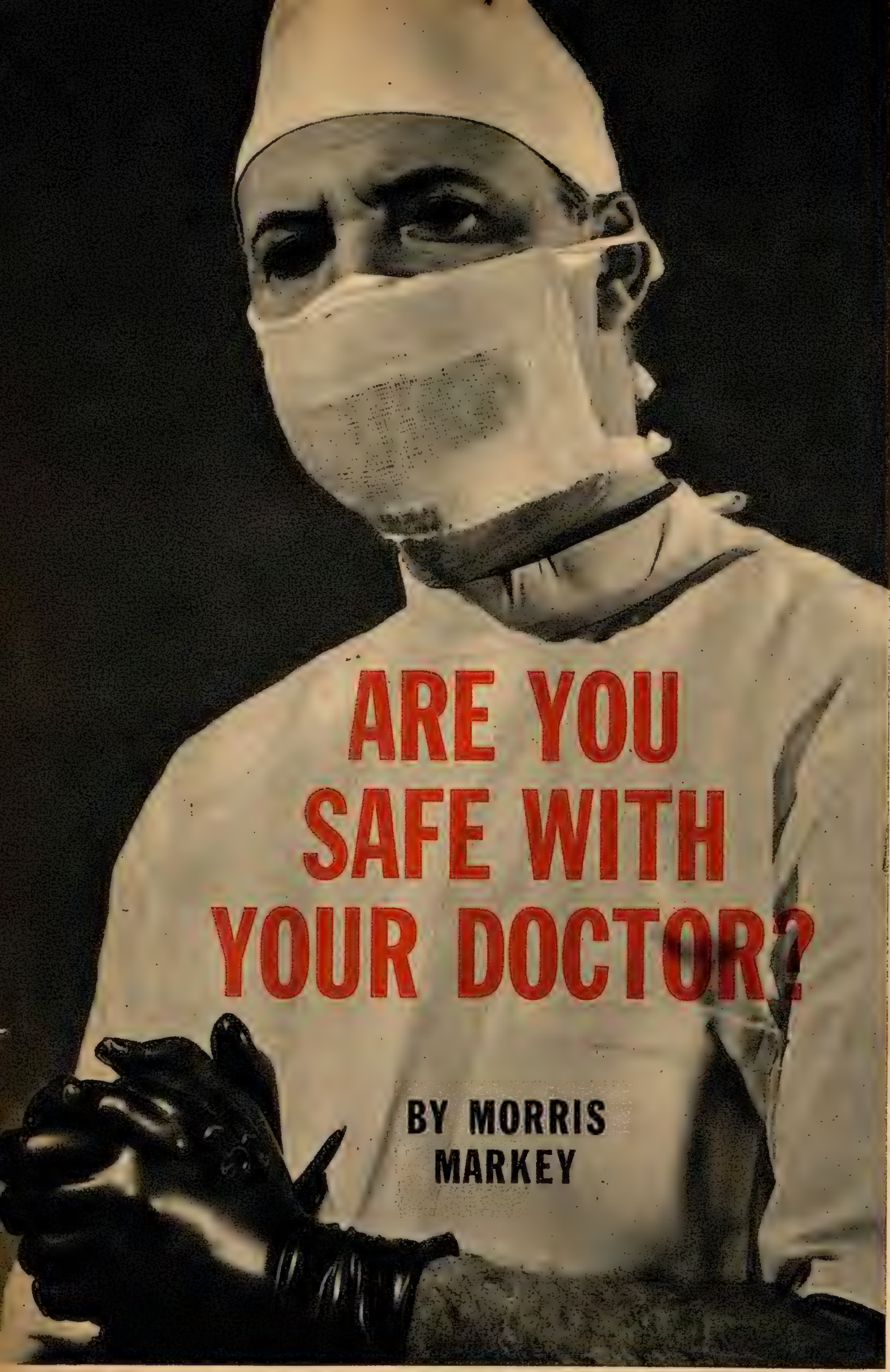
Donovan's grin broadened. "In a way. Terry Reardon is a congressman. Calvin Buckler is our local district attorney. Reardon is head of a special committee investigating Buckler's office. Coyle is betting eleven to five that when Reardon gets through District Attorney Buckler will be out on his ear."

"How does he arrive at his odds?" the director asked.

"Well, we've heard plenty about Buckler here in the last couple of years. And we know Reardon. We just figure that he won't let go till he has Buckler over a barrel. Buckler has the city machine behind him, which is why so many people are willing to bet that Reardon won't be able to touch him—especially at those odds."

Just then Donovan saw Jane walk into the bar and perch on a stool opposite Wally, the bartender. He excused himself and went to join her.

(Continued on page 45)



ARE YOU SAFE WITH YOUR DOCTOR?

BY MORRIS MARKEY

One of America's foremost medical reporters gives you some vital wartime advice

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

YOUR doctor likes to give you, about once a year, what he calls a "general going over"—a thorough examination to make sure that you are sound and fit, and to catch anything abnormal before it gets serious. Now is the time when you should, in all conscience, turn the tables, so to speak. In this day of peril, of fierce concentration upon a job which needs the full vigor of every soul in the nation, good health is absolutely essential. You depend upon your doctor to guard your health.

Is he the right man for that critical job? Do you feel safe and confident in his hands? How do you know he is competent?

These questions take on a particular urgency because there is going on, at this moment, a radical reshuffling of the whole scheme of medical care in the nation:

There are about 180,000 qualified doctors in the United States. During May alone 5,000 of them went into the army and navy. During June another 3,000 will have put on uniforms. And by the end of this year more than 35,000 of our doctors will be in the service of our huge military establishment. That is to say, one out of every five physicians will be taken away from his customary practice. And so, automatically, a huge number of Americans will suddenly find themselves without a family doctor.

Likewise, this breaking of familiar ties is operating in the reverse direction. We are undergoing a period of industrial migration. Thousands of people are pulling up stakes and moving to new towns—the factory towns and cities where the materials of war are being made. These people, too, will be without a family doctor.

Thus an incalculable number of Americans will be starting from scratch to find a new one. And they face one appalling danger—the danger of falling into the hands of quacks or incompetents, of putting their very lives, the lives of their whole families, into the care of unscrupulous fakers or those misfit fifth-raters who hang about the fringes of the medical profession.

Such men exist, you may be sure—greedy and cold-blooded, ready to take quick advantage of the departure of so many reputable doctors into the services.

And so the first rule, for all the millions of people who are without a family doctor, is to find one right away. One of the queerest manifestations of human nature is to refuse to believe in illness, or the possibility of illness, until some member of the family is groaning on a bed and begging for relief.

The moment of such an emergency is not the right moment to go rushing pell-mell in search of a doctor. Particularly not when it is so easy to make preparations well in advance of any emergency that might arise.

How easy? I asked the New York Academy of Medicine, one of the great institutions of medical science in the country, to give us some advice. Here it is:

"If you have no regular doctor, find one—before you get sick.

"Do not depend on the suggestions of chance acquaintances or tradesmen. They may be perfectly sincere but mistaken.

"Communicate, by letter or telephone or personal call, with one of these three agencies:

"The local medical society.

"A large hospital near you.

"Your local department of health.

ASK YOUR MEDICAL SOCIETY
MEDICAL SOCIETY
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"A doctor, or several doctors, will be recommended. It is generally assumed that if a man is on the staff of a hospital, or favorably known to his local colleagues and the health department, he is honest and competent. Go to see him. Simply explain that you called to make his acquaintance. Any doctor of standing would welcome such a call, and of course there would be no fee involved. Tell him you would like him to remember your name in case you ever have to call on his services. Ask him what his fees are, both for simple office visits and for home calls. There is no need to occupy a great deal of his time, for he may have patients waiting. But you can form your own impressions of the man and his surroundings in a very few minutes.

"Remember that in the relationship of doctor and patient the human equation is of very great importance. The ablest doctor in town may not be a good doctor for you, because you do not instinctively like and trust him. His temperament and mannerisms may repel you, and by the same token, your own personality may irritate him. In neither case would there be a warm spirit of co-operation between doctor and patient, and you could not expect the benefit of his best work. Some man a little less distinguished might be exactly the right doctor for you and your family.

"So, from among the doctors suggested by the three agencies select a man whom you instinctively like and believe in. It will be a great relief to be able to call on him in time of sickness or accident."

THAT is very sound and very human advice. Certain other suggestions may be added.

As the New York Academy points out, the doctor is a mortal man just like yourself, a workman just like yourself. It is true that he is a skilled and well educated workman, and he has spiritual and moral obligations in the pursuit of his profession which are more stringent than most of us have. But you pay for his services. It would be just as foolish to buy the services of a careless or bungling doctor as to pay money to an incompetent garage mechanic or dressmaker. Far more foolish, indeed. For the doctor has your life in his hands, the lives of those whom you love.

The nobility of the doctor's profession does not lift him above examination and criticism as a human being. Organized medicine knows full well that within its ranks stands a cross-section of human nature: good men and bad, wise men and fools.

But to most people the doctor is a rather mysterious fellow. His business deals with illness and with death. He makes decisions which we do not dare to question, because we generally consult him when we are frightened or dismayed. He stands aloof from the ordinary pursuits of our ordinarily healthy lives.

All the more reason, then, to give this "general going over" to the family doctor—not only the new man, if you must find one, but even the doctor you have always called in—to give it when you are well and calm.

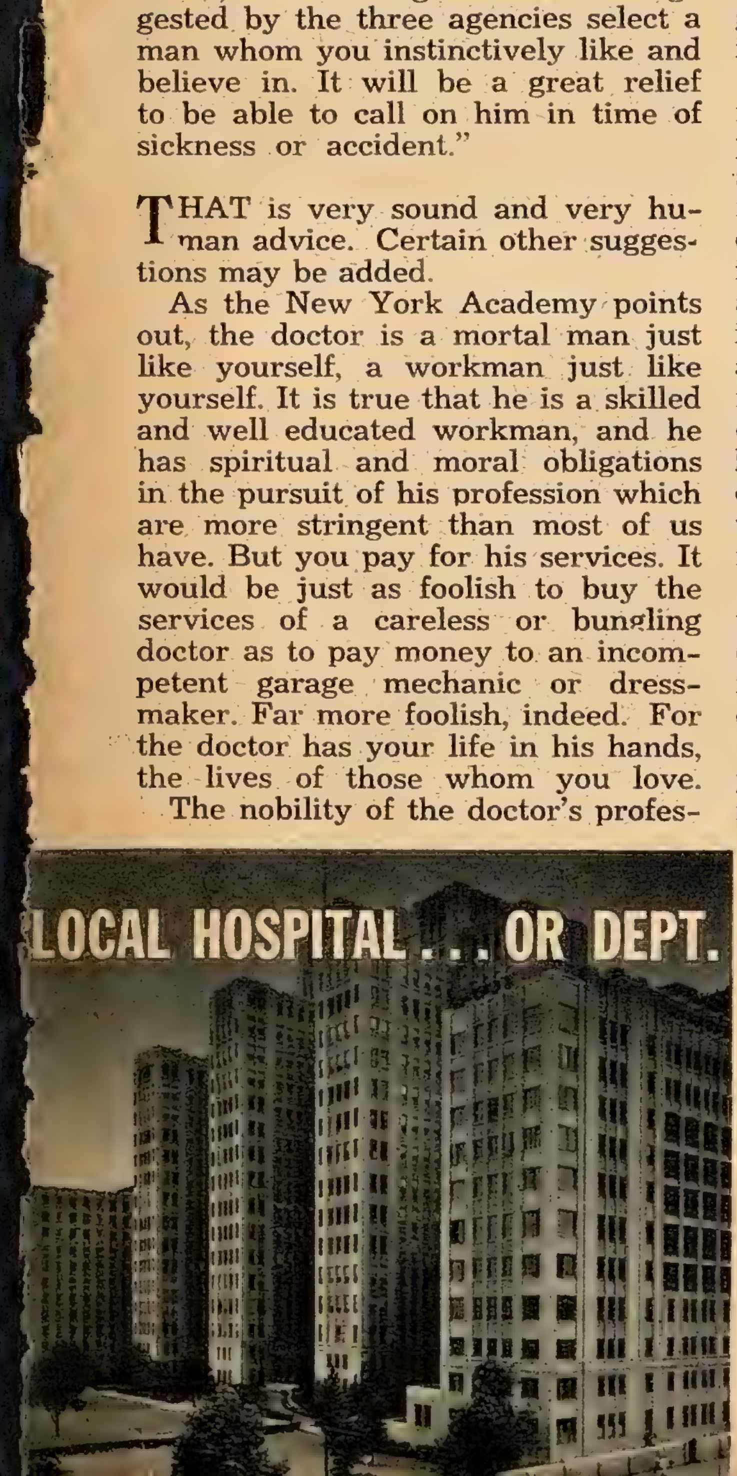
If you have found a new doctor by the method which the Academy suggests, then you know as a matter of course that he has professional standing in the community. But suppose you do not have to change. Why not check up on your present doctor by the same method? Call the same agencies and see if his standing is all right with them. Drop around to see him, just as if you were paying your first "get-acquainted" call, and give him an appraisal.

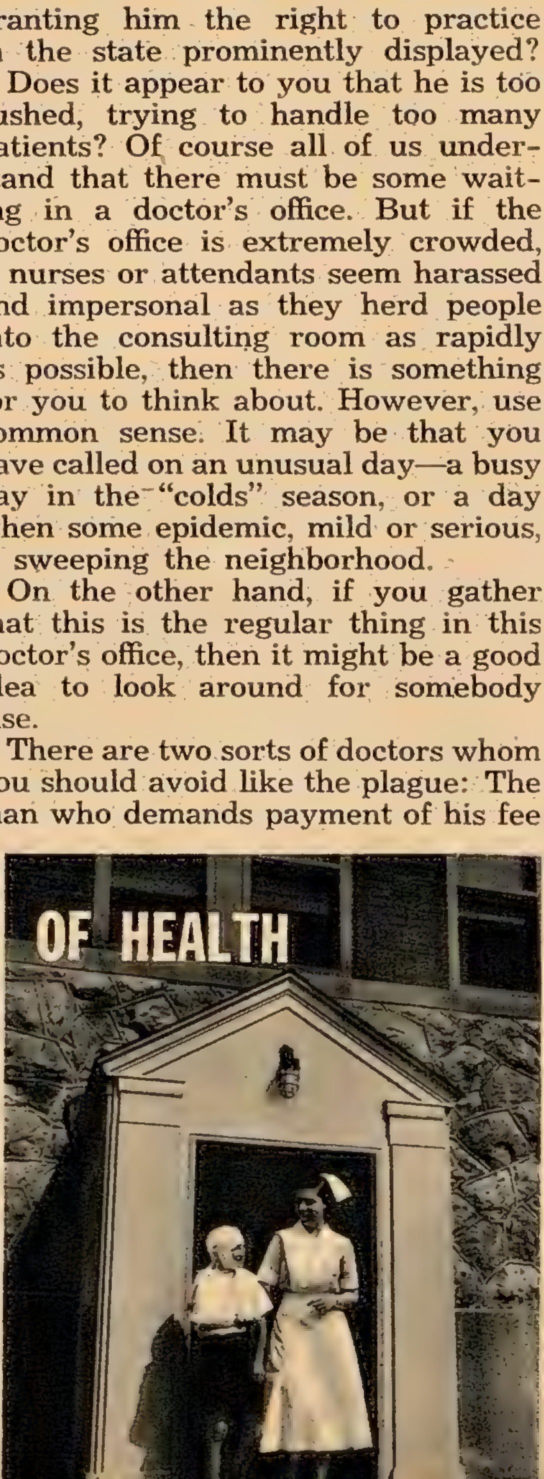
Take a look at those framed documents hanging on his office wall. Did he graduate from a good college or medical school? Is his certificate granting him the right to practice in the state prominently displayed?

Does it appear to you that he is too rushed, trying to handle too many patients? Of course all of us understand that there must be some waiting in a doctor's office. But if the doctor's office is extremely crowded, if nurses or attendants seem harassed and impersonal as they herd people into the consulting room as rapidly as possible, then there is something for you to think about. However, use common sense. It may be that you have called on an unusual day—a busy day in the "colds" season, or a day when some epidemic, mild or serious, is sweeping the neighborhood.

On the other hand, if you gather that this is the regular thing in this doctor's office, then it might be a good idea to look around for somebody else.

There are two sorts of doctors whom you should avoid like the plague: The man who demands payment of his fee in advance of consultation. The man who guarantees that he can cure you of a serious ailment.





Neither of these men would be working within the ethical code of the profession. The man who insists upon his cash on the barrelhead, before he will even suggest what is wrong with you, is only two shades removed from a quack. His mind is on his pocketbook, not on his patients' ailments.

The man who guarantees the cure of any serious disease *is* a quack. No matter what degrees of honor and learning he may hold, his guaranty of curing ills like cancer, tuberculosis, or organic heart trouble marks him as a dishonest doctor tending to make a racket out of a great profession.

Do not misunderstand. This does not apply in the least to the doctor who says, when you consult him about some ordinary upset, "Don't worry, now. Relax. We'll fix you up so you'll be running around in a day or so." The thing to beware is the specific solemn guaranty. For it is often accompanied by hints or downright claims of some secret remedy which the other doctors do not know about.

AGAIN, look out for the man with the drawn and whetted scalpel. Surgery is a great science. There are many human ills which cannot be cured without an operation. But there are, alas, a certain number of doctors who urge the hospital and the ether cone at every opportunity. With the least encouragement, they suggest operation—and, too often, because the fees for operations are high.

I should like to make it very clear indeed that the practices of this small minority should not make you suspicious of the reputable doctor who suggests that a surgical operation is needed. Do not begin to doubt your doctor *merely* because he says you ought to have an operation. It may well be that your life depends upon that operation, and you are getting the only possible advice.

But never listen to a *new* doctor, or one with whom you have had limited experience, if surgery seems the only thing which interests him.

Whenever major surgery is suggested, you owe it to yourself to suggest that another doctor be called for consultation, for confirmation of the diagnosis. No reputable doctor would be offended in the least by that. He would welcome the opportunity to have a colleague verify his opinions. Of course you will have to pay the consultant's fee. But that is a secondary consideration when you are seeking the restoration of good solid health for yourself or some member of your family.

Few doctors *insist* upon surgical operations. It is the accepted practice for them to place the whole situation before you, make the nature of your ailment clear to you, and then say: "It is my judgment that you should have an operation. You must decide for yourself. The chances you are tak-

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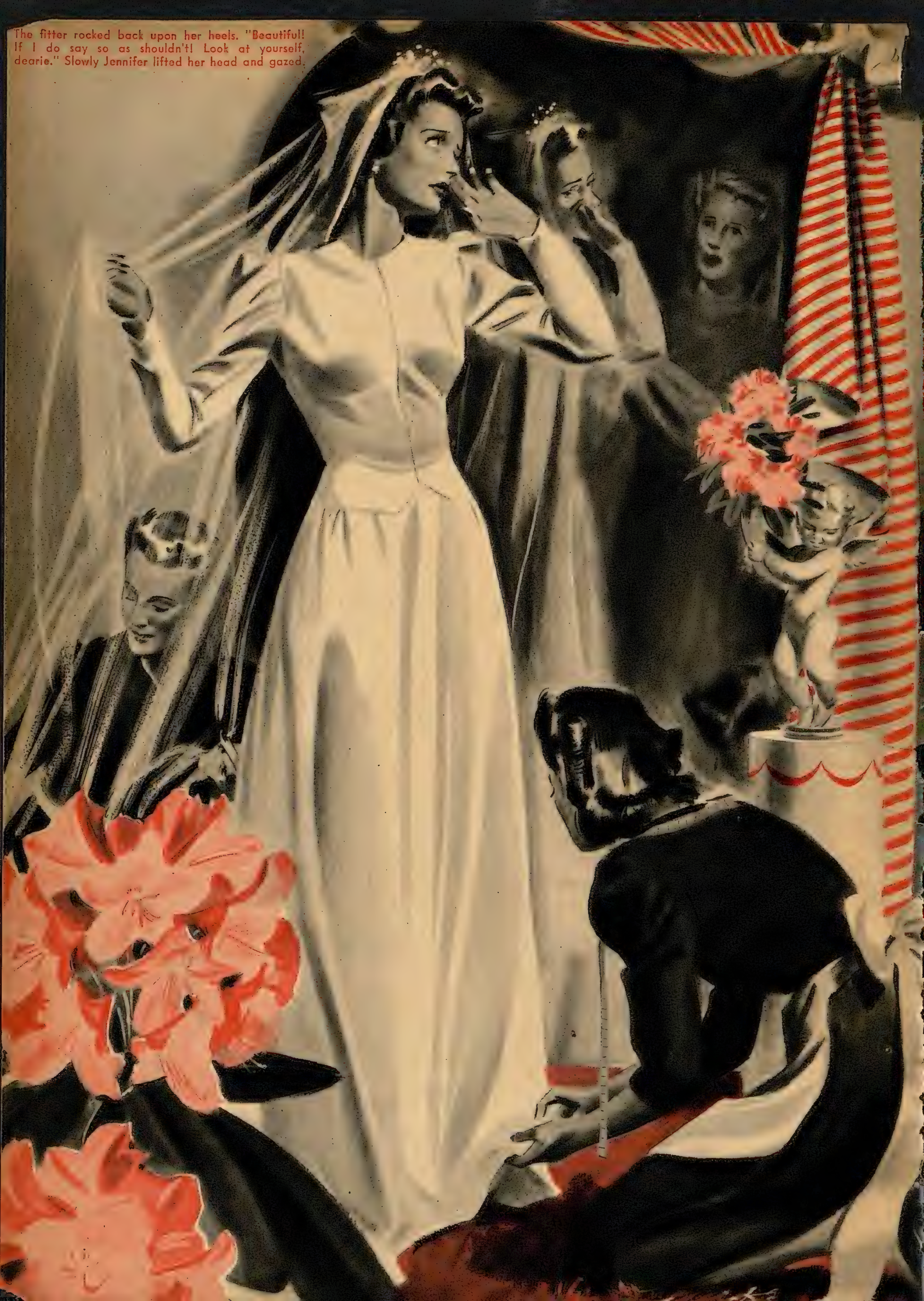

The fitter rocked back upon her heels. "Beautiful! If I do say so as shouldn't! Look at yourself, dearie." Slowly Jennifer lifted her head and gazed.

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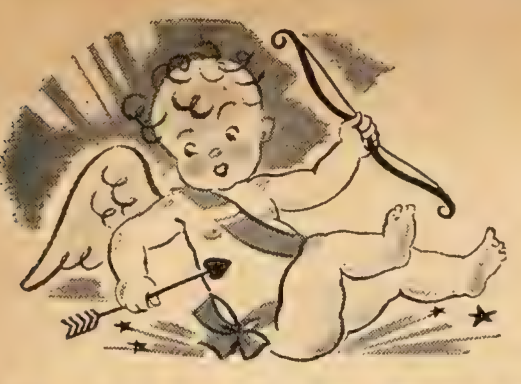


LOVE IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

A girl who has been once bitten is twice shy—and so is a man. Here is a story of a pair who reckoned without their hearts

BY MILDRED HARRINGTON

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE hot sticky pavement sucked at Jennifer's high heels as she crossed Fifth Avenue and turned in under the imposing canopy at Telfair's. Jennifer knew better than to use the main entrance, but she was too dog-tired and too hungry to walk an extra step in the broiling afternoon sun. She had been on her way to lunch when Mrs. Colby, head of comparison shopping, rushed her off to get the low-down on that sale at Ballantine's. Now it must be nearly three o'clock.

"Going up! Going up, p-l-ease!"

Jennifer edged into an elevator that seemed to be peopled entirely by pretty girls clinging to the arms of stalwart adoring males in uniform. In a mirrored panel she caught a discouraging close-up of herself. There was a smudge across her left cheek. The organdy chou, which that morning had been as snowily immaculate as the frill on a nun's bonnet, was a crumpled rag beneath her small stubborn chin. Her cornflower eyes were underscored by fatigue.

What, mused Jennifer bitterly, if I do look like something the puppy dug up in the back yard? Name me one man that cares. Name me just one!

It was at this moment that she saw the redheaded young man staring at her in the mirror. He was taller than the tallest uniform, because he could see over everybody's head. His tallness, his angular jaw, and even his red hair were somehow involved in the scowling concentration he fixed upon Jennifer. But it was not his good looks that made her heart behave like an antelope leaping from crag to crag.

Let him glare, she thought resentfully. The big slave driver. I'll bet he's standing there figuring out the meanest way to fire me—"My good girl, has no one ever told you we have an elevator in the back of the store for our minions?"

Certainly the redheaded young man could fire Jennifer if he chose, for he was none other than William Chalmers Telfair, Junior. Son of the Old Man himself, who had started forty years ago in a little dry-goods store in Kansas.

And now look at him. The master mind of women's wear!

Young Mr. Telfair was in charge of the Salon Intime on the third floor where Hollywood exclusives and Telfair originals could be had at a price. Here beglamoured models swished and swayed and fluttered their fabulous lashes when the boss's son went by. Not that he so much as glanced at the most luscious number. Strictly business. That was Telfair, Junior.

And a fine business for a husky six-footer, was it *not?* Dishing out chiffon to women when he ought to be dishing out lead to the Japs. For the frosty fraction of a second, Jennifer let her eyes meet his reflected ones. Not until the elevator reached the ninth and last floor did she realize that she had ridden past her stop. She got off haughtily and walked down two flights.

Mrs. Colby, waiting at her desk, listened greedily to Jennifer's report. Then she said with sharp kindness, "For pity's sake go wash your face and get something to eat. You look like the wrong end of a misspent life."

Obediently Jennifer started toward the washroom.

THE telephone at Mrs. Colby's elbow went into a St. Vitus' dance. When she put down the receiver, she fanned her ear with her handkerchief.

"Jenni! Oh, Jenni, come back here!"

Jennifer took a good grip on Mrs. Colby's desk. "Is anything—wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," you could almost hear Colby bite off the syllables, "except that the crown prince saw you in a passenger elevator just now. You're to go straight down to him. Oh, Jenni, haven't I told you a hundred times—"

At first Jennifer thought she had got off on the wrong floor. Usually the atmosphere of the Salon Intime was one of rarefied elegance. But today Jennifer found herself engulfed by unseemly confusion. Saleswomen rushed here and there in undignified haste. Models, their studied languor forgotten, darted in and out of dressing rooms in varying stages of undress. A fitting woman with the startled face of an ancient rabbit scuttled past. Over in one corner Miss Fern wrung her freshly manicured hands in quiet despair. Miss Fern was Mr. Telfair's assistant.

Some one grabbed Jennifer by the shoulders and propelled her into a small room lined with mirrors. In the middle of the floor, dwarfing the tiny space, stood Mr. William Chalmers Telfair, Junior, his arms folded sternly across his chest.

"Is this the one?" demanded the person who had been pushing Jennifer like a dressmaker's dummy on wheels.

"Yes," he snapped. "Get her into that rig in three minutes flat." In the doorway he turned. "And for heaven's sake wash her face!"

Miss Fern, who had come out of her trance, appeared miraculously, bearing yards of white satin and a cloud of tulle. A babbling salesgirl scrubbed Jennifer's face with a cloth she kept running out to dampen. Somebody shoved her into a chair, yanked off her shoes and drew stockings of cobweb fineness over her slim legs. She stood up, and a fitter with a mouth like an animated pincushion knelt at her feet.

"He said it would fit her! Look! Only an inch to turn up in front!"

GABBLE. Gabble. The excited talk rose and fell in waves. Nobody bothered to address Jennifer directly, but she managed to piece together the main pattern of the crazy quilt. The midsummer fashion show was scheduled to go on at three sharp. The high light of the show, a Telfair original, which had been advertised in every Sunday paper in town, was a bridal gown. The model who was to wear it had phoned at the last minute that she was on her way to take a plane for California. It seemed that an old sweetheart who ferried planes across country had literally dropped out of the blue and persuaded her to marry him at once.

"And was the boss furious!"

Just like a woman, he'd said. Trust one to leave you in the lurch every time.

"Stand still, dearie," implored the fitter, plucking at Jennifer's white satin sheath.

A merciful numbness descended upon Jennifer. She stood motionless until they had finished with her. Almost with detachment she watched Miss Fern advance with the cloud of tulle and a crown of orange blossoms. A rapt-eyed page thrust a bouquet of bride's roses and valley lilies into her cold hands.

The fitter rocked back upon her heels.

"Beautiful! If I do say so as shouldn't! Look at yourself, dearie."

Slowly Jennifer lifted her head and gazed at a dozen brides with her face reflected in a dozen panels of the mirror-lined walls. Then suddenly, without warning, stormy sobs shook her slender shoulders, tore at her throat.

Big unruly drops welled from her cornflower eyes and splashed upon the white satin front of the gown.

“Stop her!” wailed Miss Fern, wringing her hands again. “Can’t somebody stop her? She’ll ruin the bride’s dress!”

Half a dozen distracted voices echoed Miss Fern.

No one said, “What is wrong? Are you ill?” No one said, “Are you hungry?”

A fresh passion of sobs harried Jennifer. She laid violent hands upon the tulle. She wrenched the crown of orange blossoms from her head.

“I won’t wear it!” she cried. “I won’t be a silly bride!”

“Nerves! Just like a *real* bride,” crooned the fitting woman out of a corner of her pincushion mouth.

“Shut up! Get out! *All of you!*”

Squared shoulders cleared a ring about Jennifer. Angular jaw and steely gray eyes confronted her. “Now, what’s all this neurotic nonsense anyway? Four hundred women waiting out there to gape at the bride, and here you stand bawling!” Bill Telfair mopped his brow with a handkerchief, but he could not wipe the look of disgust off his face. “Women! You’re all alike. Vain, selfish. I suppose your feet hurt or something. I suppose you think the gown hasn’t a becoming neckline. I suppose—”

JENNIFER whirled upon him, a young fury. “I suppose *you* know how it feels to be jilted practically at the altar, with your wedding dress lying across the bed waiting for you and your mother having hysterics in the next room?”

“Hell, don’t I?” He stopped shaking a large fist under Jennifer’s nose and laughed bitterly. “I had the license in my pocket when my true love stood me up.”

Jennifer was so startled that she forgot to sob. She dabbed at her eyes with a corner of her veil. “Love,” she informed him coldly, “is no laughing matter.”

“That’s what you think *now*. It’s a colossal joke—even when it’s on you. Here, use this.” He rescued the veil and shoved his handkerchief into her unresisting hand. He set the orange-bloom crown firmly on her head. “And now that you know you haven’t the only cardiac condition in the world, pick up that tulle business and scram!”

The fashion show was an enormous success. Jennifer, slender and pale, stepped down from the dais at the end of the crowded room to a whispered chorus of “Ahs!” and “Ohs!” and “Isn’t she too sweet!” They kept her standing and turning until the big gong rang announcing five thirty and the closing of the store. As she stumbled out of the dressing room, her one thought was of food.

“Late, ain’t ye?” asked old Gus.

Gus was the back-door man. Jennifer was fond of Gus.

The street was a steaming oven. There was a sandwich counter across the street. The heavenly smell of fresh-made coffee drew Jennifer like a magnet. She did not wait for the lights to change.

“Hey, there, you!”

A tall redheaded young man had unfolded himself from behind the wheel of a battle-scarred roadster. When he shook her arm and said violently, “What you trying to do—end it all?” Jennifer knew that Bill Telfair had unfinished business on his mind.

“I was on my way,” said Jennifer with great distinctness, “to feed a starving orphan.”

“And I,” said Bill, “am an old gentleman with a long white beard and a kind heart. I dote on feeding orphans.” He added, “I felt pretty low when Mrs. Colby told me you’d had nothing to eat all day.”

“After the way you bullied me,” said Jennifer, “I ought to spurn your invitation. Instead, I accept with pleasure because I am very hungry and it will cost you a great deal to feed me.”

They edged into the roaring jungle of six-o’clock traffic and headed north. At a quarter past seven Bill nosed under a giant tree that guarded a low rambling restaurant which stood on a hill and preened itself modestly in the river below.

There was a terrace with tables that looked down upon the blue water and up at the blue sky. Bill spoke to the headwaiter and the man led them to a corner with a very special view. Above them a breeze moved in the branches of the age-old trees. Presently a million stars popped out to prick the indigo dome with points of silver fire. All about were couples with their heads close together across tables built for two.

It was a perfect set-up for romance. But Jennifer hadn’t come for romance. She had come for food. Bill watched her stow away soup, a thick steak smothered in mushrooms, sundry vegetables, her salad and his, plus two servings of marrons glacés topped with whipped cream. He said apprehensively, “I never saw a little girl get on the outside of such a big dinner. Are you sure you won’t burst?”

“It runs in the family,” Jennifer told him. “When my father was a baby, he could drink a quart of milk, and then they could pop him into the quart measure and put the lid on without any trouble.”

Bill laughed so wholeheartedly that Jennifer decided he was practically human. When he told her he hated selling women’s clothes, she conceded that in time she might even come to like him in a cool impersonal way.

THE dream of his life, he divulged over the coffee, was to own and run a chicken farm.

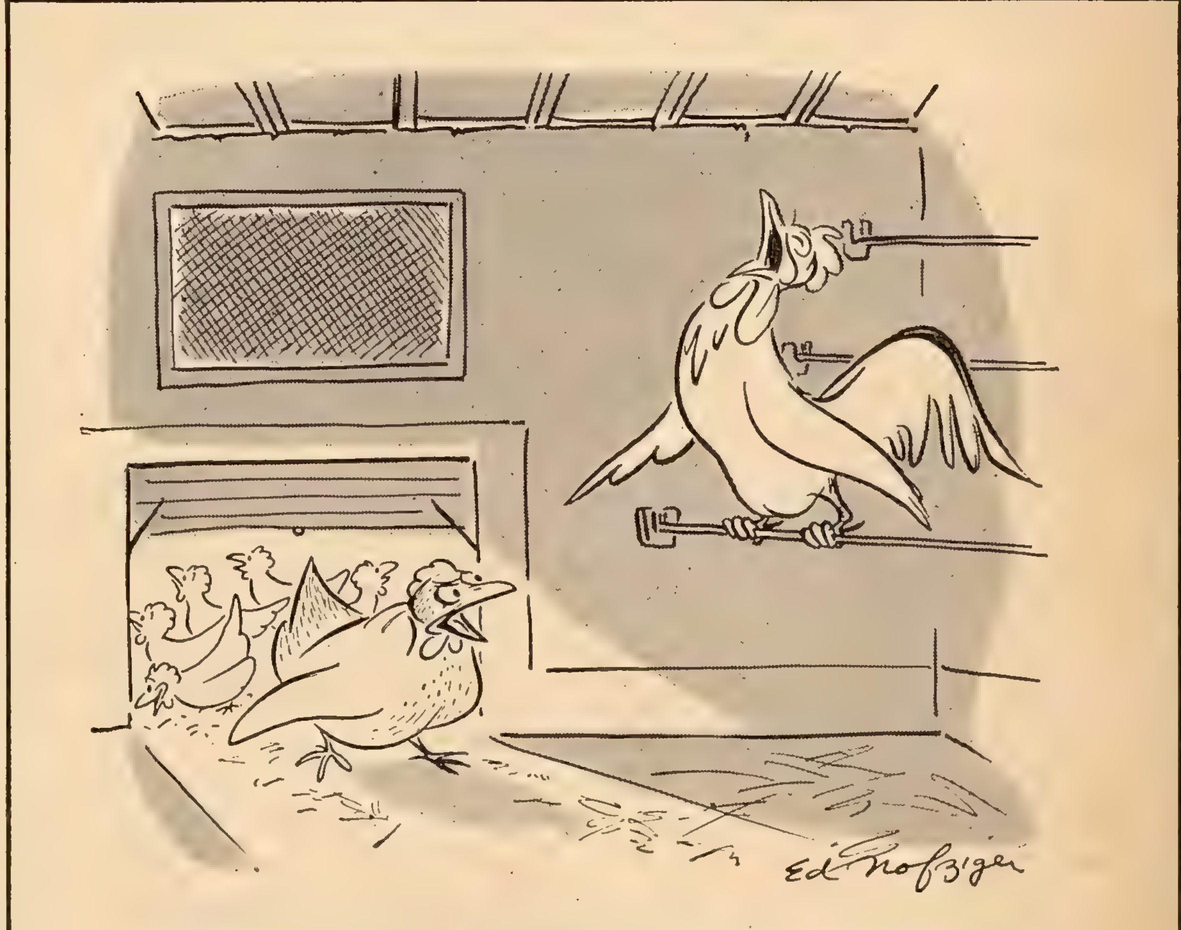
“But I’m stuck with the store until dad gets back on the job. He’s gone to Kansas City because he has to have a little operation and he wants his old doctor at home to do it. He’ll be back in a month or so, and I’ll be in the army. As soon as the war is over, I’m going to have it out with dad and find myself a chicken farm. Do you,” he inquired conversationally, “like chickens?”

“Well,” said Jennifer, “I wouldn’t care for one just now, thank you.”

Bill grinned. “I meant on the hoof. Most women seem to think there’s something comic about raising chickens. Now, you take this girl I was engaged to. She was perfectly happy until the football season was over and I began to take her around to look at trick brooders. Right away she discovered she was destined for something higher than chaperoning an incubator.” Bill sighed. “It hurt like the devil at first, but I can see now that it was all for the best.”

“I know,” murmured Jennifer.

“Gosh,” Bill reproached himself,



"Get off that old time. We've all been up and laid an egg already!"

"here I am hogging the lovelorn column and not letting you get in a word edgewise. What happened to you?"

So, sitting there under the star-pricked sky, chin propped on her palms, Jennifer told him about Johnny Tyson in North Carolina, whose car had broken down on a sleet-encrusted road coming from a dance one Saturday night. It was three o'clock and they were forty-odd miles from home. No one came along until nine in the morning. They rolled into town in a farmer's Ford as everybody was going to church. Johnny had said, "Let's tell folks we're engaged."

And Jennifer, who was not quite nineteen, and terribly frightened about what her mother would say, had replied, "Why not?"

She had known Johnny all her life, and she was fonder of him than any boy she knew. Besides, it was all romantic and exciting. There was a month of parties and "showers," and the church was decorated for the wedding. On the night of the dress rehearsal Johnny told Jennifer he couldn't go through with it.

"I like you a lot, Jenni," he'd said, "but I want something better than that—for both of us."

"Honestly," finished Jennifer dreamily, "I don't think I should have minded being jilted at all if it hadn't been for the way the church looked. The candles were so beautiful and tall. I—I wanted to see them lighted."

Bill patted her hand.

"You'll live to thank your lucky stars you didn't get caught when you were too young to know what it was all about. Marriage comes under the head of serious business. It requires long-range thinking."

"But I thought you said love was a joke."

"Oh, love!" Bill dismissed it with a wave of the hand. "Love is something that—comes and goes. But you ought to be pretty sure marriage will stick."

THE fashion show had taken place on Monday. The rest of the week was hectic, for the sports shop was getting ready for an end-of-the-month promotion, and Mrs. Colby kept her price sleuths on the run. Jennifer was disappointed as the days went by and she did not bump into Bill.

She had planned exactly what she would say to him. A pleasant but firmly impersonal "Good morning, Mr. Telfair," or "Good afternoon," as the case might be. That ought to convey the idea that she understood as well as he that the dinner under the star-spangled sky had been in the nature of a bonus to a deserving employee.

On Saturday she was hurrying in from lunch just as Bill was dashing out. They were caught in opposite compartments of the revolving door that guarded the employees' entrance. Bill grinned. Before she realized what she was doing, Jennifer grinned back.

"Hi!" shouted Bill. "How about a movie tonight?"

"Fine!" yelled Jennifer, immediately thankful there was nobody to see or hear but old Gus, who nodded on his high stool by the time clock.

But that night, when he arrived at the tiny apartment Jennifer shared with another girl, Bill suggested dancing instead of the movies. He said he knew a place with a good orchestra less than an hour out of town. With indoor jobs like theirs, he pointed out, they ought to get all the exercise they could.

Jennifer, who adored dancing, agreed.

She had a very pleasant evening, for the orchestra was indeed excellent and her step fitted Bill's as a hand fits a familiar glove. At her door, they made a date to dance the following Saturday night. After that, they took their Saturday nights together pretty much for granted. Occasionally they got in an evening's exercise during the week.

It was the day after one of these evenings of dancing that the telegram came announcing the death of Bill's father. The operation had been more serious than they had thought. He had failed to rally from the shock. Jennifer did not see Bill before he flew west to Kansas City. She did not see him for several days after he got back. Then she had only a glimpse of him as he stopped to speak to Mrs. Colby. Her heart ached for his white, hurt look.

A night or two later he telephoned her at the apartment.

"WILL you have dinner with me Saturday night? I'm joining up next week."

So this would be their last Saturday evening together! It wasn't until she was getting into bed that night that the thought struck her that life would be—well, funny without Bill. For, of course, when Bill got into the army she wouldn't see him any more. She doubted if he would even write to her. He had made it clear that he was through with women. That girl must have hurt him pretty badly.

It was almost time for closing Saturday afternoon when Bill got out of the elevator and hurried over to Mrs. Colby's desk where Jennifer sat typing. His face had a tight hard look that she had never seen before.

"I'm sorry as the devil," he said bluntly, "but our date is off. This is my birthday, and I almost forgot it."

"I see," said Jennifer, who didn't see at all.

"If I hadn't run into Gus just now," Bill went on, "I wouldn't have remembered until it was too late. You see, Gus drove the first delivery truck dad ever owned. Five years ago dad gave him a job on the door. Mamie, his wife, was our hired girl when I was a kid out in Kansas. Since mother died, she always bakes a cake for my birthday. This year, on account of dad, they asked me up to their place to eat it. They figure it—may help. I—well, you don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not!" lied Jennifer.

For she did mind. Terribly. All week she'd counted on Saturday. Counted on it for something she didn't dare name even to herself. She looked at Bill's rapidly retreating back. He hadn't said, "See you tomorrow," or next week." He hadn't even said good-by.

Jennifer bit her lip. She had to bite it hard to keep from crying. Clapping the cover on her typewriter, she ran to the locker for her things. She must hurry. Get home before she made a fool of herself.

Her roommate had left the day before on her vacation, so there was nobody to see or care how much she cried.

She had just smeared her face liberally with cold cream that night when the doorbell rang frantically. She opened the door a couple of inches. A large masculine foot planted itself firmly in the aperture.

"HELLO," said Bill Telfair, panting a little from running up three flights of stairs. "I got away from Gus's early. Decided I'd come down and ask you to marry me."

"You—what?" gasped Jennifer.

Bill frowned. "See here, you're not still in love with that Johnny fellow, are you?"

"Of course not!" snapped Jennifer.

"Good!" said Bill briskly. "Then that's settled. We'll go downtown Monday at noon and get the license. We'll be married Thursday at four and start right out in the jeep. I don't have to report for induction until Monday. That will give us three days."

"Bill," said Jennifer slowly, "why do you want to marry me?"

"Good Lord," said Bill truculently, "people have to get married sometime, don't they? If they go into it with their eyes open, they're not so likely to make a mess of things. Now you and I are all washed up on this romance stuff. We get along fine together. I believe in taking the long-range view. What's to keep us from being as happy as most folks?"

"What indeed?" said Jennifer.

"See you Monday," said Bill, and went downstairs whistling.

All day Sunday Jennifer told herself that of course she wouldn't meet Bill. But she did. At twelve sharp. In front of the license clerk's office. They took their places in a long queue of couples, some of whom held hands openly, while others merely gazed at each other in a sort of bemused wonder.

Most of the men were in uniform. The girls who clung to their arms had that new look that you saw on women's faces everywhere. They wore their love like a banner. But you knew that inside them it was sharp and deep, like pain.

Bill raked the line with a pitying glance. "What a jolt they'll get when they wake up and find that life isn't all beer and skittles!"

"They know that now," said Jennifer quietly, and for a moment she almost hated him.

The next morning she told Mrs. Colby she was leaving. She couldn't tell her why. She couldn't bring herself to speak about Bill to any one.

On Thursday morning she waked early and thought, This is my wedding day. After breakfast she went out and had her hair done. She wanted to say to the girl, "Make it extra nice, please. I'm going to be married today." But the words would not come.

At a quarter of four she was hatted and gloved. Bill would be here any minute now to take her to some grimy office to be married. Then they would go away to live happily ever afterward—well, as happily as most folks. That's what Bill had said. *For three days,* thought Jennifer.

A tide of panic overwhelmed her. Why, she didn't really know Bill Telfair. He was hardly more than a stranger. You couldn't live with a stranger forever and ever. . . . Bill had never kissed her once. Never uttered a word of love, of tenderness. He was only marrying her to show that other girl he didn't care. She looked at the clock. She didn't have to stay here and wait for him. She could run away. . . . But no, that mustn't happen to Bill. Not again.

BELOW, the street door banged. That was Bill now taking the stairs two at a time. She opened the door and peered down the stair well. Only a grocer's boy whistling his way up with somebody's dinner. Jennifer sat down on her chintz-covered couch. She watched the minute hand of the clock creep five solemn spaces.

Four o'clock. . . .

Perhaps Bill had forgotten. Perhaps he had decided at the last moment that *he* couldn't go through with it.

Five minutes past four. Ten, fifteen . . .

Maybe Bill had met with an accident rushing through traffic. Maybe he was lying somewhere, hurt. Maybe he was dead! She snatched up her hat and coat. She would go find Bill. He mustn't be hurt. Or dead. Because she loved Bill. Loved him terribly—

She jerked open the door and Bill almost fell into her arms. He was immaculate in striped trousers and morning coat. Beneath his arm was a large pasteboard box. He thrust the box at Jennifer.

"Sorry to be late," he gasped. "Here, get into this thing fast. We're due at the church in twelve minutes."

"At the church?" echoed Jennifer.

"Sure," said Bill. "Why not?"

He tore the cover off the box and Jennifer saw that white satin wedding gown she wore at the fashion show. Veil, orange-blossom wreath, gossamer stockings, slippers—they were all there. She drew in her breath sharply.

Jennifer disappeared behind the screen that turned a corner into a dressing room. In exactly five minutes she emerged, her train over her arm.

"Am I all right?"

"Swell," said Bill without looking at her.

He waited impatiently while she crammed the blue suit into a bag that was already full. Jennifer, her hands trembling, thought, He needn't scowl so. There was a cab waiting downstairs. "Little Church Around the Corner," snapped Bill to the driver.

They had only a few blocks to go. A grave-faced young assistant rector awaited them in the vestry room. Somebody opened a door and Jennifer found herself moving through it. She saw the nave of the church, dim and cool and infinitely removed. She looked again and her heart beat so fast she thought it would choke her.

The altar was banked with flowers, and above the flowers gleamed a row of slender white tapers, their flaming tips stretching up and up. There was no music and the church was blessedly empty. Jennifer thought, This is the way a wedding ought to be. No noise, no gaping crowd . . .

Something moved in a corner of a pew and she saw Gus's white head. A bulky shadow stirred beside him. Mamie, of course. Well, it was all right for them to be there. . . . Like a girl in a dream, Jennifer walked up the aisle to the altar.

". . . Wilt thou have this man . . ."

She heard her voice answer faintly, as if from a great distance, but Bill's response had been strong and sure. Well, that was something. . . .

"I pronounce that they are man and wife. . . ."

Bill insisted that there was room for Mamie and Gus in their cab. He was quite gay on the way uptown to the apartment hotel in which he had shared a suite with his father. When they were almost there, Bill put an arm across Jennifer's shoulder.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FIDDLE LONGSPAY, by Warren Bledsoe.

It's a rare thing we have here; an unimportant, inconsequential light novel, designed entirely for entertainment, which is *not* patterned on the usual lines. It seems fairly obvious that the author has been a Wodehouse fan. Unlike some others who have made excursions into the Wodehouse preserves, he has brought it off.

Beauchamp Longspay, called Fiddle, is a member of the third generation of living Longspays of St. Swithin's Valley in Maryland. Swithinsgift, the great rambling house that sheltered them all had been built and enlarged at various times in the center of the 33,333⅓ acres granted the original colonial Longspay by Lord Baltimore. In supporting the activities of eight generations living in the usual Longspay fashion, the land had shrunk better than 90 per cent, but Fiddle's Uncle John had married Adelaide Storm and her shipping fortune in time to forestall any thought of family inconvenience. Grandpa, Colonel Ralph Longspay, was head of the tribe, but Adelaide rode herd on the younger generation.

Adelaide did not approve of Fiddle's custom of sunbathing in trunks on the lawn. When a young lady was reported to have engaged in conversation with the seminude Fiddle, Adelaide determined that impropriety should have its punishment. Fiddle refused to name the new rector's sister, with whose charm he had been mortally stricken, and the summer's feud was on. Reprisal and counterreprisal involved the whole delightful family.

It's a teapot tempest deftly dished, and we'll be looking for more from Mr. Bledsoe. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"Well, Mamie," he said, "what do you think of my girl?"

Mamie beamed fondly. "Young Mrs. Bill would *have* to be the finest!"

At the hotel a manservant served an elaborate supper in Bill's living room. There was lobster in little pastry shells, and champagne, and pretty white ices in the shape of bride's roses.

Bill plied Mamie and Gus with food. He seemed to hate to see them leave. But the time came when he could urge them to stay no longer.

"If he's not good to you, Mis' Telfair," said Gus, as he said good-by, "you just let *me* know!"

It was the first time anybody had called her Mrs. Telfair.

"If you're ready to change," said Bill matter-of-factly, "you'll find your bag in my room."

Jennifer went into the room Bill indicated. She unfastened her gown and started to draw it over her head. But a hook caught in her hair. She twisted and turned, but only made matters worse. She went to the door.

"Bill!"

He was standing by a window looking out. At the sound of her voice he wheeled as if he had been struck.

"My hair," she said. "It's caught."

He crossed the threshold to her. His fingers found the refractory hook. He said triumphantly, "There!" But he did not let go of Jennifer. Instead, he took her by the shoulders and turned her so that she faced him.

"Hello, Mrs. Telfair," he said gently.

"Hello, Mr. Tel—"

TO her consternation, Jennifer could not finish it. She choked and big salt tears spilled down the front of her wedding gown. Bill put a hand under her chin and lifted her face.

"Are you crying because of that Johnny fellow?"

"No," sobbed Jennifer. "But I s-suppose you're cross because I'm not that girl who hated c-chickens?"

"There isn't any girl who hated chickens," said Bill softly. "I made her up to tide you over the hurt to your pride. And now I want you to smile. From the moment I saw you standing in that little dressing room, crying your heart out in your bride's dress, I knew that some day I must see you look happy in it—for me."

"I'll s-smile in a minute," gulped Jennifer. "Let me cry a little more, please."

"Darling," begged Bill, "tell me what makes you cry."

"Well, if you must know," said Jennifer, "I'm crying because—the candles were so tall! Whatever made you think of anything so darn sweet?"

"And why," demanded Bill eventually, "shouldn't you have candles? After all, you're married only once."

Jennifer clung to him as if she would never let him go. "Oh, Bill, I hope so, for I honestly don't think I could live through another wedding."

"I better not catch you trying!" said Bill.

THE END

THE TWO-FIFTY HAT

BY ERIC KNIGHT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PERHAPS, if we consider cause and effect, we'll come to the conclusion that the South Philadelphia milliner was to blame. For if she hadn't put the hat in her window where Mrs. Czernowsky had to look at it day after day as she passed, then, of course, Mrs. Czernowsky never could have coveted it.

Or perhaps we should go still further back. Perhaps we must blame the high-cheekboned men and women who lived in Europe many years ago and whose passion for barbaric reds and yellows they had handed down to Mrs. Czernowsky to make her forget duty and thrift every time she passed that window.

But, whoever is to blame, Mrs. Czernowsky stands before us now, holding tight to the smallest Czernowsky. Hush, baby, for Justice is speaking. Justice wants to know how it all happened. Well, how did it happen? Mrs. Czernowsky peers at it all through the fog of an alien tongue. She rocks a little on her feet.

"Mister, please—he burn up my hat!"

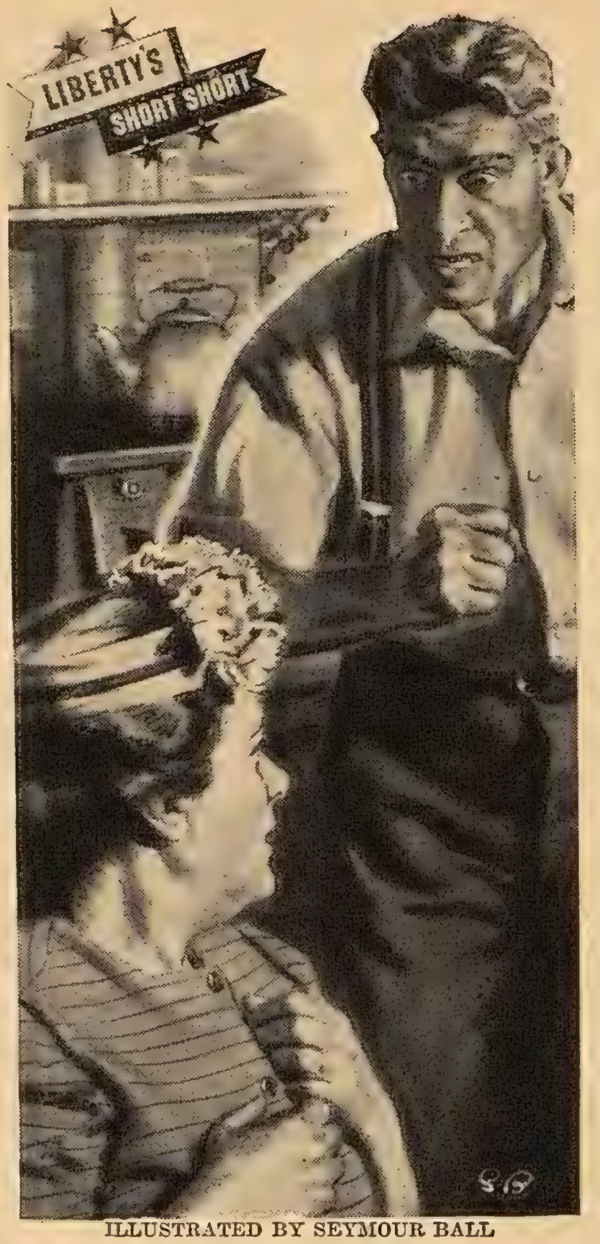
The court waits. We wait. Is that all? We want to know. The court wants to know, too. In fact, the court is asking if that is all. And Mrs. Czernowsky holds the smallest Czernowsky and rocks on her feet. How is she going to explain it all—to make the gentleman understand?

"Reduced to $2.50," the sign had read. And the money was hers. She had earned it herself—fifty cents here, twenty-five cents there, odd jobs, scrubbing, bedmaking, sweeping, ironing. The money was her own—and every time she had passed the shop it had gleamed at her. For one day she had fought it off; for a second, a third, a fourth. But it was always the same. In the dim evenings, when the children screamed outside in the street, she had tried to forget it. But it was no use. Perhaps some one else would buy it. Then it would be gone! She felt sick in her stomach.

The fifth day had come. She had gone to see it again.

Past the hardware store, the meat market, the fruit store—and there it was: "Reduced to $2.50."

AND there was a hat for you! Not a plain affair of tan or dove gray, such as you see on Chestnut Street heads, or on Rittenhouse Square heads. A hat that, by St. Stephen, had color and life to it. Red and yellow, it blazed out triumphantly. It seemed as if it sent out beams through the window, rays that thrilled you every time you passed. You could go past



ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

it a dozen times and it was always the same. It glowed at you and no longer did you hear the clacking of Yiddish and Russian and Italian, or smell the billowing odors of wet fish and live chickens and partly decaying vegetable matter in the near-by gutter. Always it struck at your heart as if you were seeing it for the first time. "Reduced to $2.50."

Then Mrs. Czernowsky had gone home. Stolidly she had tilted the money from the blue glass vase that stood beside the alarm clock. She had counted it; she had gone down the street; she had bought that hat! Bought it, mind you. Say it like that and it means nothing. You must say it tremendously—chant it to organ music. She had bought it!

A CAREER IS BORN

This short short was received and liked and published by Liberty back in 1930. It was the first story the author had ever sold. We knew nothing about him then, except that he was an English newspaper man, working in Philadelphia. We know more about him now. He stuck to his fiction-writing, and one of the results is that fine novel This Above All, which many of you have read and most of you have seen in the movies.

Going home, she had felt weak—just like going to church the day she got married—walking along on legs that moved but felt no motion. She had never had a hat like that before.

Even at home the spell had not broken. Sitting down weakly, she had kept the hat on. She hadn't looked in the mirror—she hadn't thought about hats and life; she hadn't thought about anything much—just sat, that was all. And the afternoon had waned. The children had come home from school, had stared, and had gone out to race and scream on the street below. The afternoon had darkened; the children had played on the landing; Mrs. Vradislaw's baby had cried weakly in the room above; and the hat had winked wickedly in the dusky room—red and yellow.

And then Mike had come home. Why was she sitting there? Where was the supper? Where had she got that hat? Where had she got the money? Mike was so mad, so very mad.

JUST because of a hat, then, his supper wasn't ready. And a man in the foundry needed supper in his belly to keep strong and to work. He would show her not to have supper ready—all because of a hat.

He had snatched the hat and gone to the stove. He had whipped off the lid. She tried to stop him, but he had been too strong. He had popped the hat into the fire. Red and yellow, it gleamed, and then blazed echoes of itself.

She had tried to snatch it from the stove, but Mike was stronger than she. He had held her back. She had picked up the bread knife from the table. Mike's back was broad. There! Now he would understand about that hat!

And that was how it all had happened. Yet, how is Mrs. Czernowsky going to tell all that to the gentleman in the big chair? She rocks and Justice waits. Oh, well, if she won't talk, it's a pity. But, after all, it's just another of these Hunyak knifings.

"How many children have you?"

Mrs. Czernowsky understands that. She lifts up a hand—fingers stretched. She pats herself. "Soon, another," she adds.

Justice looks tired; Justice frowns; Justice pulls its lower lip.

"Oh, held without bail pending outcome of injuries," he says and waves his hand.

A woman in a black dress and white apron comes forward and taps Mrs. Czernowsky on the shoulder. Mrs. Czernowsky is being taken away somewhere. And she hasn't made them understand about that hat. She hadn't wanted to hurt Mike—a woman should do what her man tells her to—but Mike hadn't understood. Probably nobody ever would understand about that hat.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

HOW WE WILL DEFEAT JAPAN

BY JOHN B. HUGHES

SEA OF JAPAN
J A P A N
Mitsuista
KOBE
OSAKA
Kiso
NAGOYA
TOKYO
IMPERIAL PALACE
Tone
Kawasaki
YOKOHAMA
Tenryu
YOKOSUKA
PACIFIC

A famous commentator and expert on the Orient charts a thought-provoking course to ruthless, all-out victory

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN March, 1941, I was listening to a Japanese broadcast about the Tokyo-dictated peace treaty between Thailand and Indo-China. My interpreter chuckled as he repeated the report of the formal signing and sealing in *red* ink, the symbol of a blood seal in the legends of the Japanese Empire.

"Why the laugh?"

"The Japanese have a proverb: 'He that uses red ink too often will have his fingers stained.'"

We both laughed, but grimly. We knew that Japanese fingers were already stained with the red ink that was the forecast of the staining with blood that would follow in the South Pacific before the year was over.

Between August, 1940, and April, 1942, we had no choice but to retire before the well prepared Japanese invasion moves. Some delaying actions were not only important but magnificent, as on Bataan and Corregidor. When American army bombers raided Japan on April 18, that was the real turn of the tide. It was then that the stains of red ink and blood on the fingers of Japan began to burn.

Probably not until our autumn and the end of the South Seas monsoon season will we begin to recapture the island areas overrun by the Japanese. There are some who say that, instead, we will smash at Japan itself. I believe both are essential. Japan's military defeat must be complete and decisive, for the effect on the Japanese and on the other peoples of the Asiatic world. The United Nations by plain force must purge all the Japanese-invaded territories. They must gain for themselves the full credit of having gained freedom for those peoples whom Japan sought to conquer. This is fundamental to future stability in the world.

The era of empire has passed, but the task of shifting from empire government and colonial administration to voluntary collaboration in an economic and social order has presented some severe complications. The United States had promised independence to the Philippines, but the Filipinos themselves were divided. They wanted certain advantages of affiliation with the United States, but pride urged them to speak out for total self-government.

The Dutch were bringing the East Indies natives more and more into the duties of government administration and commercial enterprise with the hope of making them loyal partners rather than mere subjects.

The British have wrestled with the "India problem" for decades. From a distance it looked easy. "Give India dominion status." The thought was horrible to the old Empire man, but was equally so to the enlightened English liberal for other reasons. These boiled down chiefly to a genuine concern for India's future. The Moslem-Hindu quarrel would plunge India into civil war at the first peal of a liberty bell. This thought shaped policy. And from the British government viewpoint it was a choice between continuing colonies under British rule and giving them independence—to be snatched by Japan.

The Japanese have based their program of aggression on the theory that once the white man's rule was driven out, native subservience to Tokyo

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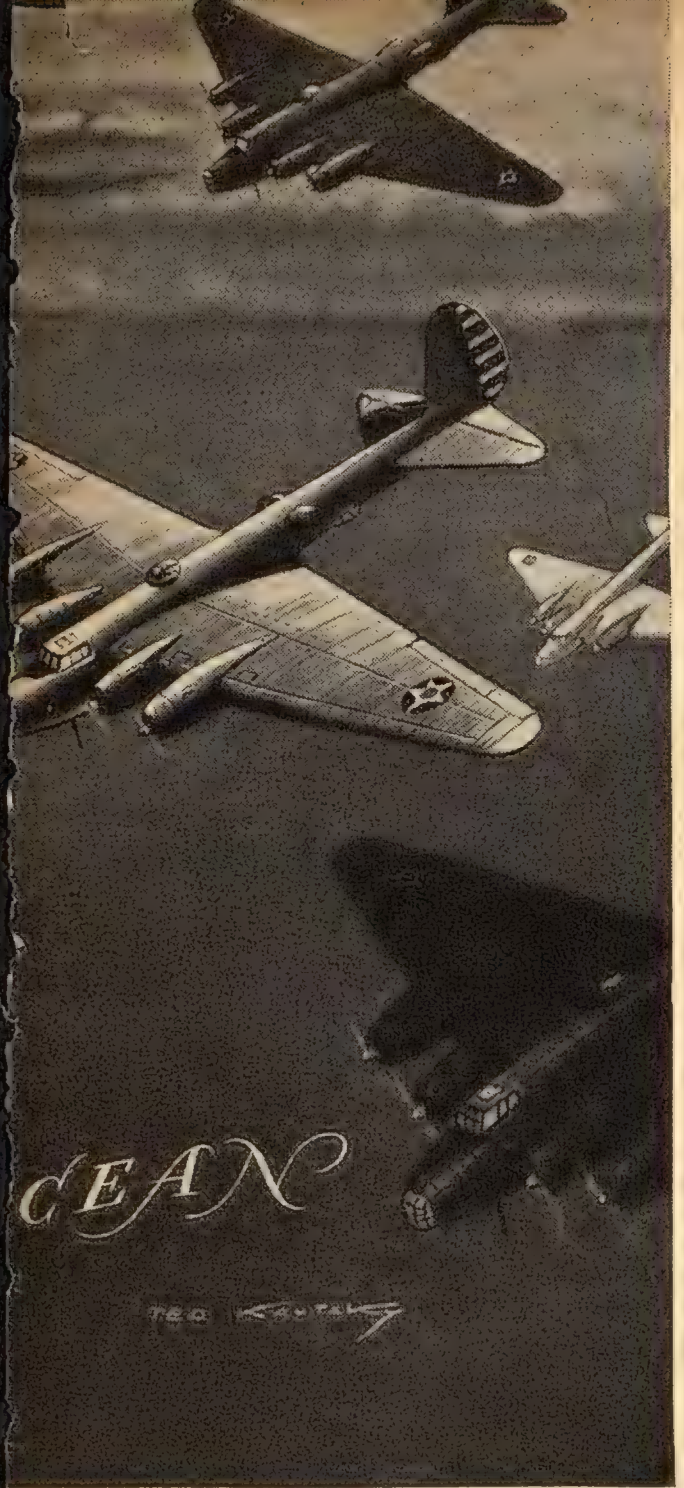
For the latest developments in the world's headlines, tune in the John B. Hughes news broadcasts every Tuesday and Wednesday night at 10 P.M., E.W.T., over the Mutual Network.



ILLUSTRATED BY TED KAUTZKY

dictation would be unhesitating. They have now found out that Far Eastern invaded territories are no more subservient than is Hitler's conquered Europe. So they are pouring out the Japaganda, trying to sell those peoples on their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity New Order.

When the fighting ends, if Japan is allowed to be a party to a peace treaty agreement on independence for those war-traded peoples, many natives will think the Japanese Co-Prosperity story may have been true. And some time in the future the issue may again be raised. Japan's dream of a race war may then be realized.

This is why I say that future stability demands that the United Nations drive the Japanese out of the lands they have invaded. The peoples of those lands must then be offered places as members of the family of nations and be guaranteed the Four Freedoms for so long as they remain honest collaborators in the cause of a free world.

A friend of mine is signing his letters these days with the phrase, "Yours for an utterly ruthless peace." And because that is a wise commitment, I say we must and will fight an utterly ruthless war against Japan.

Ruthlessness in war does not mean unrestricted slaughter. It means being practical. We can take back the islands the Japs have seized. If we can move north from Australia this year, and I think we can, they will have had insufficient time to prepare defenses. Air control and well trained invasion forces can do the job. We'll have both. We will also have much native cooperation.

Japan itself is a made-to-order bull's-eye. It's a safe bet that we did plenty of damage on April 18. A 400-mile strip includes Japan's chief industrial capacity. Our planes took it from east to west: Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, and then Kobe. Add the shipbuilding area on the island of Kyushu, nearer to China, and you have all of Japan's war machine.

The Tokyo-Yokohama district is the heart of the chemical and metals production, except for iron and steel, which is centered on Kyushu. The big plants are augmented by thousands of small factories made of wood and bamboo—inflammable as tinder. Bombers coming from the east would find as their first Tokyo target the great Oshima steelworks, and a near miss there would account for one of a number of machine-tool or chemical plants. Swinging north around the city, the attackers would find the army and navy powder plants. There, too, along the Sumidagawa River, are many power plants and industrial establishments. If they have been camouflaged, it has been done since April 18, and no camouflage could prevent detection of the general industrial districts.

A plane might swing south from the Sumidagawa, pass over the Imperial Palace, and head toward Yokohama. In the southern part of Tokyo the railroad would define the target area clearly. Outstanding targets would be the Meiji electric machine plant and the famed Shibaura plant. In the latter, more than half of Japan's electrical equipment is produced.

Yokohama would rate a visit for its docks and shipyards and for Japan's largest motor-vehicle factory, now turning out small tanks. Then only a few miles south of Yokohama is the famed Yokosuka naval base with its great repair docks.

Flying west a little more than 200 miles, our bombers will find Nagoya, Japan's number three industrial city and its chief aircraft-production center, due largely to the big Mitsubishi plant. There are air-training schools near by, and other highly important military establishments. Nagoya has more than 5,000 factories and plants. Many are using steel made from American scrap metal.

Still flying from the east, our bombers will go 140 miles beyond Nagoya to Osaka, the Pittsburgh of Japan, and Kobe, the port for it, which has become the chief base for the embarkation of supplies for the Jap forces overseas. Kobe is also Japan's chief shipbuilding center, and the industry exposes itself around the harbor like a row of white iron ducks in a Coney Island shooting gallery. En route to Kobe, our bombers will have blasted the Osaka industrial maze and flown down the twenty-mile road between the two cities, lined with some of the vital war industries. Japan can't hide them. The bay and two rivers limn a target that is vulnerable indeed.

But Japan's hydroelectric power plants are her number one weak spot for our air attack. Her war industry is chiefly dependent upon electric power, 80 per cent of which is produced by plants concentrated along four short rivers that drop down the eastern slope of Hokkaido's mountain spine. Most of the dams could be taken out easily by mere near-misses with bombs, and the few reinforced-concrete mass dams have points of vulnerability well known to our air-attack strategists.

An American engineer who did much of the planning and building of these dams has provided detailed information concerning them, and has said, "Twenty-five well placed 1,000-pound bombs can end Japan's production for war." Japan has some thermal power plants, but not more than enough to produce 20 per cent of her industrial need. Even if she had more, she does not have the fuel for them.

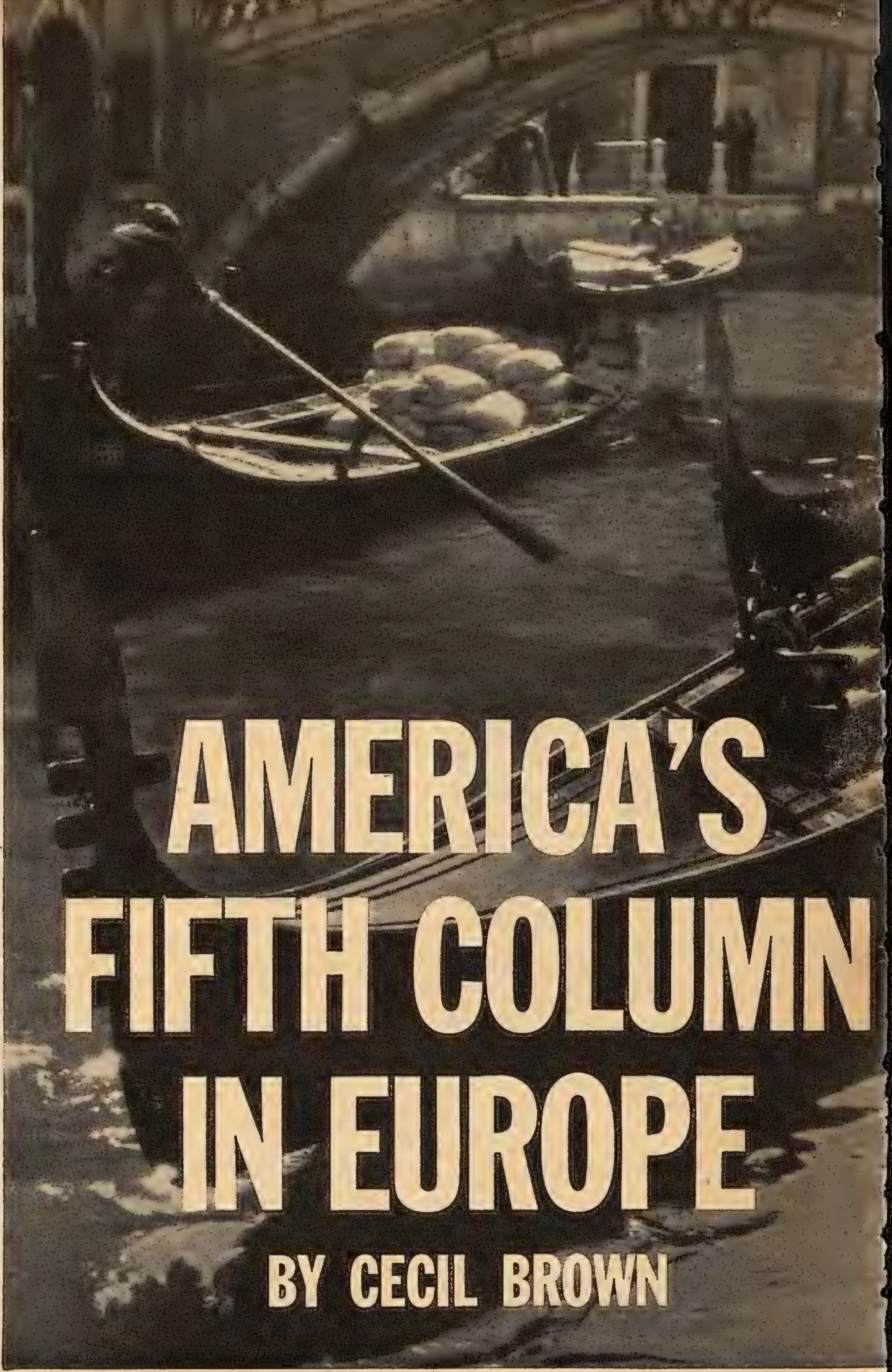
Look on a good large map along the east coast of Japan's main island, north from Tokyo. You will find four short rivers, the Kinu, the Tone, the Tenryu, and the Kiso. These four are turned into stairsteps by the dams that produce Japan's power. Bombs would not only destroy the power production but flood vast productive areas and trouble Japan with a disastrous summer water shortage.

This, then, is the formula for defeating Japan. But defeat is not enough. There is the job of securing the future. Ruthless recovery of the invaded territories should extend to more than the Dutch Indies, the Philippines, Burma, Singapore and Malaya, Hong Kong, Thailand, French Indo-China, and Hainan Island. China too must be cleared of the Japs, as must North China and Manchuria and Formosa and Korea and the mandated islands.

There is in history no justification for compromise with Japan in the readjustments that must follow this war. For examples, Japan's invasion of North China was outright rape, and there is no reasonable justification by which she could be permitted to retain Manchuria. However, in this ruthless peace which will be our greatest task, we must be brave enough to guarantee the selfsame Four Freedoms to the ruthlessly vanquished enemy. There will be room within the family of United Nations for the Japanese when at last they have learned the way of co-operation. No nation can learn if it is pushed into the mire of economic backwash with a stone of reparations hung on its neck.

The vanquished Japan must be held under strict control. The Japanese people must be taught that the Four Freedoms, guaranteed by a government of laws, constitute a better way of life than a superstitious belief in a divine ancestry and an ordained destiny.

THE END



AMERICA'S FIFTH COLUMN IN EUROPE

BY CECIL BROWN

Behind-the-scenes evidence from an ace correspondent: Today Italy's people loathe not only their Duce and his Axis "ally," but their king!

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

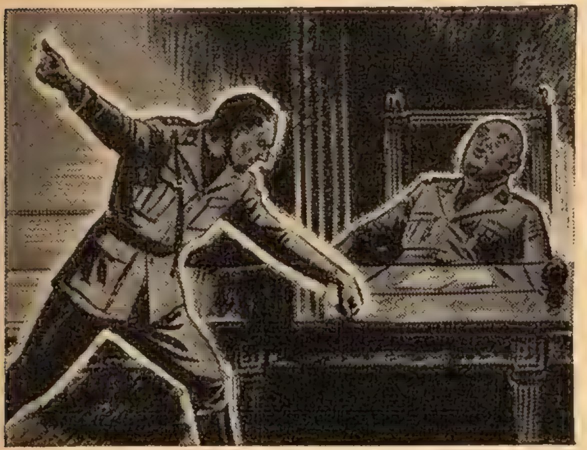
This article completes a report to America on the Italian people by Mr. Brown, distinguished CBS correspondent. In Liberty last week he gave, from his own wartime observation, instances of the contemptuousness of the Nazis in Italy and of the Italians' thinly masked hatred of all things German and their disillusionment about Mussolini.

THE deterioration of Mussolini's leadership and his principles has gone on with amazing rapidity. Mussolini knew his people were anti-German. He said to his intimates at the end of May, 1940: "I can change that. They will do what I tell them."

From that day until this, Mussolini has been busy purging the Fascist hierarchy of anti-German, anti-Mussolini, and anti-Fascist elements.

First went Marshal Italo Balbo, shot down over Libya by Italian antiaircraft fire. The official announcement claimed he was shot down in combat. I so stated in a broadcast a half hour after the announcement was made. A few days later I inserted in the midst of a broadcast about Marshal Graziani being appointed to succeed Balbo the flat bald statement: "Balbo was shot down over Italian territory by antiaircraft fire." The censor, inadvertently (or so he told me later) passed it, but within two days the reaction came from the Foreign Office. I was suspended from the air for fifteen days, later reduced to three days.

Numerous Cabinet ministers were sent to the front to check a plot to displace Mussolini. Advisers of Dino Grandi, one-time Minister of Foreign Affairs, later Ambassador in London, and then recalled to Rome to become Minister of Justice, urged him to walk into Mussolini's office and say: "Get out of that chair. I am taking over."



Advisers of Grandi urged him to do this.

Grandi didn't accept that advice. He was sent to the front by Mussolini and—unlike the press accolade given other ministers: "He volunteered and has gone to the front to join his regiment"—no mention was made of Grandi's departure. I tried to use it in a broadcast. It was blue-penciled by the censor.

Opposition to Mussolini is strong in the highest branches of the Fascist hierarchy. Ettore Muti, a husky, daring individual whom I liked very much personally, was made party secretary, then booted out shortly after Italy entered the war. Not a very bright individual, he has great courage and ruthlessness and sincerely believed in the resurrection of Italy. As party secretary, he tried to weed out the grafters and gougers installed by that greedy racketeer who preceded him as general secretary, Achille Starace. Mussolini is counting on Muti, a courageous flyer of the highest caliber, getting killed in this war.

From the first day of the war, tens of thousands of Italians were indifferent. Individual secessions from the war went on too fast to be counted.

At Taranto, on November 12, 1940, British torpedo-carrying aircraft began the British attack on the Italian fleet in harbor. That was an accustomed place for the fleet because Admiral Cavagnari was operating under Mussolini's specific orders—"Do not engage the British." Mussolini was depending on Hitler's word that the war would be over in a few

The Via Vittorio Veneto, where now they call Il Duce "Mr. Stiletto."

Sicilians like these in Syracuse are enraged at German forces there.

months and Il Duce wanted to have the Italian Navy intact.

Italians paved the way for the British attack at Taranto. Italian newspapers carried announcements that four Italian naval officers and dock workers had been executed after Taranto and a number of others sentenced to long prison terms. Those four said before their execution:

"When we helped the British we were not traitors. We were helping our country and our people win their freedom from the Nazis."

When British naval units shelled Genoa on February 9, 1941, the people of Genoa seceded, morally and mentally, from Fascist Italy. The Genoese still have the tradition of their republic, but their hate for Fascism is even stronger. A day after that raid I was talking to a Genoese and he said: "We aren't angry at the British. We're angry at the Fascists for not providing protection. Now we want nothing more to do with Fascism. We will protect ourselves by welcoming the British if they come again."

Mussolini wanted to go to Genoa and see the widespread damage, visit the injured, and commiserate with the bereaved. The Fascist prefect at Genoa told him over the telephone:

"I would strongly advise that you do not come. I regret to report that you would not get a very welcome reception."

The Duce did not go to Genoa.

It is one of the commonest remarks among Italians that Mussolini is a physical coward. I'm told, in reports made available to me since my return to America a few weeks ago from the world's battle fronts, that Mussolini is becoming more and more a pathological case because of his great fear of assassination.

This same fear, by the way, is constant with his son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, the Foreign Minister. They have another trait in common, likewise the subject of half the conversation of Italians—infidelity and the penchant for respectively ignoring Donna Rachele and Countess Edda for any pretty girl that comes along.

A few days before leaving for Singapore to cover the Far Eastern theater of the war, I spoke with Italian prisoners in camps near Cairo. There was talk then among them of what they would do if the Allies launched an invasion of Italy. They expressed the same sentiments I had heard when the first British Commandos, using parachutes, dropped men near Bari, in southern Italy. Then the Italians had said:

"At last they are coming to deliver us. But why so few? Why don't many thousands come?"

And the Italian prisoners in the desert had the same idea. There was no feeling of abasement because they had given up and been taken prisoner. They didn't for an instant consider themselves cowards.

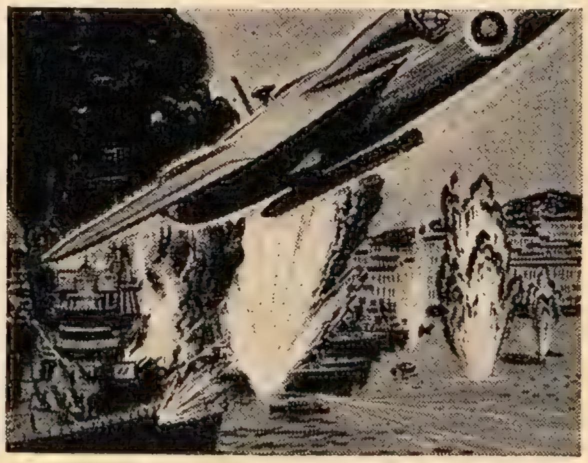
They reasoned that they had done the sensible thing, and I did not find a single Italian prisoner with a twinge of conscience.

One of them said: "I didn't ask for this war. I had to go to war, but that doesn't mean I have to fight and get killed."

Another one, short, swarthy, youthful, the kind you would suppose would have absorbed eighteen years of Fascist propaganda, remarked: "The Fascist Party wanted this war. I am not going to fight for the party."

And one Italian, bared to the waist and lolling in the sun, assured me that he would not shoot any Englishman or American. He was confident then that America would enter the war and he wanted no part of it.

"The Germans think they are our masters. Over there"—and he waved in the general direction of the desert where he'd been taken prisoner—"the Germans tell us what to do. They give us all the dirty jobs. We have known from the start that the Germans were our real enemies."


Italians paved the way for this British attack at Taranto. After it, four Italian naval officers and dock workers were executed, others imprisoned. "We were not traitors," the four declared. "We were helping our country win its freedom from the Nazis."

There have been bombings by the British of Turin and Italy's northern industrial cities, industries controlled and directed by the Nazis to strengthen Hitler's war machine. I talked with Italians about these bombings. Even Italian military officers were outspoken:

"Why shouldn't we be bombed? The factories are certainly military objectives. Besides, the sooner those factories are destroyed the sooner we might get out of the war."

He was one of that great group of Italian military men who were implacably anti-German before this war began and have remained that way ever since.

This group is led, at the moment in spirit, by no less a person than Marshal Pietro Badoglio, the pudgy flat-nosed general who wears a French decoration. Badoglio happens to be regarded by all foreign military experts as Italy's ablest military leader. I was in Rome when Badoglio walked into Mussolini's office in the Palazzo di Venezia. Standing beside Il Duce was his daughter Edda, with a sneer on her face. Mussolini, seated, forced Badoglio to stand before him and in the most contemptuous tone relieved him of his command as commander of the Italian forces. Badoglio was placed under house arrest.

There swept through the officers of the Italian Army such a sympathy for Badoglio and such a revulsion against Fascist methods that a revolt was born then and there, if the spirit of revolt did not already exist.

The evening he was relieved of his command, Badoglio called his family together and turned over all his papers and records to them.

"I do not expect to live long," he said, "and my records show that my honor as a soldier and as an Italian is unstained. I did my best." Badoglio expected that Mussolini would have him executed, might even attempt to dishonor him by resorting to a stealthy assassination.

Mussolini has hated Badoglio since

1922, when the general asked King Victor Emmanuel for permission to "shoot down this rabble"—meaning Mussolini's Black Shirts moving on Rome. Badoglio never became a member of the Fascist Party.

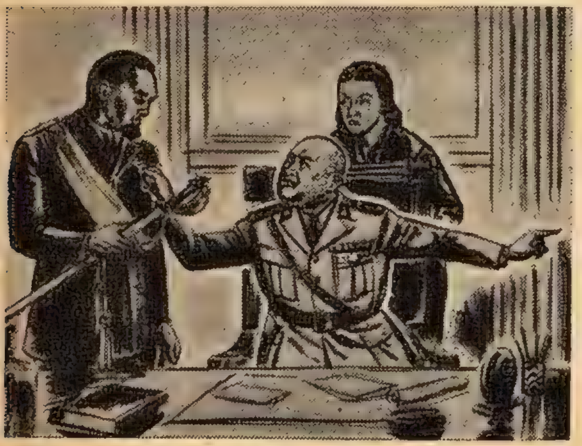
Mussolini has feared Badoglio since 1936. In that year Il Duce sat on the edge of a chair in a darkened room in his Villa Torlonia on Via Nomentana. His hands gripped the back of the chair in front of him; behind him sat Donna Rachele, his daughter Edda, his two sons, Bruno and Vittorio. They were watching the film on the Italian conquest of Ethiopia.

At one point in the film, Marshal Badoglio was seen to halt his army and wait for some time. Mussolini suddenly leaped to his feet, yelled one word, *"Traditore!"* (traitor), and rushed out of the room leaving a trail of profanity.

Marshal Badoglio might yet be the Brutus to Mussolini's would-be Caesar. An enemy he has been to Fascism, but always a friend to the House of Savoy.

Bitterness of the people against Mussolini also extends to King Victor Emmanuel and Prince Umberto, the heir to the throne, and to the House of Savoy. Animosity toward the king, as I heard it on all sides in Italy, is shocking to any one who knows the Italians to be a monarchial people.

"Il Re!" they snorted. *"Il piccolo Re!* He could have prevented us from going to war on the side of Germany. He could have kept us at peace."



Mussolini relieved Badoglio of his command.

The short, aging king accepted the dictates of Mussolini and Hitler and participated one hundred per cent in the sell-out of Italy. In the crucial days King Victor was busy with his coin collection.

Redemption for King Victor and the House of Savoy is still possible in the eyes of the Italian people. That redemption could come about if the king led his monarchial-minded army, his war-weary people, and the disgruntled Fascists into a revolt against the Germans—it would be a bloody revolt—and achieved a separate peace, to be followed by Italian participation in the war against Germany.

King Victor Emmanuel could become America's number one fifth columnist in Italy.

At his side would be Marshal Badoglio—the "traitor" of Mussolini.

Mussolini and General Italo Balbo in Libya —before Balbo was shot down "in combat."

Mussolini and his king and yes-man, Victor Emmanuel. The people now hate both of them.

Such open opposition to Mussolini, Nazism, and war may not yet be ripe. But ready to co-operate and already operating is the underground movement.

The underground movement in Italy has operated against Mussolini and Fascism since 1924, mostly with indifferent success. Then it went to work to sabotage Rome-Berlin collaboration and took on momentum. Since June 10, 1940, the underground has really amounted to something. It has been sabotaging Italy's war effort, wrecking trains, causing explosions in factories, fanning the enmity between the regular army and the Black Shirt militia, whipping up hatred of the Germans, and sowing defeatism among the people.

Here is one example out of many: Tivoli, sixteen miles outside of Rome, is a quiet village nestling in the Roman hills. It was once the summer home of the Popes, and the castle there has a beautiful extensive garden with a row of fifty fountains.

Tivoli also has a number of caves in the hills. On March 5, 1941, ten *carabinieri* in uniform and two plain-clothes men were sent to those caves on the basis of a report that anti-Fascist elements were meeting there. They approached one cave and were met with rifle and machine-gun fire.

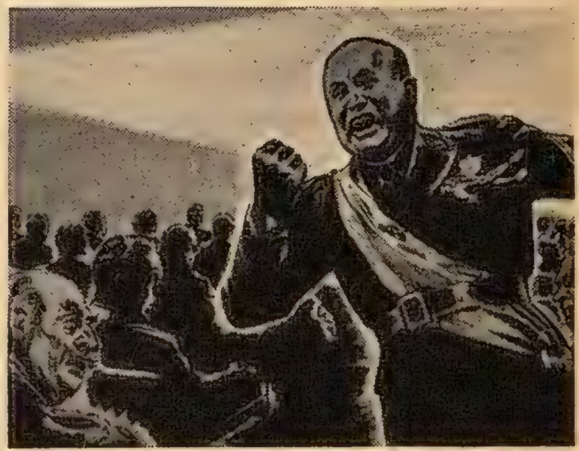
Six of the uniformed men and the two plain-clothes men were killed. The other four policemen hurried back to Rome for reinforcements. To deal with the counterrevolutionary elements, soldiers and armored cars were rushed to the caves at Tivoli. A pitched battle took place. A number of men on both sides were killed, but the counterrevolutionists were overpowered.

In one cave the troops found thirty men, and in another, seventy. This was just a "cell" of the counterrevolutionary elements which are organized throughout the country. Among the prisoners were professional men, some army officers, farmers, and two priests. They were all shot in the back, charged with being British spies. That "cell" was wiped out, as some other "cells" have been. But the underground goes on unconquered.

Every one of the members of the counterrevolutionary movements in Italy is an active fifth columnist for America in Italy.

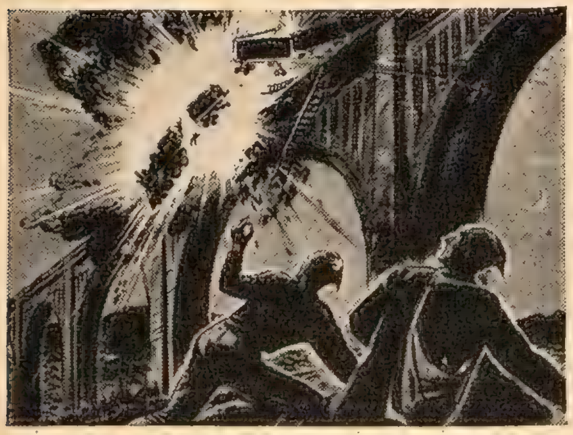
They are helping us now, and will be in the vanguard of the movement to overthrow Mussolini, drive out the Germans, and force Italy out of the war.

In Italian jails and concentration camps and on the Lipari Islands right now are scores of people whose only offense against the Fascist regime was a remark: "The British and French aren't so bad. At least they are much better than the Germans."



He yelled one word, rushed out of the room.

Since Socialist Giacomo Matteotti was assassinated on Mussolini's orders in 1924, some elements have kept his spirit alive. But the Matteotti followers today are legion in Italy only because the Germans came in.



The underground has been wrecking trains.

Most members of the Fascist Party with party jobs are with the Germans, pro-war, and strong supporters of Mussolini. Their jobs, their rackets and grafts, and their very lives depend on Mussolini. They, the evil men of Italy, are in the same category as the murderer: "What's the difference whether you are hung for one murder or a dozen?"

Italians in their hate for the Germans and yearning for peace react strangely to bombings. When London suffered its terrific blitzing from the Luftwaffe, on all sides I heard only one reaction. It was *"Poveri Inglesi!"* (Those poor English.)

A banker, doorman, a hotel clerk, a grocer, the waiter at an Orzo coffee bar, the wife of a gunner in the Italian air force, a captain in Italian artillery —all, in anguish and sympathy, said *"Poveri Inglesi."*

Those kinds of people are sentimentalists perhaps, but they can be transformed and invigorated into supporters of the United Nations.

There was the Italian who was chief censor of foreign radio scripts at the time British bombs had fallen on northern Italy. He had been chosen by the German-controlled Propaganda Ministry section because he spoke English beautifully, had been an instructor at Leeds University in England. He hated England, and to him freedom was "being told what to do." I went with this thick-set man —he had just finished going over a script that Ezra Pound, the expatriate American poet, was going to give over the Italian radio beamed to America —to have an *apéritif* at a sidewalk table at Rosati's, the bar on the Via Vittorio Veneto.

There he recognized an Italian officer who had been stationed in Turin and who had just come down to Rome. He called him over and introduced us, and I asked the Italian captain at once:

"What's the reaction to the bombing up there?"

The Italian captain spread his hands wide in a gesture of "What do you expect?" lowered his voice only a very little, and said:

"The more we get bombed the sooner we'll have peace and get rid of Signor Stiletto and his northern friends."

The phrase "our northern friends" has been used most often by the Italians in public to describe their ally derisively. A man can be court-martialed for his choice of words but he can't be executed for the inflections in his voice. The Italians are wonderfully expressive with their voices and hands.

The meaning of Signor Stiletto was easy to understand. It was being said too often in Rome that Mussolini was knifing the Italian people in the back for any one to miss the meaning. Signor Stiletto was only one of the euphemisms current in Italy. You seldom heard the word Mussolini spoken. Most of the words used to describe him are unprintable.

Every one of the Italians who has ever referred to Mussolini in such words, all loaded with hate, disillusionment, and bitterness, is a potential fifth columnist for our side. There are thousands and thousands of such Italians.

The military who have hated and resented the Nazis make up perhaps the most important part of the potential fifth-columnist recruits for the Allied cause.

EVERY Italian officer and soldier has smarted under the arrogant browbeating treatment of the Germans. Late one afternoon I was at a cocktail party in Rome. I was talking with the German naval attaché and the German air attaché. I asked them an innocuous question about how the Italians were operating. I believe the expression I used was "shaping up."

The Nazi air attaché astonished me with his unexpected reply:

"The Italians are stupid. They cannot accept responsibility. We have to tell them exactly what to do."

You can translate that Nazi attitude to operations out in the field. Not an Italian soldier or officer I have talked with has forgotten for an instant or forgiven in the slightest degree the shabby degrading treatment meted out to him by the Germans. It is perfectly true that there have been fist fights and killings in fights between Germans and Italians. Virtually every restaurant in every city in Italy has been the scene of fights between German soldiers and Italian civilians.

German girls were shipped from the Reich to the brothels in Milan, Turin, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Bologna, and Venice. But so implacable is the hate for the Germans that most Italians, who consider themselves the world's greatest lovers, even refused to go to bed with the German girls.

German girls also are sent into Italy as "visitors," and shortly find themselves installed as mistresses to Fascist officials and high officers of the military. Those girls report to the Gestapo. They are part of the Gestapo system to learn of subversive, or anti-Nazi, or antiwar tendencies among Italians with influence or power. Those girls help the Gestapo keep an iron control on Italy.

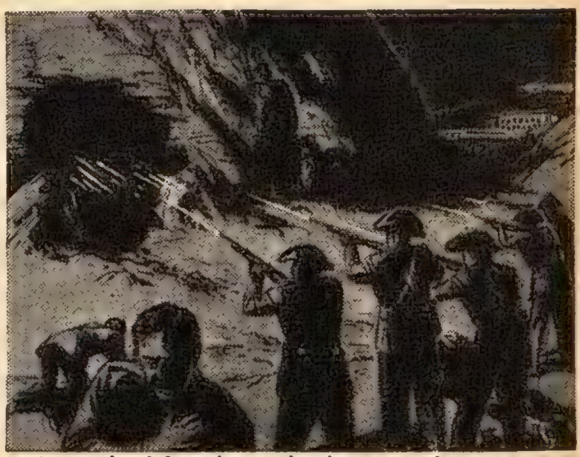
That control is complete, evidence of long German preparation, thoroughness, and efficiency. It was amusing, and tragic, when Hitler sent to Rome two of his "experts" shortly after rationing was introduced in Italy. Italians waiting to get their spaghetti or olive oil with coupons form a deep semicircle around a store. That isn't the German way, and the two Nazis were queue experts dispatched to teach the Italians to form ration lines and not semicircles. They didn't succeed in their mission.

Here is another example of degradation of Italians. What the Italian people are to be told in their newspapers and over the radio is not of Italian origin. It comes from Berlin, on a ticker that has a terminus on the third floor of the Propaganda Ministry on the Via Veneto in Rome. Those instructions are followed and have been followed since Italy entered the war. Italians, knowing that, ignore their newspapers and radio, and pity themselves for being showered with Hun thoughts in Italian phraseology.

And another. Mussolini is said to have remarked to Ciano early in 1940: "It is my destiny to be the second man in Europe."

Fascist propaganda told the people Italy would be the second nation of Europe, second to Germany. That illusion now is not held even by the devoutest pro-Nazi Italian.

The battle cry which sent Italy into the war, "Nizza! Savoia! Corsica!" is a hollow echo from the Alps to Sicily.



A pitched battle took place at the caves.

Italians, from the day the Franco-German armistice was signed, have seen Hitler ignoring Italian claims on France and wooing Vichy co-operation and installing a Laval who could become a "partner" worthy of more Hitlerian consideration than Il Duce. The irony of the nation they went to war to defeat replacing them in the Axis orbit has not escaped the cynical Italians.

The cab drivers who used to take me from my home across the Tiber River to the broadcasting studio late at night for my broadcast to America, and return me early in the morning, are others I know who are ready to welcome an invasion of Italy by the United States.

"Who's going to win?" I used to ask the cab drivers as a stock question.

From my accent they always replied: *"Inglesi?"* (Are you English?) That was a year ago and it was a very

Italian prisoners in England, joyfully harvesting for their captors and "foes."

definite indication of the Italian mental processes. Italy then had been in the war with the British almost a year, yet these cab drivers didn't stop to think that Englishmen were in internment camps, were persona non grata in Italy. The reason the average Italian didn't think about it was that, to him, the English were friends and very much persona grata.

When I replied: *"No, sono Americano"* (No, I am American), each cab driver shouted heartily—turning around, totally indifferent to his driving, and crying:

"Mi piace Inglesi e Americani anche!" (I like English and Americans, too.) Their affection for Americans was overwhelming and they expressed it with the rapidity of a machine gun firing. Their talk always was the same: One had a cousin in Pittsburgh, another a brother in New York, still another a sister in San Francisco or an uncle in Chicago.

They spoke reverently, not of their relatives—they had envy for them—but of America, the great cities, the richness and the great idea of America.

Almost every Italian I ever talked with had a relative in America. That has created between those people and America a bond that strikes horror into the heart of every Italian who is called upon to fight the country of his dreams.

Restaurants have been scenes of fights.

Apathy and indifference marked some of those cab drivers. There was one cab driver I asked the stock question: "Who's going to win the war?" He didn't even bother to shrug his shoulders but in a dull voice said:

"Signore, if we win I will be driving a taxi, and if we lose I will still be driving a taxi." It was the expression of the Italians who are so disillusioned they are numb in mind. They make no attempt to hide their defeatism.

Another cab driver expressed the sentiment you often heard in Italy: "Who will win? We will not. If the Allies win, we have lost. If the Germans win, we still have lost even more. We are fighting for nothing."

This eerie attitude of the Italians toward the war by no means exists only among cab drivers. In Italy the penalty for listening to foreign radio broadcasts is death by a firing squad. In every army barracks in Rome there was a radio and at 7 P. M. the officers and men listened to the BBC broadcasts in Italian.

At a British prison camp in the Abruzzi Mountains in central Italy, one British officer spoke Italian very well. Every evening an escort came from a *carabinieri* post a mile and a half away to conduct the British officer to the police headquarters. The radio was tuned in to the BBC broadcast from London. The police heard the Italian broadcast, but they also wanted the British officer to tell them the additional news given by BBC in English!

Those men—the cab drivers, the army, the people with relatives in America, the saboteurs at work every day in Italian factories, the starving peasantry who see their food come up through the ground and get shipped off to Germany—all of them are potential fifth columnists for our side within Italy.

The defeatists in Italy—and there are tens of thousands of them—are material for our fifth column on the Continent. Just as defeatists in our country are potential fifth columnists to be used by the enemy.

Italians fear their country must yet go through an ordeal of fire. They expect to be bombed heavily. Every official Italian pronouncement to the contrary notwithstanding, the Italians cannot take sustained bombing. The Neapolitans and the Sicilians are not taking it, and do everything possible to manifest rage at the large German concentrations in southern Italy and in Sicily.

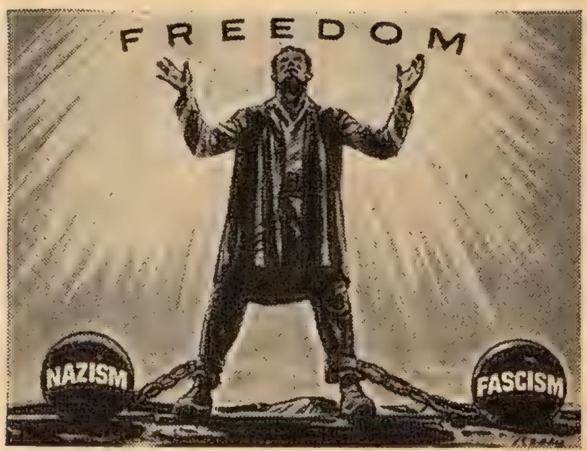
One Palermo Siciliano said, illogically but with heavy bitterness, "We are being bombed only because the Germans are here."

The Italians, by and large, don't want to suffer. They wonder how much a nation must suffer to purge itself of two evils—Fascism and the Germans.

When our invasion is launched—as it must be, because Germany must be conquered and crushed on her own soil—I am convinced there will arise to greet the armies of freedom the eager fifth columnists for our side in all the conquered lands and within the Reich and Italy itself.

Evil men of Italy—the men with black consciences who have everything to lose if Mussolini and Fascism fall—will play the Axis game to the hilt. For the present they have the power, the guns, and the German army and the Gestapo at their side.

Today, after four and a half years abroad, I have had a chance to revisit my native land and have spoken, without whispering and glancing over my shoulder, with my own people. While I was preparing this article a bellhop brought a note to me from a woman in the lobby of my hotel. She asked to talk to me, explaining she was Italian and had a family in Italy.



The Italian people did not want this war.

She wanted to know how bad things were, how extensive was starvation, and she asked after the welfare of many people we both knew.

She, too, well dressed in American style, took hold of my arm, and her fingers pressed, just as did those of the work-worn woman back in Rome. She said: "You know, don't you, that the Italian people do not want this war?"

I nodded. I didn't mention that I had myself said those words two hours after Mussolini had taken Italy into the war.

The Italian people yearn for freedom. The history of the country is the saga of a nation striving to be free. They know this is Hitler's war, and they know they must pay the price of more death, destruction, and starvation to atone for Mussolini and their Nazi allies. The only war the war-weary Italian people are interested in and will fight is a war to liberate themselves from Fascism and Nazism.

They will, one day perhaps not far away, fight in the war on the side of free and decent people.

THE END

ROOKIE ROUNDUP

The tops? Red Sox's John Pesky and Giants' Willard Marshall.

Which ones will shine? An early-season look at baseball's firmament in wartime

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"THIS will be a great year for rookies," they were saying in Florida. Bucky Harris, Bill McKechnie, even Joe McCarthy who didn't really need any, the umpires, the sports writers—all seemed agreed that this would be the greatest season for newcomers in years.

It was the war, of course, with regulars drafted and enlisting and trades hard to engineer because front offices were hoarding their man power. The statement was a natural from the estimable and philosophical Mr. Harris. He viewed a squad thirteen men shy because of patriotic priorities. Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy would undoubtedly have echoed the same sentiment if queried in California because his was likewise a building job, with the bugles sounding "Assembly" in the distance.

That was war talk by those most immediately affected, of course, but even such managers as the White Sox's Mr. Dykes and the Indians' young Mr. Boudreau, commanding troupes composed largely of solid family men with numerous young, likewise agreed that "because of conditions" this ought to be a great year for rookies. On the evidence of the first couple of months in both leagues, not only is it a great year for rookies but a year of great rookies.

Even the most grizzled of the critics are pretty generally agreed that eight or ten of this year's freshmen would have made the varsity in any year, and they're hailing such newcomers as little John "Peanuts" Pesky, the Red Sox shortstop, and Willard Marshall, the willowy center fielder of the Giants, as potential stars of the first magnitude.

Close behind them, in the American League, come Oris Hockett, who's been playing a potent right field for Cleveland, and Les Fleming, a slugging refugee from Nashville who's had the old Hal Trosky portfolio with the Tribe. Too, the critics like Shortstop Jack Wallaesa with Mr. Connie Mack's Athletics, and there are others we'll enumerate in a moment.

The National League has possibly the more impressive array. The power-hitting Marshall is by no means any lone boy on the burning deck. The Cards have a new and true star in the relatively rookian Stan Musial, left fielder. Stan played twelve games as a Redbird at the end of last season, but the Cards call him a rookie, and there's not much point in quibbling. He's new at least as a season-starting regular.

The Braves have a new third baseman, Frolian "Nanny" Fernandez, last year a hard-hitting shortstop with the San Francisco Seals. His fielding in the new post is erratic, but his hitting, especially through the first month of the season, made him a National League sensation. The Reds have a new catcher, Ray Lamanno, who put Rollie Hemsley on the bench. The Pirates have unveiled a new left fielder, Jack Barrett. Brooklyn's been getting some great pitching from a tall right-hander, Ed Head, who flunked his first Dodger tryout two years ago but apparently learned how in the International League.

Those, possibly, are the standouts as this is written. Rookies, of course, are expendible, as they used to say in the other war about second lieutenants. But it looks as if these and some more like them are with us to stay—to stay at least until and unless they decide to do their future shelling and slugging in the Star-Spangled League. Several of them are 1-A. Others are seriously debating enlistment. Some may be gone by the time you're reading this, but let's line them up for a bow as they stand at the moment, without grading them.

First, the National League. Taking the teams alphabetically, there's Boston, and Fernandez, the aforementioned third baseman. His first name is Frolian, his nickname, Nanny. He's twenty-four years old, right-handed both ways, stands five feet nine, and weight 170 pounds. Nanny is a Spaniard. Both his parents were born in Santander, in old Castile. He's the only brother of four sisters and he says they started him playing baseball. He was born in Wilmington, California, which is the Los Angeles seaport. He played high-school ball, started professionally with Yakima, Washington, in 1939, and was hitting .345 for the Yakima Pippins in June of 1940 when the San Francisco Seals bought him. There he came under the aegis of Lefty O'Doul. Like all Lefty's lads, he's a swinging hitter.

He hit .327 for the Seals in the Coast League last year, won the runs-batted-in championship, and blasted out nineteen home runs. The Braves almost gave up on him in spring training because of his fielding. It still isn't too good. He fights a ball hit straight at him, yet he'll make stops on sharp raps to either side of him that look absolutely impossible.

Oris Hockett, the Cleveland Indians' new right fielder.

Stan Musial, St. Louis Cardinals' left fielder.

Lenny Merullo, Chicago Cubs' new shortstop.

Furthermore, he's a scatter-arm ballplayer, and an occasional throw of his to first will remove the derby of some customer ten rows up in the grandstand. It may be because third base is new to him. However, the Braves already had a great shortstop in Eddie Miller. Third was where their job was.

Though Nanny makes the occasional error, it never worries him. He'll come back on the next batter and play the same rap just as hard. Hitting is where he shines. The first "business pitch" served to him as a major leaguer was in the Giants-Braves seasonal opener. He was the third man up in the Braves' half of the first. Both the others were out. Hal Schumacher pitched him a couple of balls. The third was over the plate. He smashed it over the center-field wall. At the end of the first month he led the National League in most of the statistics possible to a busy and battering infielder. He had the batting leadership, the most hits, most doubles, most stolen bases—and most errors! His fielding may improve.

The Braves likewise have a new catcher named Clyde Kluttz, up from Pepper Martin's Sacramento Solons. He hit .336 on the Coast and has bettered even that with the Braves, working as a spare behind Ernie Lombardi.

Asked about his other new faces, Casey Stengel would cite Tommy Holmes, his new center fielder, and a couple of kid pitchers, Jimmy Wallace and John Sain. But Fernandez is the boy, with the burly Kluttz in second place.

The Dodgers are a veteran team with not much chance for youngsters, but they have been getting some fine pitching from the old-newcomer Ed Head, a twenty-two-year-old right-hander who failed with them two seasons back. Ed registered 18-8 with Montreal in 1941, and started the season for Durocher with four straight victories. He was a star left-handed pitcher as a kid but, having broken his left arm in three places, learned to pitch right-handed. He has all the earmarks of a major-league ace.

The new star with the Cubs is Leonard Merullo, the twenty-four-year-old shortstop who's been aging on their farm teams for the last four and one half years. Merullo, a former Villanova and Boston College athlete, is small and was a butterfly batter with Toronto and Los Angeles. He got his chance with the Cub varsity when Bob Sturgeon, hold-over shortstop, was injured early in the season, and he became a sensation at bat as well as afield. Jimmy Wilson says Merullo simply arrived overnight. Batting better than .300 and fielding everything hit his way, he staked a claim for his major-league future in short order.

The Cubs likewise boast a couple of likely looking young pitchers, Hiram Bithorn, a Puerto Rican right-hander, and John Schmitz, an angular young southpaw up by way of Milwaukee.

The Reds are enriched behind the plate, at third base, and in right field. Ray Lamanno, twenty-three-year-old catcher up from Birmingham, moved in to take the first string job away from Rollie Hemsley, bought from Cleveland with heavy metal to replace Ernesto Lombardi. Lamanno has youth, speed, savvy, a powerful arm, and he started hitting the ball at a .360 clip.

Bert Haas, Deacon McKechnie's new third baseman, is another Fernandez, only he can't hit as well. He once had a tryout with the Dodgers, being then an outfielder and a first baseman. But he was converted into a third baseman at Columbus, and with Columbus last year he played every inning of all 156 games. Columbus won the pennant and Haas was the runs-batted-in champion of the American Association with 131. His fielding is sometimes wobbly, and he's found National League pitching more baffling than the Association brand.

Max Marshall, another Columbus alumnus, was bought and stationed in right field by the Reds well after the season began. He saluted the fact with a home run in the Polo Grounds, and he looks as if he'll stick around. Ray Starr, the Reds' "thirty-five-year-old rookie pitcher," has been right-handing them in nicely, but is he really a rookie? He bowled seven contests for the McKechnies last year.

If Willard Marshall of the Giants isn't the outstanding rookie of the National League, he's at least the outstanding rookie of the Greater New York area. A tall left-hander, he's a natural for the Polo Grounds. He pulls the ball hard down the right-field foul line or drives it into the reachable stands on that side for home runs. Brought on from Atlanta for a look in spring training, he promptly moved Johnny Rucker out of the regular center-field berth. Mel Ott says, "He has everything—he's a great natural ballplayer." The Giants gave Atlanta around $30,000 for him and consider they bought a bargain. But he's in 1-A in the draft, being twenty-one, unmarried, and having no dependents.

Marshall has it all—speed, a fine arm, good judgment in the field, and power at the plate. Bill McKechnie watched his swing and decided he could be pitched to. He promptly proceeded to murder the Reds with home runs, slashing out two in the single game of May 15. Mr. McKechnie thereupon said he didn't know.

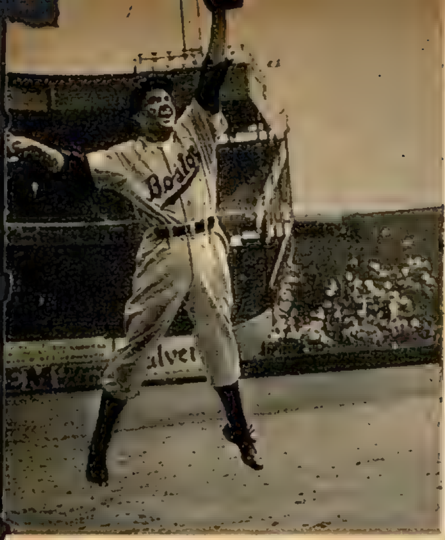
The Giants have a slugging giant of an outfielder, Babe Barna, likewise on the list; but Marshall is the standout.

The Phillies have a new right fielder, Ronald Northey, who's in and out of the line-up. And Pittsburgh's principal offering is Johnny Barrett, who plays left field when he plays. Northey has a rifle for an arm, and Barrett, while too small to pack power, is what Babe Ruth used to call "one of 'ose base-hit guys."

The Cards' Stanley Frank Musial, the left fielder, had the biggest pre-season build-up in the National League, and he seems to be reasonably worthy of it. He's what Casey Stengel calls "a powder guy." Like Marshall, he takes the ball for a terrific ride. He's a fair fielder but, despite his former trick as a pitcher, he hasn't a great arm.

Ray Sanders, the new Card first baseman replacing Johnny Mize, is another from last year's championship Columbus American Association team. He lacks a great arm. The Cards have two good freshman pitchers, John "Nig" Beazley and Murry Dickson. Beazley has terrific speed. No less an authority upon blinding speed than Ol' Diz Dean says, "Beazley's the best pitcher I've seen." (Diz didn't say in how long.) Dickson was the American Association strike-out king with Columbus last year. Both these youngsters are right-handers.

We can tread the American League gallery in faster stride. The Boston Red Sox seem to have the star of the lot in a baby jack-rabbit shortstop out



ston Braves' "Nanny" Fernandez.

Cincinnati Reds' catcher Lamanno.

Burma-Shave
PHILIP MORRIS
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Brooklyn Dodgers' pitcher Ed Head.

Les Fleming, Cleveland Indians' first baseman, in action.

of the Pacific Northwest who stands five feet nine and weighs 160 pounds, and whose name in full is John Pavescovich.

Sports writers, never Fancy Dans in the art of spelling, promptly pared this down to "Johnny Pesky" in self-defense.

Johnny is twenty-two. Stylistically, he's Phil Rizzuto plus hitting. A personable Portland, Oregon, product, he was graduated as valedictorian of his high-school class. To pick up change, he had served meanwhile as club house boy and bat boy for the Portland team in the Pacific Coast League. He worked out with the Portland players, filling in anywhere. It was soon obvious to many of them that he was better than they were.

Black Jack Wilson, now with the Senators but then a member of the luckless Red Sox pitching staff, called the attention of his home office to young Pesky back in 1939. Ernie Johnson, Red Sox West Coast scout, watched the young man in a couple of high-school games, and signed him. He was indentured for the 1940 season to Rocky Mount, North Carolina, where he came under the tutorial genius of Heine Manush. He hit .325 in the Piedmont League and fielded sensationally.

Last season he moved up to Louisville and Bill Burwell, a great teacher of shortstops. Here he hit .325 again, led the league in base hits, and won the Most Valuable Player award. He went thirty-six games in one stretch without making an error.

Joe Cronin was old. The Red Sox needed a shortstop. It wasn't obvious how badly they needed one until the kid Pesky took over. Steadily better than .300 at the plate and spectacular on balls hit anywhere, he has practically remade the entire Red Sox defense. It's doubtful that even Rizzuto and Gordon can match him and Bobby Doerr as double-play partners. The Red Sox pair registered thirty-three in the first month of the season.

Cronin has taken this lad as his particular protégé. Pesky seems to be a strong nomination for "the American League Rookie of the Year," except that he may not finish the year. He's 1-A in the draft.

The Red Sox likewise have Tony Lupien, former Harvard captain and light-hitting first baseman, and Bill Conroy, a new catcher up from Oakland but a veteran minor leaguer.

The White Sox are a veteran team with no rookies breaking through.

Cleveland's freshman regulars are Oris Hockett, the right fielder, and Leslie Fleming, the first baseman. Both of these are veteran minor leaguers. Both have been up before, Hockett with Brooklyn in '38, and Fleming with Detroit. Last year both were with Nashville, where Hockett hit .359 and Fleming .414. Both began tearing the cover off the ball for the Indians. Fleming is no Trosky when it comes to fielding first base, but he does well enough. Hockett is a good outfielder. Both are left-handed hitters.

Detroit's new faces are principally pitchers, Harold White, Virgil Trucks, and Charley Fuchs, all of whom formerly saw service with Buffalo. They started well, then began getting their share of bumps. The book is still open on them. Bill Hitchcock, former Auburn football star and Kansas City infielder, is being given every chance to take the Tiger job at shortstop, but he's having serious trouble solving major-league pitching. Donald Ross, down from Montreal, where he hit .310, has smashed the ball hard when used in right field. Ross is scarcely a rookie, having been the property of Detroit in '36 and of Brooklyn in '38.

The Yanks are a veteran club. They expected great things from Pitcher John Lindell, giant Newark star. After a sensational season in '41 in the International League, he has seemed unable to get going in the larger show. He may come on yet, but his start has been slow.

Philadelphia and Washington, two young teams riddled from men going into the service, have many new faces. Connie Mack has two pitchers, Russell Christopher and Roger Wolff, both of whom look good; "Buddy" Blair, former nine-letter athlete at Louisiana State, and up from Kansas City, playing third base; Jack Wallaesa at shortstop; and Jim Castiglio, Georgetown football star of two years ago, subbing on his catching staff and doing some powerful pinch hitting.

Of these, the six-foot-three-and-one-half-inch Wallaesa may be the eventual star. He always fielded well enough, although tall for a shortstop. Light hitting was his trouble. Babe Ruth and Lefty O'Doul, in Hollywood to make that motion picture of Lou Gehrig's life, The Pride of the Yankees, went over to watch the Athletics train. At Connie Mack's request, they took young Wallaesa in hand. It must have worked. He finished the first month of the season hitting just under .400.

Pitcher Early Wynn—a good name for a pitcher—is the brightest new face in the Washington gallery. Wynn, up from Springfield, Massachusetts, and proud of his Indian blood, is a compact right-hander and a poised artist on the mound, but he's not strictly a rookie, having finished with Washington last year. Neither is Stanley Spence, the outfielder and sensational hitter. Although new to Washington, Spence served as a spare outfielder with the Red Sox for two years. Unable to remove Dom DiMaggio, he played only occasionally and hit a slim .232. He explains his .400-plus macing with the Senators by saying that all he needed was the chance to play regularly.

Vernon Stephens, the shortstop, is the principal newcomer with the Browns. He's strictly a war baby, getting his chance when Johnny Bernardino went into the service. His minor-league club was Toledo. He's a satisfactory defensive agent but he's no murderer at the plate.

So there they are, in this war year when the field was wide open. A total of forty-one eager young opportunists and some not so young—twenty-three in the National League, eighteen in the American. Asked to point out the stars in each league who'll be riding highest when the World Series rolls up, I'd say Marshall and Musial in the National, Pesky and Wallaesa in the American—two power-hitting outfielders, two stylistically different shortstops. Urged to cut it again, I'd say Marshall and Pesky. I purposely avoid the pitchers; they're a race of their own.

Isn't it fair to concede that, war or no war, this season of 1942 came up with an unusual consignment of fresh talent? But for those two foot-in-the-bucket fouls, Hitler and Hirohito, we possibly would have had a couple of races in baseball this year that would have made Ben-Hur's look like push-carts in slow motion. They may be red hot anyhow. These first-timers have stepped up the pace.

THE END

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

WE WONDER WHO'S READING IT NOW

Monterey Park, Calif.—I was interested in an item in Liberty a few weeks ago relative to Beatrice Grimshaw. I knew her while I was living in New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago, where I spent two very interesting years.

I have even read your magazine while in Denmark in March, 1940, just prior to my escape. The last copy I purchased in Sweden was confiscated by the Russians when I crossed the Latvian border into Russia.—*Helen Bainbridge.*

CHEERS AND TEARS FOR ART AND THE ARTIST

Chicago, Ill.—On behalf of every parent with a son in the Air Service, thanks for Ralph Iligan's beautiful memorial tribute (June 6 Liberty cover) to the spirit of the American combat pilot. It is a most powerful and beautifully executed thought. I'm framing it as a constant reminder that "there, but for the grace of God," stands my own son, who is a captain commander of pursuit.—*E. P. MacNicol.*

Garden City, N. Y.—I am only fourteen years old and therefore can't be considered much of a judge of art. I haven't seen much. When I tried to analyze the June 6 Liberty cover, by Ralph Iligan, the first thing that happened was that the picture disappeared—I couldn't see it. I couldn't see it because I was crying, and I'll be darned if I am ashamed of it, considering the picture.

Three cheers for Mr. Iligan! Thanks so much for giving the American people and me so much more than a mere magazine cover.—*Sue Markey.*

THE MULE ASKED US NOT TO GIVE HIS NAME

Staten Island, N. Y.—In May 23 Liberty you have an article entitled Abbott, Costello, and Hitler, and on your cover there is a picture of the first two mentioned and a third character. I'd like to know if the middle man is Hitler. The resemblance is remarkable.—*Peggy Davis.*

IT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S WORTH MORE!

Topeka, Kan.—Liberty is well worth the five-cent raise.—*G. A. Lobb.*

Cincinnati, Ohio—The price is too high. However, it might interest you to know that, given a choice between the first ten-cent issue of Liberty and that of another weekly, I bought Liberty by preference.—*J. W. Garland.*

New York, N. Y.—Even for ten cents, my weekly "reader" is still, as always, Liberty.—*Fanny Shulin.*

St. Paul, Minn.—Now you raised the price, you can keep the darned thing.—*Mrs. M. Gillespie.*

Many letters have come in about the new price. We've been called crooks and profiteers. We've been called crazy for not having raised the price sooner. Some readers have said they were through with Liberty forever—others have said they'd never give up Liberty no matter what they had to pay for it. Well, it's just one of those things—we had to raise the price to meet our rising costs, or to cut the size and quality of the magazine. Our special thanks to all of you who wrote in thanking us for not cutting down, and to the rest of you who said such nice things about the magazine being worth a dime, and then some.—Vox Pop Ed.

WHY, JOHN!

Fort Bragg, N. C.—As a soldier I can't help thinking what we are supposed to be fighting for, especially since women will be in most of our jobs.

For myself, I must say I can see little or no difference between a matriarchy and a Hitlerian patriarchy, considering the matriarchs in past history.—*John Anderson.*

A BRITON SPEAKS HIS MIND

St. Vincent, B. W. I.—I wish to congratulate you for Let's Stop Passing the Buck, in April 18 Liberty, just come to hand. After all, England flung herself against the diabolical Nazi war machine before anybody else did, and fought for some time alone. And who dare laugh at valor, even when valor chooses to be discreet?

A Grade-A primary schoolmaster with a family on a standard salary of fifty-eight a month in a British colony as sophisticated as Rio can hardly be expected to be an England worshiper. But I worship the justice for which England and America are fighting so hard, and am glad that you feel with me that it is unjust to ridicule a good boxer because he lay on the canvas for a count of nine. —*G. C. Hamilton Thomas.*

FUN IN THE FIREHOUSE

Columbus, Ohio—I have been reading Liberty for years. Always read Vox Pop first. Don't know why, but I do. Enjoy every bit of each copy, but I never had anything strike me so funny as How to Be a Fireman (May 30).—*Mrs. William Ferris.*

BET YOU'RE A MIND READER, LADY

Tujunga, Calif.—

Hitler's Soliloquy

Since Russia's hoisted to her legs
I ain't so settled on my eggs:
I scent a bear somewhere around,
I've seen his tracks upon the ground.
I'm telling us, take it from me,
The safest place is up a tree!

—*Maude Rains Dorrington.*

RIGHT! WE ALL NEED IT NOW AND THEN

Los Angeles, Calif.—Usually when folks do not show their full appreciation of *country*, home, and folks, it's just that they need a little reminder.

More power to Liberty's May 30 editorial, While They Still Can Hear!—*Mrs. Helen Widoff.*

COUPLA IDEAS ABOUT THE WAR

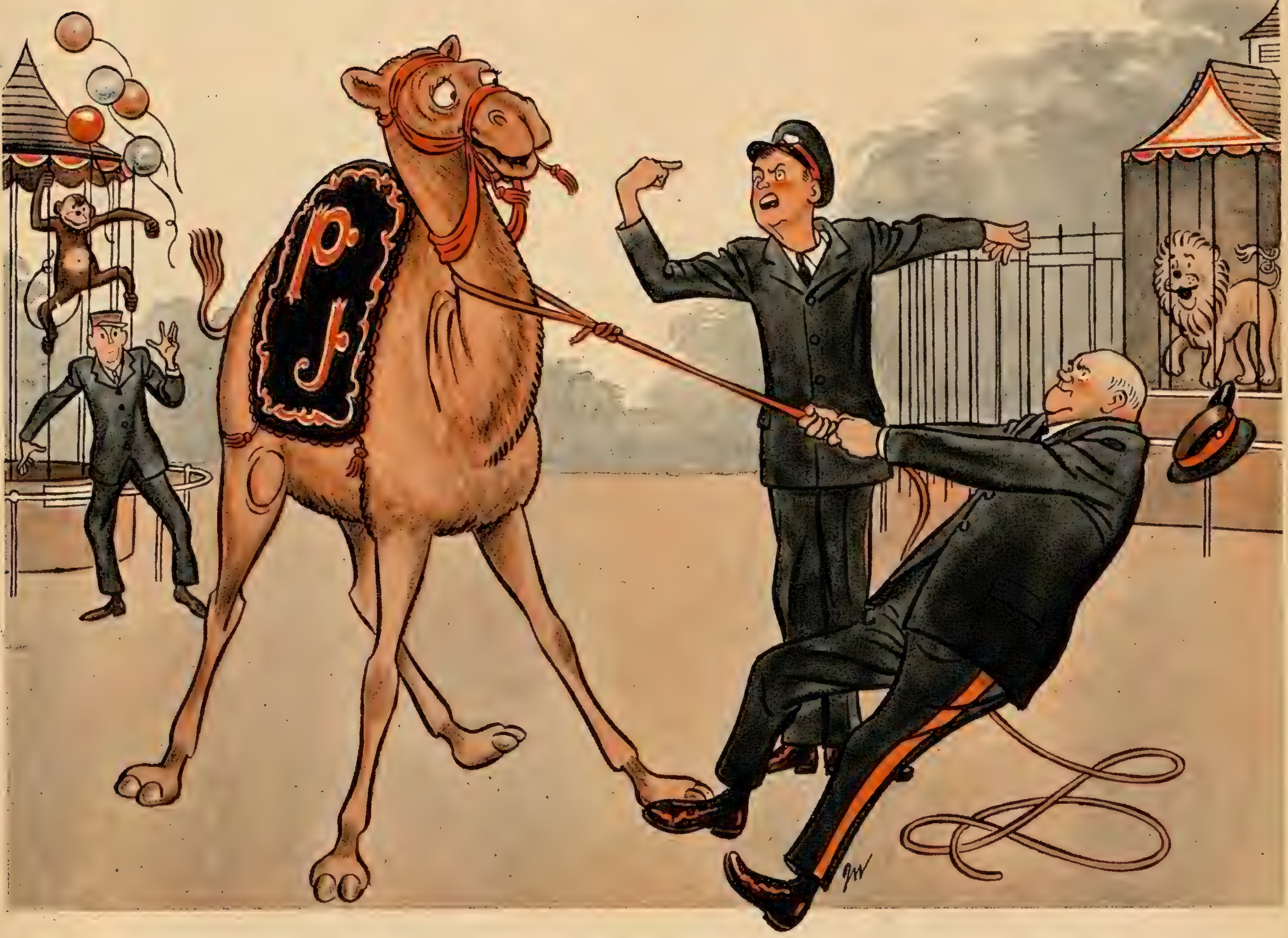
Lansing, Mich.—To me this war looks like the "War for Humanity." Yours for victory!—*Ralph H. Wehrung.*

Helena, Mont.—Hunger strikers in prisons usually break down when the aroma of food gets too strong.

How about putting our chemists to work on bombs containing a gas that smells like ham and eggs and drop them before breakfast time in Germany and the occupied countries? For Adolf, use the old-fashioned stink bomb. —*C. M. Roos.*

HEIL!
MNX
ACH!

"Back to your corral, me Boundin' Bedouin!"



KEEPER: Now listen, me maunderin' Mohammedan, ye are nothing but an ordinary city zoo camel, an' it's back to yer cage ye go!

CAMEL: But Master, I am *not* one of your zoo camels! I am the *Paul Jones* camel! The living symbol of—

KEEPER: Whoosht! *Wurrooo* Clancy, we've got hold of a symbol! Put some rivirince in your pullin' there, Clancy me lad, 'tis a symbol ye're draggin' around!

CAMEL: But Sahib, I *am* a symbol! I am the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey! The qual—

KEEPER: So! Ye've befuddled yerself, me Boundin' Bedouin! This *dryness* you talk of has to do with fancy champagne! It has no connection with whiskey at all!

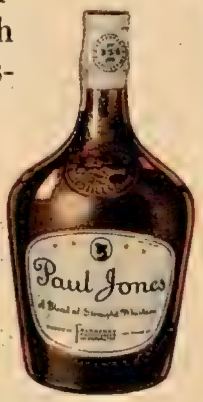
CAMEL: But Master, it *has!* Have you never heard of that magnificently flavored whiskey, *Paul Jones?* Do you not know, O Watcher Over Lions, that it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones—its lack of sweetness—which permits its *full* flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted, for your greater enjoyment?

KEEPER: Me greater enjoyment, ye say, Camel? Shure I'm thinkin' t'would be me greater *amazement* if all this were true!

CAMEL: But Master, it is true! Go to *any* liquor store, and you will find this truly magnificent Paul Jones—at a price so modest that it does not tax the purse!

KEEPER: Wurroo! Clancy, ye gape-faced gossoon, what the blazes are ye pullin' that fine camel for? Can ye not distinctly see that he is an old friend of ours? Belay, Clancy, an' bring him the finest hay in the house!

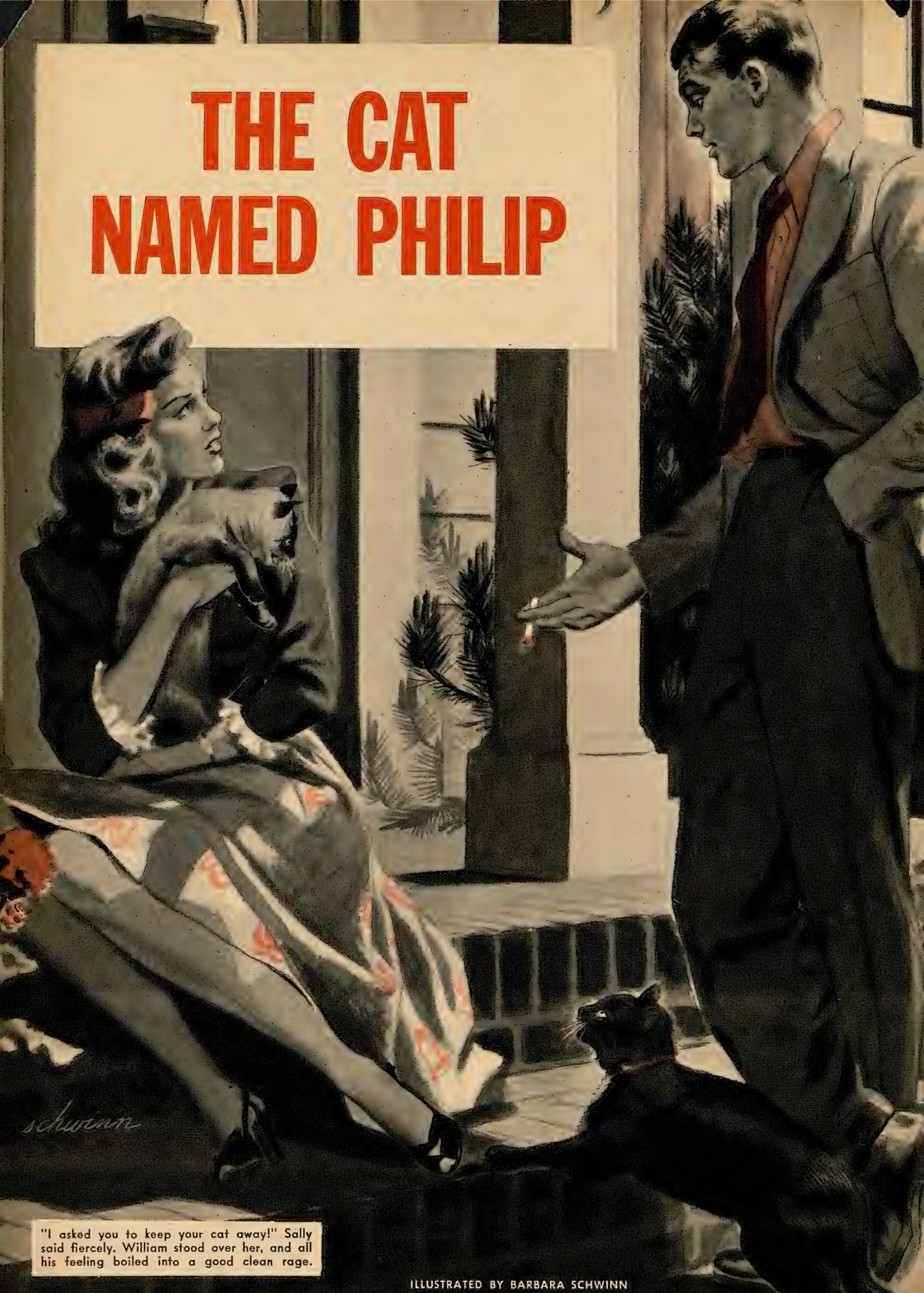
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Paul Jones

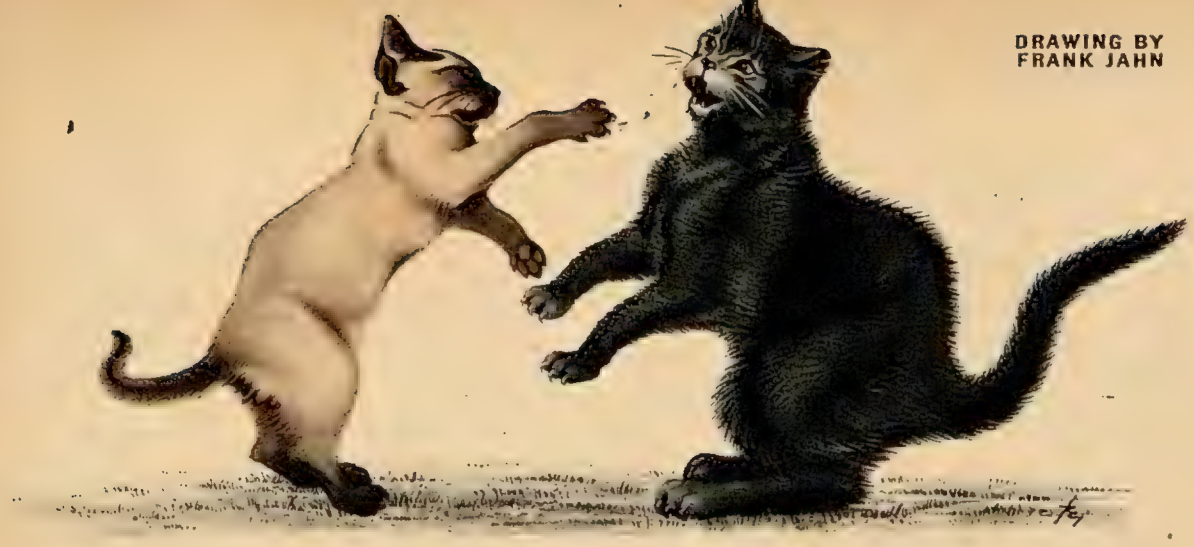
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

THE CAT NAMED PHILIP



"I asked you to keep your cat away!" Sally said fiercely. William stood over her, and all his feeling boiled into a good clean rage.

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



DRAWING BY FRANK JAHN

He knew his way about . . . and he found the way to a lady's heart more quickly than his master

BY GLADYS TABER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE alarm clock was ringing. Not nearly as romantic a summons as a bugle, but just as imperative. William turned over drearily, and disturbed the cat. Then he eased out into the coldness of the bedroom.

William dressed in the time the cat took for a long arched stretch. While William jerked at his tie, Philip leaped to the dresser and sat by him. The mirror reflected them both, cat and man, golden eyes and gray. William had the looks of a man in a collar ad without the collar. His shirt was a plain stanch work shirt and his tie a leftover from college days. His hair was dark and took a terrible beating from William to keep the curl down.

The cat named Philip was a domestic short-hair, particulars unknown. That was the way he was listed in the cat show, the time William showed him on a bet. He was black as cannel coal, and had the same dark luster. He was a big cat, with a strong short face and rippling shoulder muscles and a firm body and hind legs with the thrust of locomotive drivers. His face had an expression of bland content as he waited for William.

As soon as William lunged at the stairs, however, Philip sailed after him and began to put on his morning act.

He sat on the sink, head bent, the picture of starving and abused catdom. His cries were weak and pitiful, as if any minute might be his last. He kept his paws small in front of his white shirt front.

William banged an egg on the cup and whipped it with an agitated fork.

"There—" William set the cup down, and the cat laid his face in the egg clear to his ears. Loud satisfied lapping filled the kitchen as William was permitted to heat his coffee and eliminate a couple of sweet rolls, keeping one eye on the clock.

"Well, I'm off," said William. "Look after things until Mrs. Beech gets here."

The grass was still wet with dew, and the sky had a pale sweet glow above the maples. Early morning was a beautiful time of day, if you happened to like it. William didn't happen to. What he really preferred was getting up around eight thirty and having bacon and eggs or a snack of waffles and sausage and maple syrup.

But Uncle Sam had plans for William. William was a research chemist in a defense plant. The boss had practically promised to put him in jail if he tried to get in the navy again.

"I thought I'd like to go to sea," William protested.

"You can take a cruise after the war's over," said his boss coldly. "Meanwhile, I'd like you to check on the samples for the day shift this week, the night shift next."

So William backed the old car out and swung away in the clear pale dawn. The plant was six miles out, and everything about it was as secret as anything could be in a town like Westbury in a democracy like the United States. The only things the citizens didn't know about it were what they weren't interested in. Therefore, they knew nothing about William's work. Chemistry was one of those things you never took after senior year in Westbury High. William was vaguely thought to be working in an office in the plant, and rejected by the navy on account of a bad leg from a football smash-up. He limped just enough, though Mrs. Peabody said she should think on a battleship William could limp as fast as some people could walk even. Nobody could keep their footing on a boat, as far as she knew. The deck of the only boat she had been on, the time she went to Muskegon, had been up and down like an egg beater all the time.

William got to the plant just as the whistle blew, and slid through the door with the machinists and mechanics. He kept wondering what he'd do when his tires gave out. It was too far to walk. Possibly he could get a horse somewhere.

At home, Philip the cat gave himself a complete scrub, beginning with mouth and whiskers, working over his ears and neck, and finally turning himself into a triangle while he scoured his hind legs. Then he opened the door and went out, the day before him.

Sitting on the porch, paws tucked under, tail folded neatly around, he turned his golden eyes to the lawn. A good day for mole catching. A fine day for mice. Fair for birds, too.

William had tried to instill some ethics in the matter of birds in Philip's manly bosom. Philip had listened thoughtfully, licking a casual whisker. Then he had gone out and brought in a sparrow.

They never mentioned it again.

This morning Philip expected his regular routine. When Mrs. Beech, the cleaning woman, came, he would follow her around with a barrage of purrs until she fixed him a dish of mackerel or salmon. He would hunt. He would sleep in the sun, his fur gleaming like satin. He would have a brush with the neighboring puppy. Philip put dogs in their place.

While his bachelor owner slaved in the plant, Philip would tend to his affairs at home. This was the way it should be. Philip expected things would go on like this forever. Change is not attractive to cats and Philip never wanted any.

WHEN the grass was thoroughly dry, he walked to the garage and settled himself at a mousehole. But there was too much noise in the street. A truck had rattled up to the empty house on the left and men were lugging furniture up on the porch. It was a small white house with a freshly mowed lawn. The cut grass smelled good. Still, that lawn had been a fine place for moles before it was mowed.

A small roadster drew up and parked behind the truck, and a woman got out carrying a kind of case in her hand. Philip abandoned the mousehole and padded over to take a look at all this. Suddenly he froze.

A sound came out of the case the woman carried, a loud and raucous sound. It was shrill and harsh and imperative. It was like no other sound Philip had heard in his life. It was cat, but what cat? It was cat speaking with a strange foreign accent.

"Yeou!" uttered the voice.

Philip made himself stiff as a fence post. His whiskers quivered, his golden eyes dilated. And the hair on his tail rose into a big feather boa.

"There, darling, you're all right," the woman said in a low comforting voice. "We're here, and you'll love it." She put the case down and opened a lid on top—and out flew an animal.

"Riuou," it said.

One of the men stared, dropping a table on the grass. "What in the world is that, Miss March?" he asked in awe.

She laughed. Her laugh was soft and low, like her voice. "That's Princess Melisande of Far Horizon," she said. "She's a Siamese."

"Is it a cat?"

"Certainly it's a cat," she said. "She makes those noises because she's never been out of a city apartment until now. She's never seen grass."

Philip's eyes were saucer big. His ears flattened slightly. The Siamese put a paw on the grass and withdrew it, shaking it slightly. Then she tried again, and set all four feet on the lawn. She had dark brown legs and tail and a dark brown mask for a face. Dark brown rather small ears. The rest of her, which was slim and lithe, was kind of a mushroom color. Her eyes were blue.

"I never see a cat like that before," said the man.

"They're not very common. Now, run around, Melli, while mama gets settled."

The truckman and the woman went in the house and banged around in the usual rackety way of humans.

Philip moved toward the strange cat, paw by paw, eyes large and throat making low ominous noises.

Melli sat stock-still, swelling all over like a blown balloon, and as Philip came close she uttered a loud raucous note, lower than a fire siren but nearly as penetrating.

Philip sat down. Melli advanced. Her paws were so light on the grass, they scarcely bent the blades. Her eyes were wide and the strange battle cry she uttered grew deeper.

Her dark brown ears were laid flat back. Philip moved one paw backward. Instantly, with tail lashing, Melli launched herself at him.

Philip went over on his back, stomach exposed in a humiliating manner.

At that instant the front door opened and the woman darted out. "Oh, get away, you big black brute!" she cried wildly. She flew down the steps and seized Melli in her arms.

Philip got up and shook the grass from himself.

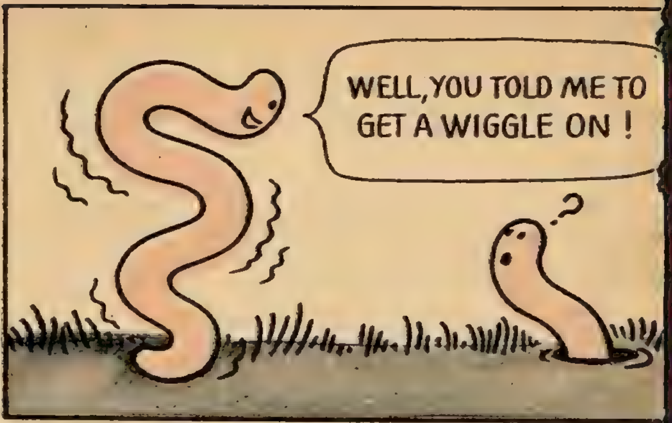
"That's fellow lives next door's cat," volunteered the truckman, emerging with a burlap over his arm like a toga.

"He can't come around here and persecute my poor baby Melli," said the woman.

Melli made a face at Philip over her shoulder. Philip backed away, jumped the fence, and sat down in his own nasturtium bed. He was considerably shaken. Nothing like this had ever happened in his whole cat life. Of course, the time he was a kitten and William had rescued him from a paper sack he had been thrown away in, was so long gone it was only a blur.

He moved with extra dignity to the front curb, and when a spaniel went by, he pounced out and delivered a resounding thwack with his paw. The spaniel squealed and ran. Then Philip caught a mole and two mice.

But he didn't feel quite right. There was that strange feminine creature next door. Finally he went back to the fence and sat looking at the house. And at last, about sunset, she came out and leaped lightly to the porch railing and looked across at his house. She looked thoughtful, dreamy. She lifted a paw and, balancing on the rail, washed herself with great absorption. All the time she knew Philip was there. Her whiskers, which were long and elegant and dainty, kept quivering slightly.


WELL, YOU TOLD ME TO GET A WIGGLE ON !

Philip moved a paw's length.

Melli landed at the fence.

In the sunset her fur was so soft it took on a faint apricot tinge. Her little dark mask was darker. Her eyes were very bright.

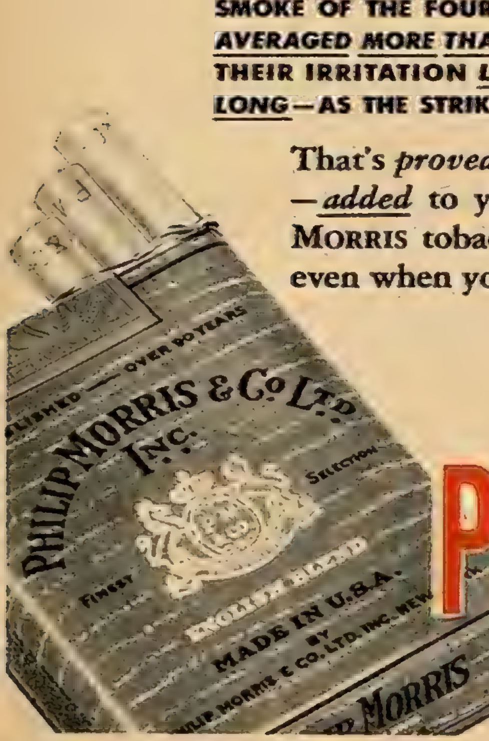
"Mow," she said.

Philip lifted his paw and put out his fierce claws, just to show her. She reached out an amazingly long brown arm and raked him smartly, right through the fence.

Philip cuffed her. She began to make a curious low whining sound. Philip launched himself over the fence. Fur met fur.

William drove up and got out of the car, and the owner of Melli came out of the house.

Two minutes later the woman had Melli on her neck and William was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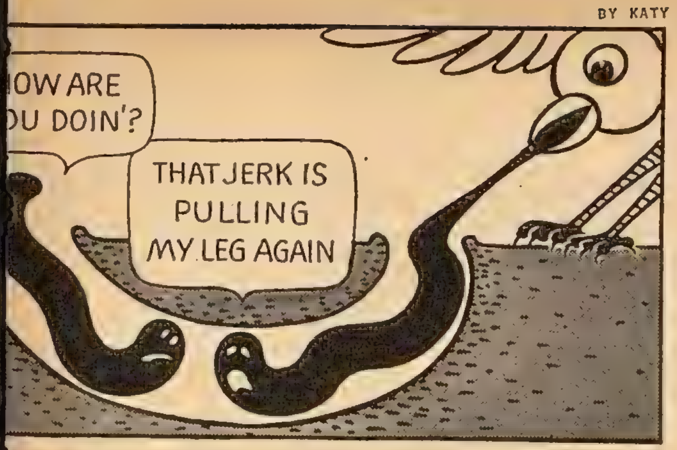
BY KATY
OW ARE U DOIN'?
THATJERK IS PULLING MY LEG AGAIN

holding Philip. They all glared. Melli kept talking. She was the talkingest animal Philip ever had seen.

"You'll have to keep your big black brute away," said the woman. "This is the second time today I've had to protect Melli." She added fiercely, "She's delicate."

"Delicate," said William. "She doesn't sound it."

He shifted Philip, who was pretty heavy. Then he looked at the woman. "You're Sally Bates," he stated, "the little girl I used to go to grade school with. I thought you'd gone for good."

"I'm back again. My job folded up when the war came." She looked at him. "You're William. I didn't expect to find you here. I thought you'd be in uniform, defending democracy."

William flushed. "I see your hair is still red."

She drew herself up. "You don't need to insult me," she said. "If we've got to live next door to each other, we might at least be polite, if possible."

"It's possible as far as I'm concerned," said William, "but I don't like the way you talk about my cat. Now, Philip is a very fine cat."

"Your cat! Pouncing on poor Melli. Twice her size and trying to beat her up just as she moves in."

"Now look here." William shifted Philip again. Philip dug his claws in, and William winced slightly. "Philip wouldn't hurt a—a fly."

"I dare say not. He wouldn't catch birds and mice either, would he?"

"I don't intend to argue." William was dignified. "Philip and I have lived very peacefully up to now. I might point out that we were here first."

"You oughtn't to be here at all! You ought to be in the army. A great healthy man like you!"

"I suppose you're a recruiting officer," he said bitterly.

There was a moment of silence broken only by Melli's constant wowing.

"I shall ask you to keep your cat out of my yard."

"I shall ask you to keep yours out of mine."

"That's understood, then."

"Good night."

WILLIAM retreated with Philip. He carried him to the house and to the kitchen, where a cold supper was laid for both of them.

"Tongue again," said William sadly. "I'm sick of tongue."

Philip mounted the icebox and watched William dish up a bowl of hamburger for him. "Mrs. Beech must be crazy over tongue," remarked William. "Get down, you big black brute, and let's eat."

William dished coleslaw for himself —soggy, oily slaw—and began on a slab of tongue. Philip got in his lap, reached a paw up to the plate, deftly removed a slice of tongue and took it away with him.

"If you like it, you're a better man than I am." William got up and wandered to the window. "She's getting supper, too," he said. "I wonder what she's eating. What you think that Siamese eats? Look here, old boy, you have got to let that little female alone. She's poison. You'll get me into trouble, get me reported, and you'll have to be shut up. You don't want to spend all day in the house with Mrs. Beech, do you? So watch your paws—watch 'em."

In the evenings there was nothing to do. There wasn't any night life in the town, to speak of, not for humans. William had escaped the marketable blondes because he was too busy. His men friends were in the army. Going to dinner at the boss's once a week made up his social whirl. He went in the living room and took the book he was working on, Chemistry in the War. Philip got out a small round bone which he had kept for weeks, and which looked it. He played games with it, losing it and finding it, batting it around. Then he got on the needlepoint chair William's mother had made, and began to sharpen his claws.

"HEY, quit that!" William laid down his book. "Go out." Philip moved to the door. He rolled in front of it, signifying that he just couldn't wait to go out. William opened the door.

It was a night with a moon. Philip merged with the shadows. William had a cigarette on the porch. He couldn't think why he felt so terribly depressed. He felt acutely wretched, in fact. He'd gone on and on for months in a dull way, and now all at once he ached inside somewhere.

The light in the kitchen across the yard went out. She certainly was a disagreeable bigoted girl, Sally was. And so—so beautiful with that shining hair and those clear dark eyes. Her freckles were gone and she had all her teeth now, of course, but she still looked like the little girl he had known in the grades. He had made a valentine for her, and mailed it. Guess Who. She had guessed.

At the seventh-grade picnic he had punched Eugene Porter for hiding her lunch box.

"But a man has to have a uniform," he said to himself. "There isn't any glamour in overalls."

Sally came out on her porch and sat on the steps. Her little cat was with her. William heard them talking. You could have heard the Siamese in Chicago—could use her for an air-raid siren, in fact.

Of course, if he went over to ask her what she herself was doing for Uncle Sam, she'd just insult him again. A man had his pride.

William shifted unhappily on the step. That dark feeling rose in his chest. Suddenly he felt that life was hardly worth living. Something was the matter with him. Maybe the tongue had gone bad. Maybe he was poisoned. He might die right on his porch! Sally wouldn't care.

Certainly he would never speak a word to her again.

Then he heard her cry out, and he jumped the fence and dashed to her porch.

She had on a kind of apron covered with pink flowers and she smelled of apple blossoms. She was holding her cat in her arms.

Philip was stalking up the walk, his golden eyes fixed on Melli.

Melli was making a new sound, a clicking sound with her teeth. It sounded like a small typewriter.

"I asked you to keep your cat away!" Sally said fiercely.

William stood over her, and all his feeling boiled into a good clean rage. "Philip is a free cat," he said eloquently, "and we have lived in this block in peace and freedom for a long time. So now you move in, and on the same day you start a war! All right—why don't you let them fight it out, once and for all?"

Her eyes looked almost black in the moonlight. "If you think my pedigreed delicate little kitten ought to be mauled by your big old black alley cat—"

"He's not an alley cat! He's never been in an alley since the day I found him in a paper bag. He's a domestic short-hair, I'll have you know."

"Particulars unknown," said Sally.

"All right, all right. At least we're not snobs, Philip and I!"

At this point Melisande took off from Sally's arms and landed on Philip. Sally reached for her, and got a long scratch meant for Philip. William reclaimed his cat and said, with meaning, "Your poor little pussy."

Sally retreated to the house and William went home.

He left the cat in the house the next day, and penned a note for Mrs. Beech. "Please keep Philip in," he wrote. "The cat next door can't bear him. Also, I'm tired of tongue."

WHEN he came home, very tired and very dirty, he found Philip on the porch to greet him, and a supper of cold tongue and slaw on the table. Also a note from Mrs. Beech:

"Deer Mister William: He won't stay in. Nobody could work with that yowling all day. Rolling and yowling under the door. The tongue has got to be et up."

William sighed. He threw the tongue in the garbage and fried a couple of eggs. Philip had salmon. And a cup of milk.

After the dismal little meal, William prowled around in the yard. He felt restless, and he also felt that same dark heavy ache inside. Maybe he was coming down with something, some new mysterious disease.

He happened to wander across the yard, and he could see inside Sally's kitchen quite plainly. In a blue smock, Sally was setting two places at the table. A platter was on the table. There was a small juicy rib roast on it, with crisp brown fat and rich gravy. There was a wooden bowl with one tomato stuffed with something. William drew closer. Philip also drew closer.

The two outside stared in.

Sally sat down on one chair, and Melli on the other. Melli had a saucer of beef. Sally sliced a piece for herself. The red juice ran from it. The outside was brown and well done and the inside—the inside was rare and melting good.

"Roast beef," muttered William.

"Miau," muttered Philip.

William went away, feeling even worse. Of course, there was nothing he could do to make Sally look on him as other than a menace. She had always been what they called high-spirited. Besides, she had insulted him and his cat. He had his pride, too.

THE next day, when he came home, Sally was on her porch. She came over to his yard and addressed him with polite formality.

"A gentleman," she said, "would certainly accede to a lady's request to keep his livestock on his own place. I had to keep my own kitten shut up all day, while your big brute dug up my lawn and rolled in the only flower bed that is blooming. There is a dead mole on my step which I would ask you to remove immediately."

"All right," said William. He followed her over and picked up the mole.

Melli was looking out of the window with her sapphire eyes fixed on the dead mole.

"My cat," said Sally, "never catches anything. She is not a killer, thank goodness."

"What's she good for?" asked William rudely. He was very tired and his eyes were swelling from some chemical experiment. "Just to make trouble, eh?"

Sally's cheeks flamed. "I wish I could sell this house and move to a better neighborhood," she said.

"I wish you could, too," said William. Then he turned and moved away in a dignified manner, with the mole.

The next morning William overslept and had to rush. He left Philip inside, and locked front and back doors, but forgot to latch the door to the cellar stairs.

Philip had a good sandbox in the back entryway for bad weather, he had a bowl of milk and a dish of water, and as this was Mrs. Beech's day to stay at home and do William's wash, there should be no trouble.

So William went off with nothing on his mind but a few chemical formulas and the memory of a redheaded girl in a flowered smock carving a juicy roast of beef.

Philip got bored in an hour or so, and found himself shut in. But after a thorough tour he found the cellar door ajar, and when rolling in front of it failed to open it, he put his paw in and worked diligently until his head would fit. Then he pushed with his strong shoulders and slipped easily into the cellar. The window over the coalbin was open.

It was a nice day, smelled very good. Philip gave the yard an inspection, batted an old clothespin around awhile, sniffed mole at a hole in the flower border, and froze into a black statue until the mole passed by underneath, when he reached his paw down and snicked the mole out.

He had just picked it up when he heard a sound and saw the dark little mask of the Siamese peering through the fence at him. The next instant there she came, like a blowing leaf, over the fence and squarely onto his shoulders.

She cuffed him. Swelling with righteous rage, Philip unsheathed every claw and thwacked her soundly. They rolled in the flower border, hind legs flailing, ears flat. There was nobody to observe them. In a few moments she broke away and ran, tail high—and then, just as Philip had sheathed his claws, she pounced from behind a violet bed. She was like lightning. Philip was very powerful, but he couldn't follow her swiftness. But he managed to bite her once, a good hard bite.

Suddenly she drew her claws in, backed up, and sat down, eying him thoughtfully. She licked her whiskers. She found an imaginary speck on her slender brown paw and scrubbed it virtuously. She washed her chest and stomach.

PHILIP sat staring at her, his golden eyes large with amazement. When he finally moved toward her, she didn't seem to see him at all. Philip backed away again and sat down. His masculine mind worked rather slowly, but it worked. He washed his own face. Then he noticed his mole, forgotten in the heat of battle. He gave it a tentative shake, flipped it once with his paw.

Melli was watching him with absorbed interest. He tossed it in the air and pounced on it. She craned her neck to see.

Philip picked up his mole and moved toward her, carrying his tail proud and high. Her fascinated gaze on him, he came close to her and laid the mole at her paws.

She put out a paw, almost touched it, jerked back in alarm, poked again. Philip sat down and watched her, smug, superior.

William was late home. It was dark and he was aching with fatigue as he ran the old car in the drive. He just had time to climb out when Sally pounced on him.

"She's gone! I can't find her anywhere! He's killed her—I know he has! I've been everywhere for hours and hours!"

"Nonsense," said William. "She's wandered off."

"She's been killed! My darling has been killed!" Sally shook his arm frantically. "I know your cat has done it!"

"Look here," said William. "He's been shut in the house all day long. I shut him in myself. It's not my fault, or his, if you lose your cat. I suppose if your house caught fire, you'd say Philip threw burning matches under it! I'm just simply tired of the way you act, if you want to know. Simply tired!"

Sally began to sob. She was muttering incoherent phrases about murder and brutes.

"Well," said William, "I'll just have to help hunt her, I suppose. We'll phone the police station and ask them to send a car out hunting. I'll do it right now."

Sally said in a small voice, "I phoned them. They said they had lots to do besides hunt cats."

"I'll fix that," declared William.

---

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, got nineteen out of twenty this time—to his delight. He missed No. 4. Count double if you get it right.

1—The name of what American hero, leader of a thrilling exploit of this war, means the opposite of what he did?

2—Kerch peninsula in Russia lies between what two seas?

3—Who recently lost their pigtails as a part of birthday festivities?

4—When a sailor speaks of "sea dust" to what is he referring?

5—What movie actors are allowed to appear under the Hollywood "shooting lights" for only two minutes at a time?

6—What words end the current phrase beginning "If in doubt—"?

7—A whippletree is what?

8—ODT stands for what new Washington office?

9—What Biblical character said: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau"?

10—Who were Gog and Magog?

11—What leader of what country is known to his friends as "Dev"?

12—What is known in baseball as the Grapefruit League, and why?

13—What famous American ship was commanded by Isaac Hull?

14—Where would you most likely see the army-navy "Star banner" flying?

15—Hale Hamilton, the actor, was the brother of what famous living political figure?

16—Was the soybean recently developed or has it been cultivated for centuries?

17—What state's motto is *Sic Semper Tyrannis,* and what does it mean?

18—Because the red-circle insignia on American army planes resembled the Japanese insignia, a new design was ordered. What is it?

19—Who was the "Knight of the Cloak," and how did he get the title?

20—What queen celebrated her seventy-fifth anniversary by carrying on war work?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

"They'll go out if I say so. It's a defense measure."

She was feeling for a handkerchief, and, not finding it, William gave her his.

"Meanwhile," he said, "you come in and I'll show you Philip in the house. And I don't want any more nonsense out of you about him, do you hear?"

"M'm, m'm," said Sally in a muffled voice.

William took her arm and marched her in. He didn't feel as tired as he had, someway. There was a strange sensation of strength in his chest.

"You go in the living room and I'll handle this," he said. "I'll phone the station first." He looked around for Philip, but Philip wasn't running out to meet him.

"Philip!" he called. "Philip!"

There was no answer.

"There, you see?" Sally spread out her hands. "He isn't here! He's not in the house at all!"

"Philip!" yelled William.

He ran around the lower floor, yelling and shouting. "Look behind the books in the bookcase," he ordered Sally. "I'll go on up." He pounded upstairs.

Cold perspiration was coming out on his forehead. Suppose Philip had gotten out and wounded Sally's cat. Then she might have been run over, trying to get away from him. Whatever would he do if Philip had—

"It's a catastrophe, all right," muttered William. He raced down the hall, calling hopelessly now. Sally was in the lower hall, and she added her frantic voice to his:

"Pussy! Pussy!"

William pushed open the partly closed door to his room, and stopped suddenly, solidified with shock.

"SALLY!" he called in a strangled voice.

She flew upstairs.

"Look!" said William.

"Oh," said Sally.

Philip was asleep on William's bed, curled in a half-circle. His black head was slightly tipped against William's pillow. There was nothing so remarkable about Philip sleeping on William's bed. But there was something quite remarkable about what was beside him. Folded neatly in the curve of his front legs was a small soft oyster-colored object tipped here and there with seal brown. Under his chin was a wedge-shaped head, and over his hind legs draped a relaxed brown tail.

"Melisande!" said Sally.

Melli opened one bright blue eye. "Mow," she said dreamily. Then, before Sally's astounded eyes, she turned her head and began to wash Philip's furry black face.

"So," said William—"so he's killed her, has he?" He took Sally's arm and turned her to face him. "What do you have to say now? What are you going to do to make up for all your unjust accusations? See what you've done! You've interfered with the course of a beautiful love."

He looked down at her face, still streaked with tears.

Her hair had tumbled over her forehead. Her eyes were dark and beautiful. Her mouth quivered a little.

"As a matter of fact," said William, staring at her deliberately, "you have interfered with the course of two loves!"

"I don't know what you mean." Sally's voice was soft.

"Maybe I can explain it to you in time," said William. "But first I expect you ought to make amends for your outrageous behavior to me and to Philip. What do you think?"

Sally looked up. A little smile hovered on her mouth.

"I think," she said, "you might come to supper tonight. You and—and Philip."

"Ah—supper." William looked thoughtful.

"Steak and onions," said Sally.

William went over and picked up his cat. Philip opened a drowsy golden eye.

"Wake up, Philip," said William. "This isn't night. This is the dawn of a new day."

"Miau," said Melli.

"Oh, I'm not separating you," William assured her. "Far from it. Philip and I are merely going along with you. In fact, you may see a good deal of us from now on."

Philip gave him a bland knowing look. To William it seemed as if he smiled.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9	■	10	11	12	13
14				■	15					■	16			
17				18			■	19		20				
■	■	■	21			■	22					■	■	■
23	24	25			■	26				■	27	28	29	30
31				■	32				■	33				
34			■	35				■	36					
37		■	38					39				■	40	
41		42				■	43				■	44		
45					■	46				■	47			
48				■	49				■	50				
■	■	■	51	52				■	53			■	■	■
54	55	56					■	57				58	59	60
61				■	62		63			■	64			
65				■	66					■	67			

HORIZONTAL

1 Chatters idly
5 Amphitheater
10 Give forth
14 Spirit
15 Mercenary
16 Female of the horse
17 Deserved
19 Gave
21 State of equality
22 Pine tree
23 Doomed
26 To have courage
27 On the summit
31 Always
32 Shallow dish (pl.)
33 Old
34 Males
35 Despise
36 Looked at maliciously
37 Either
38 Kin (pl.)
40 Note of the scale
41 Gleaners
43 God of love
44 Nothing
45 Nimble
46 Unbroken
47 Part of the body
48 Unaspirated consonant
49 Vegetable
50 Honored, as with a banquet
51 High wind (pl.)
53 Kitchen utensil
54 Turned
57 Local
61 Death notice
62 Ruler of Abyssinia
64 Victim
65 Part of a fork
66 Kind of bee
67 Foil

VERTICAL

1 Precious stone
2 Beverage
3 Barrier
4 Sharpshooter
5 Declare
6 Color
7 Prefix: into
8 Part of heavens opposite zenith (pl.)
9 Unaccompanied
10 Flows out
11 Tangle
12 Anger
13 Spread for drying
18 Urchin
20 Negative
22 Kind of cigar (Sp.; pl.)
23 Pertaining to the thigh
24 Equal proportion
25 Number
26 Research material (pl.)
28 Viscous substance
29 Hydrocarbon
30 Pushed with the feet
32 Companion (colloq.; pl.)
33 Japanese coin (pl.)
35 At this point
36 Rob
38 Banish
39 Persia
42 Relation
44 In no way
46 One who eats
47 Befall
49 Mingle
50 Dandy
52 By
53 Posture
54 Decay
55 Japanese sash
56 Metal
57 Cask
58 Drinking vessel
59 Animal
60 Sheltered side
63 Depart

M	I	C	R	O	S	C	O	P	E	■	B	U	M	S
A	R	E	A	■	L	A	V	A	L	■	A	R	I	A
M	O	L	T	S	■	M	E	S	S	■	R	A	N	G
A	N	T	E	A	T	E	R	S	■	H	O	L	E	S
■	■	■	R	U	H	R	■	I	T	E	M	S	■	■
■	H	A	■	T	E	A	■	N	O	S	E	■	O	S
C	A	R	M	E	N	S	■	G	E	S	T	U	R	E
O	R	E	O	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	P	I	C
S	P	A	N	I	E	L	■	T	A	P	R	O	O	T
T	S	■	O	G	P	U	■	U	V	E	■	N	N	■
■	■	C	L	O	W	N	■	M	E	S	A	■	■	■
S	P	O	O	R	■	A	M	B	R	O	S	I	A	N
A	L	U	G	■	S	T	I	R	■	S	P	I	N	E
P	E	R	U	■	C	I	L	I	A	■	E	I	N	S
S	A	T	E	■	V	C	O	L	U	M	N	I	S	T

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

I'm No Fifth Columnist!

COLDS SLOW UP AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT, SO I USE KLEENEX FOR HANKIES TO HELP KEEP MY COLD FROM SPREADING TO UNCLE SAM'S WORKERS!

(*from a letter by* M. L., Kurten, Tex.)

P.S. THE COMMON COLD COSTS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS- MONEY NEEDED FOR VICTORY!

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No Runs! No Terrors!

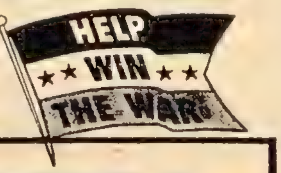
THE SILK STOCKING SHORTAGE DOESN'T BOTHER ME! AFTER LAUNDERING AND DRYING, I WRAP MY HOSE IN KLEENEX- IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS IS A REAL MONEY SAVER!

(*from a letter by* B. P., Hollywood, Calif.)

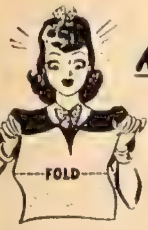
Gotta Trick Up My Sleeve!

FOR DRESS SHIELDS I USE SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES. THEY PREVENT PERSPIRATION STAINS... CUT CLEANING BILLS!

(*from a letter by* A. M., New Straitsville, Ohio)



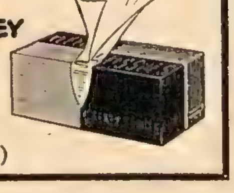
SAVE ON KLEENEX SO KLEENEX CAN SAVE FOR YOU!



WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR KLEENEX IN TWO, TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING KLEENEX SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO HELP WIN THE WAR!

*KLEENEX "POP-UP-BOX" SAVES TISSUES- SAVES MONEY BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME!

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



DOES YOUR JOB FIT YOU?

Here's a modern way to find out

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EVER hear of human engineering? It promises, in its way, to save as many lives as any serum or toxoid or sulfa drug. It can discover an individual's natural abilities and indicate the work to which he is best adapted. In other words, it can save lives from maladjustment and failure and the physical and mental ills that result.

In the human engineering laboratories, tests are given for accounting aptitude, structural visualization, creative imagination, analytical reasoning, muscular speed, memory for design, and a dozen things besides.

Each test is designed so that neither education nor experience but natural adaptability alone will influence the result. For instance: The accounting aptitude test offers two columns of figures and requires that the figures which are alike in both columns be checked. It takes from half a minute to a minute and a half to do this, depending upon natural aptitude. The structural visualization test consists of putting together a solid block that has been cut into many wiggly pieces. It really is a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle. Again the time involved is indicative.

Human engineering also tests for personality traits. In addition to knowing the field to which he is adapted, a man must know which branch of work in that field he best can do. Subjective people are happier working by themselves. Objective people, on the other hand, are successful in executive or selling positions.

The idea of human engineering was born twenty years ago at the General Electric Laboratories at West Lynn, Massachusetts. The manager there, F. P. Cox, was concerned about the labor problem.

"Why couldn't we use engineering principles to devise a series of tests to determine the qualities of individuals," he asked his engineering staff, "just as engineering tests determine the conductivity, tensile strength, and other qualities of materials?"

Mr. Cox called the personnel office in which the adaptability tests were given prospective employees the Laboratory of Human Engineering.

Later the Boston Institute of Technology introduced a laboratory of human engineering within its halls. Then the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, New Jersey, inaugurated one. Two others sprang up—one at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, and a fourth at the Chestnut Hill Academy, outside of Philadelphia.

Ten thousand people will take tests this year. Not one dollar is spent on advertising, but the requests for tests increase about 20 per cent every year. About one third of those tested are adults, one third high-school students, and one third under fourteen years of age. The ideal set-up calls for a first test at nine, ten, or eleven, and two additional tests at two- or three-year intervals.

Johnson O'Connor, in charge of human engineering research at Stevens Institute, tells of an appointment a prominent firm in New York made for one of its bank auditors.

"This man's work isn't good enough to compensate for his increasingly antagonistic attitude," a firm executive explained. "However, we'd like to find something else for him to do. We hope you can help us."

"I hope you won't tell me I should be an auditor," said the auditor, when he arrived. "I'm an auditor now, and not too brilliant at it. In fact, I have a hunch I'm going to be fired."

They tested this man first for accounting aptitude. The results were excellent. They tested him for structural visualization. He excelled.

"Look here," Johnson O'Connor telephoned that New York firm, "we wish you'd keep that man. Take him off bank auditing and put him on cost accounting."

A cost accountant, given the blueprints of a job, must figure every cost involved. He even may be called upon to figure on a factory in which that job and others like it can be manufactured. Obviously, he must have high structural visualization and also accounting aptitude.

The auditor was brilliant in his new work, his antagonism disappeared—and today he's head of the firm that was going to fire him.

Asked if any one ever does poorly in all the tests, Johnson O'Connor laughed. "About one in eight thousand," he said. "But we never worry about that individual. He's usually president of his firm. Since nothing ever came easy to him, he learned in his youth to work hard and long."

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

O. E. M. PHOTO

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

In a recent issue I mentioned that the A. E. F. in Ireland was still to be heard from. That Liberty reaches and is read by the men in the Emerald Isle is obvious from the letters received since that item appeared on this page. Hold your hats, readers—here they come.

SOME call us "Wrong-Way Corrigan's Army," but they can't kid us; we know where Jerry is. Sh-h-h, it's a military secret, but I also know where a lovely colleen lives. Now, if I had a guinea, pound, crown, or even a shilling, I'd go right down to see her. What? Here's a sixpence hiding in my pocket and I'm on my way to catch that half-six tram. Pretty WAAF sitting next to me too, but here's where I get off—Bridget's house is just around the corner. The cinema? No, Bridget; I've only fourpence left, so just let's sit here and talk. Let's talk about your uncle in New York or your aunt in Boston or my grandfather who was raised near here.

Bridget's sweet. She's worth her weight in gold to a lonely Yank—worth all her eight stone in it, even though they're off the gold standard here, just like we are. Now it's half-eleven and I'll have to be going to get past that bloody guard before twelve. Good night, colleen. I'll be seeing you—I hope. Gosh, it's dark in this blackout! Forgot my torch, too. Gotta walk; the trams have stopped. What's that? Just a lorry out of petrol. O. K., I've made it.

We like it here, Sarge. The people are swell to us and we have fun even when we are broke. Cheerio.

Pvt. J. J. S.,
Somewhere in Ireland.

Just a few lines to let the folks back home know that their sons are safe in Ireland and from this point on we'll be fightin' fools. We've heard indirectly that our arrival here has already given Hitler a headache; before we're through we intend to give him acute indigestion. Please remind friends and loved ones not to forget the boys over here; letters build morale.

Sgt. G. A., Ireland.

* * *

Here's one from a Canadian soldier stationed in England. I'm delighted to welcome one of our Allies to the page.

All of us are over here to do a job, and we don't care how hard the job is. Whether we're from Canada or the United States or England or any other country that's on our side, we're all fighting for the same thing: *liberty* and *freedom.* The world right now is like a teapot over a fire: black underneath, and if it's left there the bright top will get black too. We're going to put the fire out. I've traveled a lot in your America and I think it's the most wonderful country in the world. I think so much of it that I want to live there after the war.

Gnr. C. W. K.,
Canadian Army Overseas, England.

* * *

Recently several women were put to work in our hangars as airplane welders and mechanics. Now, we soldiers were sent to school and trained in those jobs, and it doesn't make sense for us to step aside and let women take over. If women *must* do our work, then pay them soldiers' pay, is what I say.

Pfc. L. B. W., Gardner Field, Calif.

It doesn't make sense, eh? Well, your letter was written the day the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was authorized, and you'll probably be seeing a lot more, rather than less, women around Army posts. The whole point of using women on such jobs as you describe is to release men for combat duty or in combat zones. If they can take over from you, then you can go where you'll do the most good.

* * *

Maybe I've got a legitimate beef, maybe I haven't. I think so; what do you think? I belong to a unit stationed in that section of the country affected by gas rationing. Some of us are fortunate enough to own jaloppies and we are issued only A cards, which entitle us to three gallons of gas a week. Not to complain, Sarge, but shouldn't we get a break so that when we get passes we could go home to see our families and wives? We don't need any injection of words to help our morale, but a few extra gallons injected into our tanks would help.

Sgt. V. R. S., Camp A. P. Hill, Va.

That's a tough one to answer, Sergeant, but if the rationing board decided that you rated only A cards, who am I to question their judgment? However, I can say that you certainly deserve B or even X cards more than some of the chiselers I've heard about.

* * *

I have a son in the Navy, in training at Jacksonville. I myself have been sailing on the Great Lakes for thirty-four years, but I know very little of our Navy. Can you tell me where I could secure a book containing everything a citizen should know?

C. B., Soo, Mich.

It's a large order to recommend a book "containing everything," but the most complete and readable I've found is What the Citizen Should Know About the Navy, by Hanson W. Baldwin, published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price $2.

* * *

The Air Corps has Keep 'Em Flying for a slogan, and most branches of the Army have something similar. But what about the Infantry? Can't some one offer a bit of inspiration for them?

E. M. J., Stayton, Ore.

What about Keep 'Em Slogging? Or even Keep Out of Our Way? I'll give a year's subscription to Liberty for the best slogan offered —I to be the sole and final judge.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

ARE YOU SAFE WITH YOUR DOCTOR?

Continued from Page 13

ing are thus and so. Think it over, talk it over with the family, and let me know what you decide."

Of course occasions arise when no such deliberating is possible. When an infected appendix flames up, for example, even the most ignorant layman can understand that something radical must be done at once. Also, when a doctor with whom you have had satisfactory experience says to you, "You'd better get down to the hospital at once and have this thing out for good," then obedience is certainly the order of the day.

But be cautious about the doctor, the general practitioner, who keeps his mind too much on the knife. No reputable doctor would suggest surgery to you on your first visit to him *unless* it was plain to yourself as well as to him that you were seriously in need of it. Any milder sort of trouble can always bear a little time of watching, of thoughtful consideration.

If you decide that surgical operation is necessary, go quietly and calmly into the financial aspects. Ask your doctor what his fee will be, including after care. Ask him to find out for you what all the other costs will be—hospital charges, anesthetist's fees, transportation charges, and the rest. The reputable doctor will not only be glad to do all this, he will suggest ways in which you can save dollars here and there. For, if he is the right doctor for you, he will be genuinely anxious to make things as easy as possible for you, to relieve your mind of worries as much as he can.

This does not mean that he should be full of soft soap and charm and elaborate bedside manner. He is a busy man—busier now than he has ever been, because the needs of the military have thrown new burdens upon the doctor who remains in civilian life. But you should feel that he is interested in making you well, that he knows what he is doing, and that he is sincere enough to use in your behalf all the knowledge he possesses.

But do not think for a moment that all the obligation is on *his* side. He is not a god or a magician. You cannot whine and be disagreeable and critical, when he is doing the best he knows how, and still expect a miracle out of him. You have got to have a reasonable respect for him as a human being, and for the fact that he knows a lot more about illness than you do. You will never have the right doctor unless you do your own share.

He is entitled, also, to the prompt payment of his bills. He has a family to support, too. His charges—the charges of doctors generally in this country—are extremely fair. Unless his practice brings him a decent income his own family will suffer.

A good many people say, now and again, "Oh, doctors! Spare me that tribe!" What they really mean is, "Oh, *sickness!* Spare me that tribulation!" The doctor did not make you sick. Don't snarl at him or at his profession if all his skill cannot cure you of an acute gastritis in time to have you ready for work tomorrow—or the bridge party tomorrow.

Everything that I have said about medical doctors applies to dentists. Thousands of dentists, too, have gone into the armed services. Many of us must find new ones to keep our teeth in repair. And the same rules apply in our search. Call the county dental society, the dental clinics of the hospitals, the public health offices.

America got a shock last year. Four out of every ten men coming up for the draft were turned down because of physical deficiencies, and a vast percentage of these were turned down because they had bad teeth.

It seems that should be lesson enough. All of us should realize that dentistry is not the torture it once was, because the dentists have worked hard and thoughtfully to diminish the torments of it. We should find ourselves a capable man, and have him repair one of the most vital factors of our physical being—one which affects the whole body of every one of us.

A bad dentist cannot, of course, do the harm that a bad doctor can. But that is no reason for failing to check up on your dentist. Give him the same "general going over" you give the doctor, and so be sure of the very best treatment that science can provide.

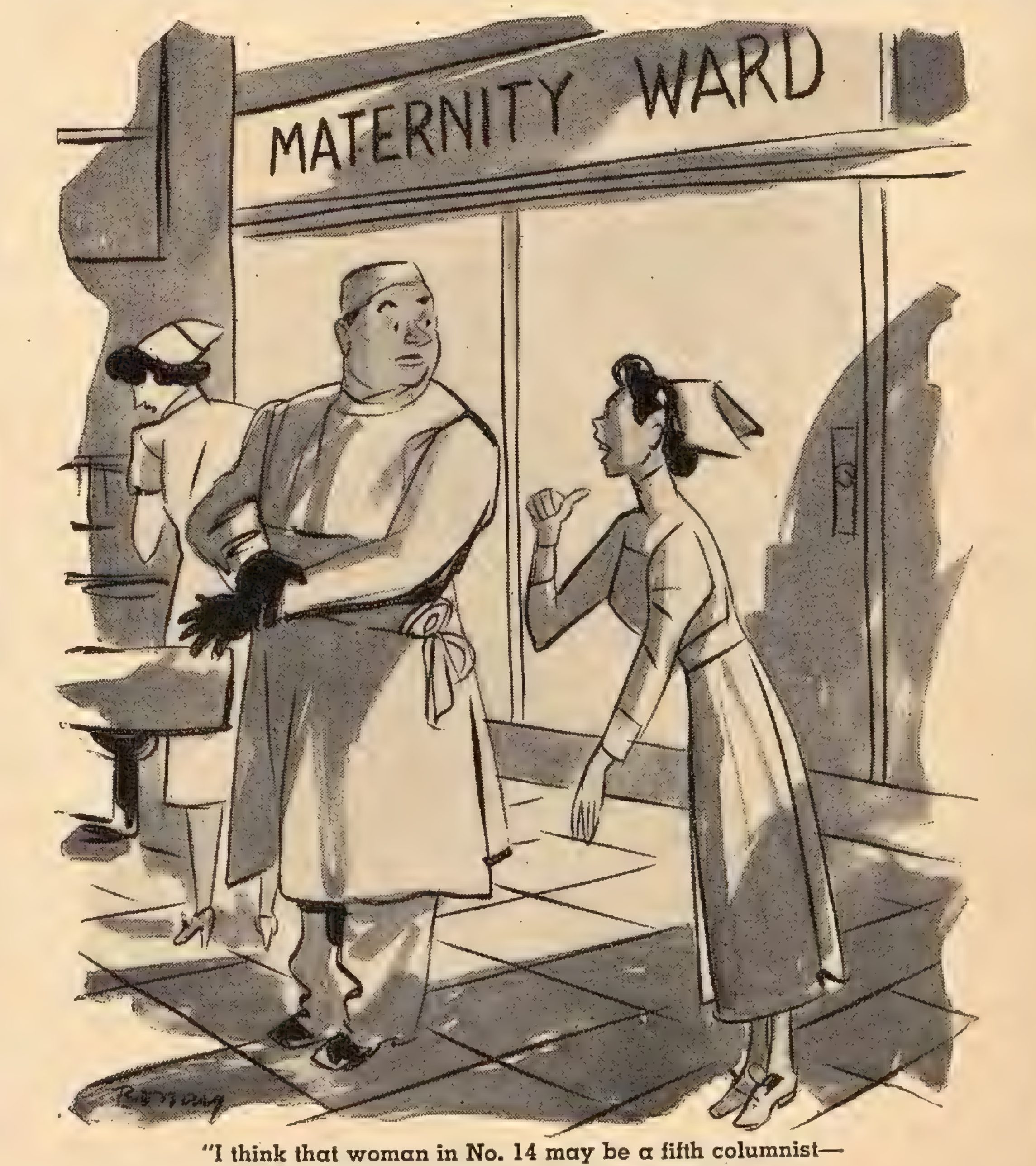
The times are too critical, the health and energy of every one of us too important, for doing any less than our plain duty in getting proper medical care. Even if we are heedless about it for ourselves, we must see that our children have every help as they grow up to be the America of tomorrow that all of us are fighting for.

Do not be afraid that there will be a dearth of medical care because of the demands of the army and the navy. The medical associations of the country are working with great energy and great skill to spread our remaining resources evenly throughout the country. You can find a good doctor if you will take the trouble to do it.

Above all, do not fall back on home remedies and old wives' panaceas. What was good enough for grandpa is *not* good enough for little Joe—nor for you, either. We would be miles behind our enemies if we did not take, as they have done, full advantage of the enormous strides science has made in the last generation.

So it is our urgent suggestion that you ask yourself, at once, the question: "Am I safe with my doctor?" You will not only do yourself but the whole nation an injustice if you fail to give yourself a satisfying answer.

This article is the first in a series on the nation's health by Mr. Markey. The second will appear in Liberty next week.



"I think that woman in No. 14 may be a fifth columnist—she didn't name her kid MacArthur."

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

James Cagney plays George M. Cohan in the Cohan biography, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (for Cagney's Cohan)

A GREAT theatrical era is celebrated in this fascinating biography of George M. Cohan. Here is an honest, amusing, and moving account of the celebrated showman who went from vaudeville to the theatrical heights and wrote that imperishable war song, Over There. It is packed with drama. It echoes and re-echoes with memorable tunes. And it has a truly brilliant portrayal of Cohan by Jimmy Cagney.

Nostalgic is the adjective for Yankee Doodle Dandy, I suppose, but it is a great deal more than that. While much of the action deals with the famous vaudeville team of the Four Cohans trouping through the country in the horse-and-buggy days, the story focuses sharply on the present. It opens and closes with Cohan talking to President Roosevelt. You will rarely find a more impressive or moving sequence than that in which George M. receives the Congressional medal for his stirring patriotic songs, admires paintings of the nation's past leaders, and does a jig step down the stairs of the White House.

As a colorful and exciting record of a half century of stage doings, the show is tops. The dear dead days of vaudeville are indelibly etched on the screen in shots of the Cohans running through their routines. The fabulous partnership of Cohan and Harris is treated effectively and there are pulse-quickening scenes of the theater's all-out effort in the first World War. The remarkable thing is that this episodic material doesn't fall apart. The movie hangs together and holds one's interest without a let-down.

Most of the credit for this must go to Cagney. Small wonder that Cohan insisted he was the only actor who could double for him. In many respects this is the finest performance of an extraordinarily versatile star. When he goes into a buck-and-wing, it is George M. himself up there on the stage. His cocky assurance and refusal to become discouraged in the tough going of a stage career couldn't be expressed better than they are in one sequence after another. Meanwhile Cagney knows how to gather up the feeling and sentiment of the story into scenes that will leave you dabbing at your eyes.

Such a magnificent characterization deserves first-rate acting support. It has it. Jimmy's sister, Jeanne, is charming and artful as Josie Cohan. Joan Leslie, who was so good in Sergeant York, is radiant as the Mary whom Cohan married and immortalized in song. The stalwart Walter Huston is perfect as George's father, and Rosemary DeCamp rounds out the family quartet. Then there are Richard Whorf playing the part of Sam Harris and a long list of knowing bit players.

The staging is on a par with the playing. Michael Curtiz has juggled the episodic plot cleverly to keep it constantly engrossing. He has skillfully alternated comic interludes with moments of serious drama. What is most important is the fact that he has managed to make a biography something far more than a mere biography.

Here is a delightful and compelling record of our past, as well as an absorbing human drama. You can't go wrong with this screen show.

(Warners.)

★ ★ ★ TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT (for surprise and spectacle)

THE founding of the United States Military Academy has inspired a surprising, rousing, and timely screen show. The surprising thing—to me, at least—is the fact that it's all brand-new material. Good acting and crackajack staging make the film an exciting historical spectacle. Its timeliness, even though the action takes place nearly a century and a half ago, should be pretty obvious.

To those who think of the Academy as a perfectly appointed institution for training future generals, the account of its birth will be something of an eye-opener. For it was tough going for the thirty-two young men who were officially enrolled in the first class. No ivy-clad buildings, no Flirtation Walk, and no bands playing inspiring tunes. Instead of that, the cadets were treated to one hardship after another under the martinet Captain Carter, who didn't give a hoot for military theory.

These hardships form the substance of the show. The climax finds the first West Pointers fighting gallantly against Tecumseh and rebellious Indians. There is a quiet and plausible enough romance. The final graduation exercises fade into a montage sequence showing the famous fighting men who have made a spearhead for our citizen armies from one generation to another. West Point is glorified here in singularly honest and dramatic terms.

The acting is not outstanding, but George Montgomery and John Sutton give convincing characterizations of a couple of ill-matched cadets; Laird Cregar is splendid as Captain Carter and Maureen O'Hara is nicely restrained as the heroine.

Chief credit for an entertaining and instructive historical picture must go to the uncompromising treatment and to Henry Hathaway's effective direction.

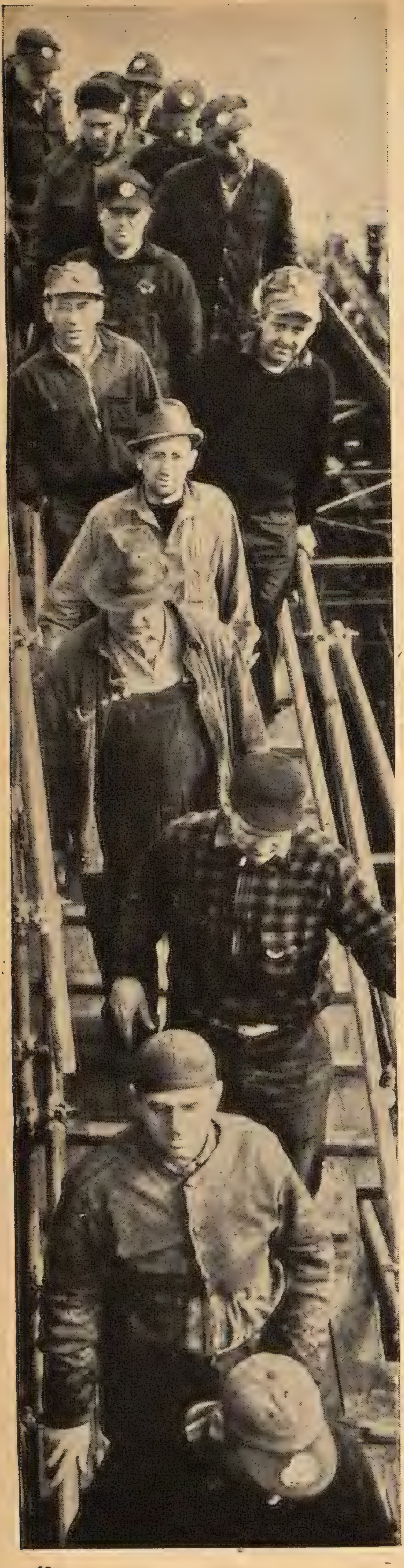
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

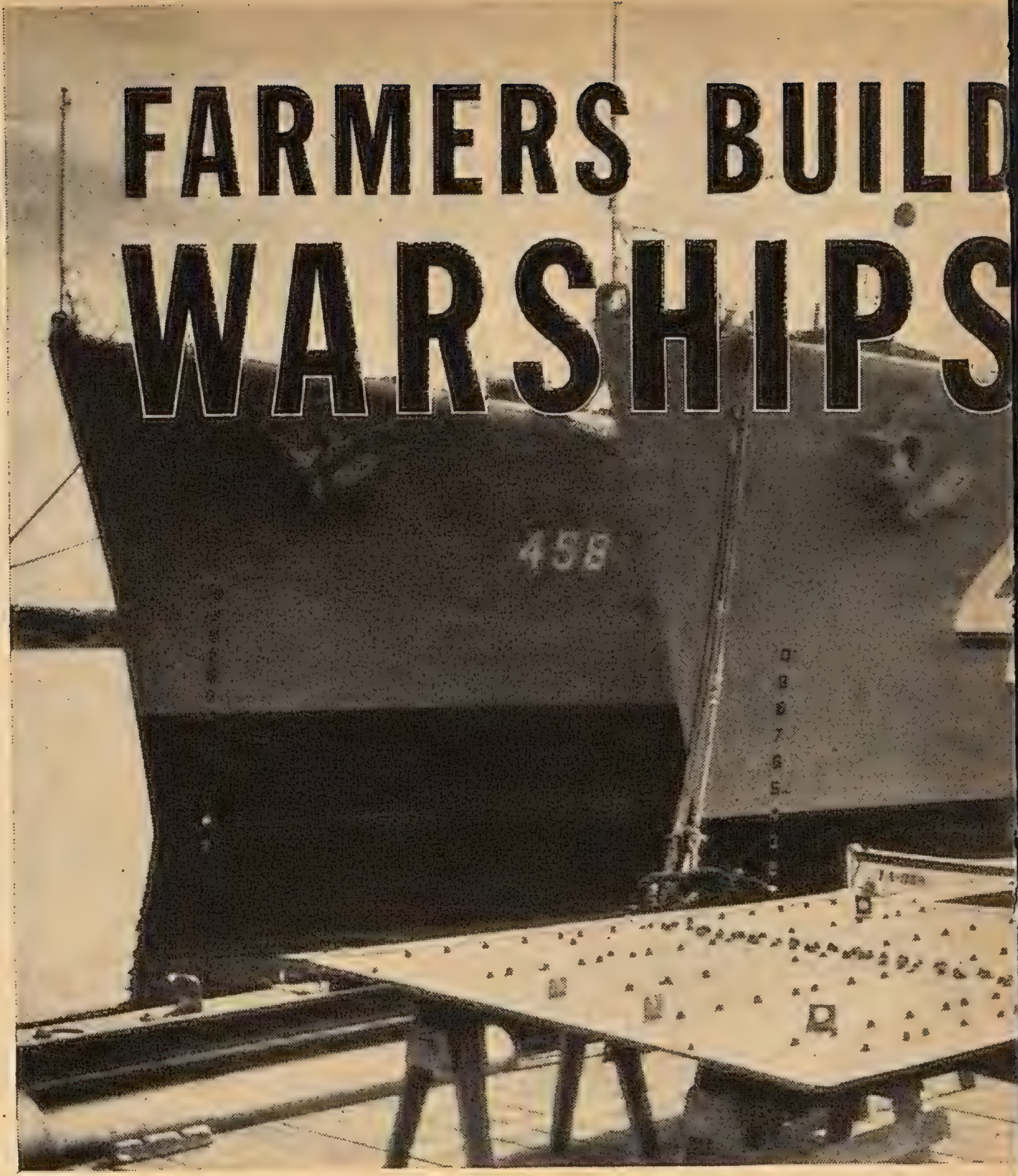
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush.

★★★—Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel.

FARMERS BUILD WARSHIPS





Two United States destroyers, recently launched, get their final fittings in Maine.

MAINE farmers have a new crop to harvest now—warships for Uncle Sam. Men born to the soil have deserted their plows to take up tools at the shipyards at Bath. But the plows have not been left to rust. Other members of the household keep the farms going while the men are busy turning out ships at top speed. Skilled workmen in whose families wooden shipbuilding has been an old tradition are greatly in demand.

The Bath Iron Works is now one of the busiest shipyards in the country, yet in the late '20s the yards were sold for junk and their present owner took them over. Some seven years ago the force was down to fifty. Today 5,600 men are employed in three shifts and the weekly payroll runs to $250,000. Contracts amount to $180,000,000.

Photographed exclusively for Liberty by Arthur Griffon
OF FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

Real Yankees work on American ships again.

Their ancestors built ships; now the

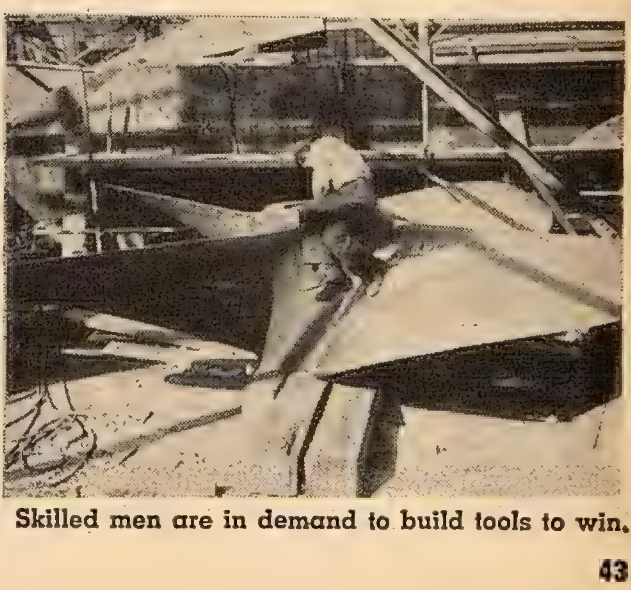
THIS IS AMERICA

A steel plate, soon to be part of a giant warship, is unloaded from a freighter.

Crowds like this pour from yards at quitting time.

Some interested townspeople gather at the water's edge to see what they can see.

Boys from other trades now learn shipbuilding.



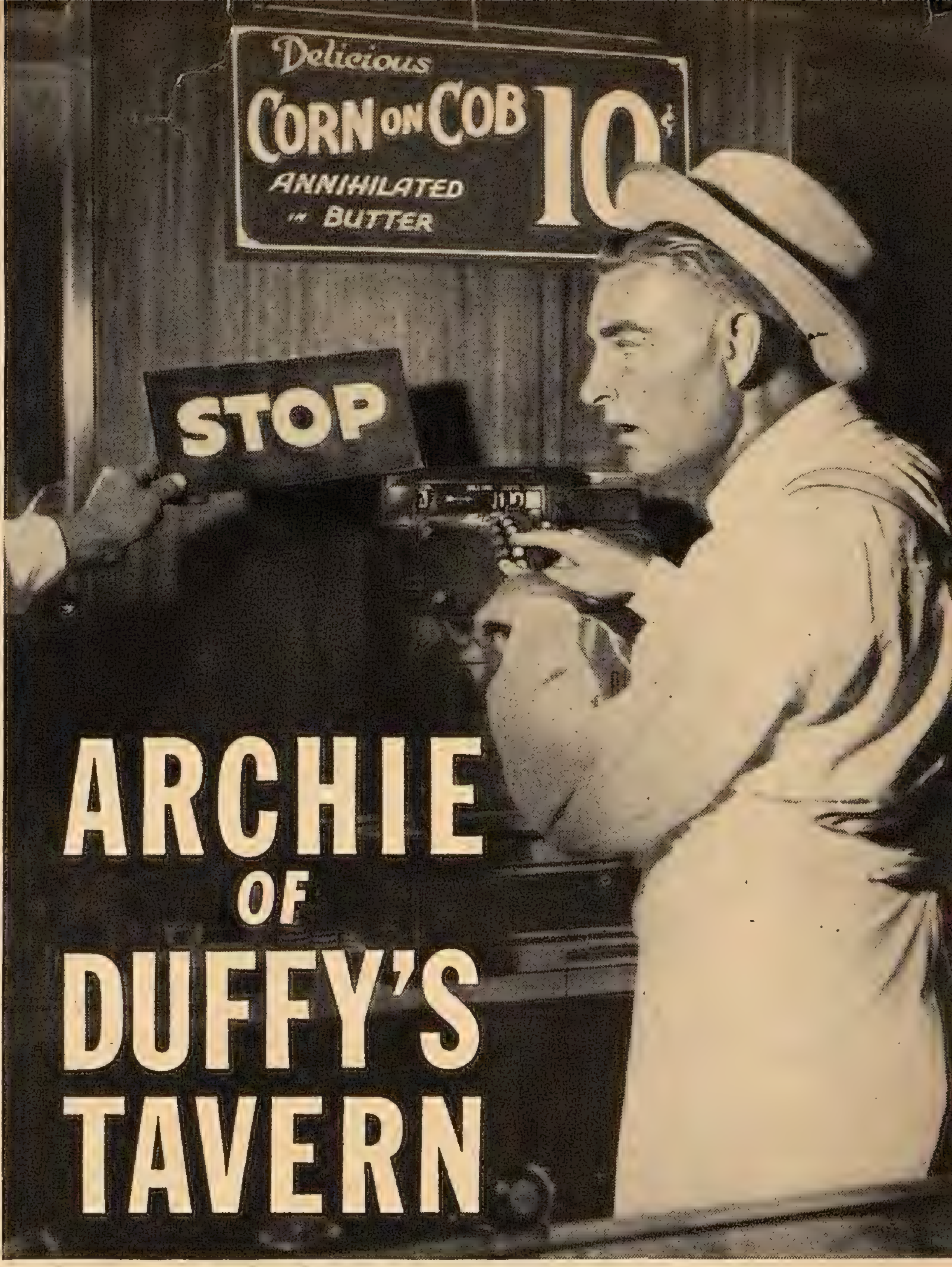
Skilled men are in demand to build tools to win.

ARCHIE OF DUFFY'S TAVERN

BY MARGO FISCHER

Presenting the facts behind Ed Gardner's rise to fame. He's radio's Mr. Malaprop

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



Archie, tempted, is confronted by Duffy's "cash-drawer conscience."

"DUFFY'S Tavern, where the elite meet to eat. Archie speakin'; Duffy ain't here."

Duffy is never there. Archie, the bartender, manages the Tavern, and although he is constantly receiving telephone calls from Duffy, the radio audience hears only Archie's voice. It is Archie's show—Archie, who outsmarts every one only to discover he has been taken, after all; Archie, with his get-rich-quick plans, his catering to the "carnage" trade—all expressed in misplaced syllables.

Back in the summer of 1940 the Columbia Broadcasting Company had a series of tryout programs designed to present newcomers and to discover the public's preferences. Listeners were asked to send in votes. Duffy's Tavern, then making its initial appearance, received twice as many votes as any of the other programs.

Columbia wanted the show immediately. But Ed Gardner, who played Archie and whose idea the program was, still had a signed contract to direct the Rudy Vallee show. It wasn't until March, 1941, that Ed was free. Then, sponsored by Schick Injector Razor, Duffy's Tavern went on the air as a nighttime commercial. At the end of the first thirteen weeks Radio Guide presented Ed with its "oscar" as the outstanding newcomer of the year. The show this spring has been Sanka Coffee's baby.

Archie is definitely Ed Gardner's baby. Ed conceived him, gave birth to him, raised him from an unknown to a name in lights, and in return he supports his creator in the style to which all creators hope to become accustomed. Ed Gardner, playing Archie, the eighteen-dollar-a-week bartender, collects a thousand dollars each week. Not so bad for a down-and-outer who was on WPA relief eight years ago! Not at all bad, when radio wasn't even remotely in Ed's plans for conquering the world.

Ed wanted passionately to write, direct, and produce plays. But for a long, long time his only connection with the theater was by marriage. His wife is Shirley Booth, one of the finest comediennes of the American stage. (At present she is appearing in the comedy hit My Sister Eileen and brightening her husband's radio show as Miss Duffy, who "has plenty of enemies among her friends.")

Miss Booth was in the theater, but Mr. Gardner was not. Mr. Gardner, on the contrary, was in and out of a great number of jobs. He would land one, keep it two or three months, and then get fired. He worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad as a crew dispatcher in the roundhouse. He got fired. He tried selling furniture. He tried selling pianos. No luck. For a brief period he turned inventor, making a collapsible bar. He sold a few, but, like the bar, business folded.

All the while he was engaged in other work he had kept looking toward the glamorous profession to which his wife belonged. And finally he landed in it. He got a job with Crosby Gaige, the producer. He didn't stay with Gaige long, but gradually he worked into stage manager, director, writer, producer, for a long list of shoestring stock companies. Then came the day in 1932 when he produced a play called Coastwise Annie, in New York. Shirley acted in it. If the play was a hit—

It wasn't. It flopped.

More dark days. Then once again Ed got his head above water long enough to present some Dorothy Parker sketches. His wife was outstanding in the parts she played. But the production lasted only three weeks.

It was after this that Ed became a WPAer. But not for long. Peter Dixon, top man for children's programs in Columbia Broadcasting, gave him an assistant's job at twenty-five a week. Ed was in radio, although he didn't want to be. From then on he went up. He was called to the Coast to work on the M-G-M radio show. Next came Vallee, then the Texaco, the Ken Murray, the Joe Penner, the Burns and Allen shows, and many others.

He began to long for a program of his own. So, from a $750-a-week director's job he came back to New York with an idea for This Is New York—a revue featuring celebrities in which he would play a character called Archie. Columbia Broadcasting gave him a spot, on sustaining, at $200 a week, later raised it to $375.

From This Is New York emerged Duffy's Tavern. The program is now well enough known to stand on its own legs, so Ed has cut out celebrities and relies on his cast of regulars.

Duffy's Tavern closes shop next week for a well earned vacation. Listeners who know Archie can expect a speedy return.

THE END

THE 14th TRUMP

Continued from Page 11

"Hi, corn-fed," he said, as he took the stool next to hers.

"It's one of the best signs in the world, Wally, when a man calls you names," Jane said, "because it shows he's on the defensive, which is a very healthy thing."

"She's just covering an inferiority complex," Donovan said.

"She would also like a very dry, very cold daiquiri," Jane said. "And why does Danny let termites hang around as if they were part of the woodwork, Harvard?"

"Termites?" It was Coyle who had dubbed Donovan "Harvard" when he discovered that to call him "Claude" was to invite assassination.

"In the corner," said Jane.

A thin, stoop-shouldered, bespectacled man was sitting at one of the tables off the bar, eating lunch. He was Howard Comstock, a political writer for the Globe.

"You couldn't accidentally step on him some day by mistake, could you, darling? Because, the way he looks at me, I always feel as if there were little white worms mooching around inside my clothes."

Donovan's blue eyes clouded. "If he ever makes any crack at you, kitten, just let me know."

"Why *does* Danny put up with him?"

"Because he's the opposition," said Donovan. "His paper's backing Buckler. We're always polite to the opposition. Besides, Comstock is a blabbermouth. He can't resist telling you things he thinks you don't know, because it makes him a big shot. Information is our business."

"Oh, boy!" said Wally. "Here comes our horse."

DONOVAN turned on his stool to greet the newcomer. Congressman Terry Reardon was forty-one, photographed ten years younger, never had his suits pressed, and resembled Hollywood's idea of a newspaper reporter.

"Hi, chums," he said, and sat down beside Donovan and Jane. "Fourteen witnesses this morning and not one of them knows from nothing. Wally, I could use a rum Collins of the highest order."

"Coming up," Wally said.

"What's new?" Reardon asked. Then he grinned. "How am I doing? Still eleven to five?"

"That's right."

"Well, I'll come through for you guys, if I don't bow a tendon." It amused Reardon to be up on Coyle's board beside Alsab and Whirlaway. "By the way, you haven't seen Mona around, have you, Jane?"

"I haven't seen Mona for days and days." Jane said. Mona Lewis was Reardon's girl.

"She was supposed to meet me here last night," Reardon said, "but she stood me up. I called her house this morning, couldn't get any answer. There hasn't been a message for me, has there, Wally?"

"No, sir," Wally said. "I'd of remembered."

A velvety voice broke in on them. Howard Comstock had come over from his table without their noticing. "I couldn't help hearing you ask about Mona Lewis, congressman," he said.

Reardon gave him a fishy stare. "So what?"

"Well, only that I thought you ought to know that she's in jail," Comstock said.

Reardon's drink spilled as he put it down hard on the bar.

"Easy, Terry," Donovan said, but he didn't move. If Reardon was going to put the slug on Comstock, he decided he was going to be just too late to interfere.

"My gosh," Jane said, "did Mona get another parking ticket?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Comstock, and there was an unpleasant note of satisfaction in his voice. "Much more serious than that. It came over the UP ticker just as I left the office. The charge is murder. She killed a man."

REARDON froze where he was for a moment. Then suddenly he took hold of Comstock's coat lapels and shook him so violently the columnist's glasses fell to the rubber-matted floor. "You lying louse!" he said.

Comstock wrenched himself free.

"That'll cost you ten dollars under the Civil Code, Reardon, for assaulting a man wearing glasses." He rescued his undamaged spectacles.

"If this is a gag," Reardon said, "it's the last one you'll ever pull in this man's town, Comstock. Give me a couple of nickels, Wally." And he went off to the phone booth at the other end of the room.

Comstock stepped up to the bar, still ruffled. "I'll have a small straight brandy," he said.

Wally got it for him. Comstock sipped it, held it to the light. Then he glanced at Reardon in the phone booth and smiled. "Fancy the lovely Mona shooting a man to death in his hotel room."

"Shooting!" Donovan realized he'd been thinking in terms of manslaughter—an accident.

"At the Hotel Donnelly," Comstock said. "You wouldn't expect Mona to be interested in the type of man who'd live at the Donnelly. But then, you can never tell about women."

"Who was the man?" Donovan asked.

Comstock shrugged. "Some cheap Broadway character, I gathered. Perhaps you *would* know him, Donovan. The name is Quigley. John Quigley."

"Harvard gets to know so many crawly people in this business, Mr. Comstock," said Jane sweetly.

Donovan, his eyes on the phone booth, said, "You'd better scram, Comstock." Reardon had opened the booth door. He looked around like a man who suddenly finds he's lost in a strange city.

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't miss this for anything."

"Well, don't count on me to be the marines!" said Donovan.

Overheard in the Bathroom

A dirty, dingy toilet brings whispered comments. It's inexcusable these days. Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls glistening and sanitary without messy work. It removes stains and incrustations where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) *When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

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HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?

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Reardon's face reported, as he came up to Donovan, that Comstock had the facts. "Speak to you for a minute, Harvard?"

"Sure, Terry."

"Was I right, Reardon? Murder in a two-dollar-a-day love nest?" Comstock drawled.

Reardon hit him, and he fell back against the bar, and just did prevent himself from falling. Jane eyed him coldly.

Comstock was white with rage, but he made no move to continue the encounter.

Reardon took Donovan aside. Comstock was forgotten.

"It's true, Terry?" Donovan asked.

Reardon nodded. The youthful freshness was gone, leaving him looking his age and more. "They're holding her without bail, Harvard. That means a first-degree murder rap."

"Did you ever hear of this man Quigley?" Donovan asked.

"No," Reardon said. He tugged at his lower lip. "The inspector in charge is a fellow named Moran. If I remember rightly, he's a friend of Danny's. They haven't let her see any one, Harvard. Her father's in Chicago. But she hasn't even had a lawyer yet. I could use my kind of drag and get to her, but if Moran's a right guy, maybe Danny could fix it. It would save a lot of trouble." He gave Donovan a wry smile. "I'm not exactly anxious to ask favors of the district attorney's office at the moment."

"Hell, no," said Donovan. "Let's go see Danny."

COYLE detested interruptions at mealtimes. It may have been that he was self-conscious about his eating. As they came in, he was seated behind his flat-topped desk, lunch tray in front of him. His armchair was custom-built to accommodate his size. There were the remains of three cold lobsters on the tray and Coyle was tackling the fourth. Chicory salad in a wooden bowl, hot rolls, and a pitcher of iced coffee completed his lunch.

His dour look faded as he saw Reardon. "Hello, Terry." Then he sensed electricity. "What's wrong?"

"I just had a bad jolt, Danny," Reardon said. "Mona's been arrested for murder."

Coyle lowered his lobster fork without eating what was on it. He didn't say anything.

"At the Hotel Donnelly, last night," Reardon said. "Nobody's seen her, not even a lawyer. Her father's out of town. Inspector Moran has the case. I thought perhaps—"

Coyle didn't wait for more. He nodded toward the phone, and Donovan dialed Moran's office and handed the instrument to Coyle. A moment later Moran was on the wire. He and Coyle usually did a little wisecracking back and forth. It didn't happen this time.

"I've been expecting you to call, Danny," Moran said.

"So?"

"You're a friend of Reardon's."

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"Say, this is workin' all right! I just heard your ma say there's going to be a murder when she finds out who took her pans!"

"That's right, I am," Coyle said. "Know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"You know about the Lewis girl, then?"

"I know you've arrested her," Coyle said.

"Danny, she's in a bad jam and she won't talk. She was arrested at the scene of the crime—actually bending over the body. The gun that killed this Quigley is hers, and it was in her purse. In spite of all that, she won't open her yap."

"Reardon wants to see her."

"I'd be happy to let him," said Moran. "Maybe he can make her see the spot she's in."

"Thanks," said Coyle. He put the receiver on the hook and pushed the phone away. From his pocket he took a deck of cards and began to riffle them in his pudgy fingers. When he was not in his gymnasium or eating, that deck of cards was a part of him. At first glance his fingers looked clumsy, but the best card mechanics in the country crossed themselves devoutly when Coyle was mentioned. Coyle could make cards do almost anything but recite the Declaration of Independence in Arabic.

"It's bad, Terry," he said. "Buckler'll make capital of it."

"The hell with that," said Reardon. "It's Mona I'm concerned about."

"Of course," said Coyle. He repeated Moran's conversation. "Moran's a good police officer, honest, shrewd. He wouldn't have arrested Mona at all if he didn't think he had an airtight case. She's got to talk, Terry. There's got to be a first-class explanation or your political goose is cooked."

"The hell with my political goose!" Reardon said.

Coyle shuddered slightly. He had a quarter of a million bucks on that goose's nose!

"You think Buckler's pulled a frame on you, Terry?" Donovan asked.

Reardon shook his head. "Buckler's a crook, but not out of a dime novel," he said. "Thanks, Danny. And I'll keep you posted."

"A good way to arrange that," said Coyle, "would be to take Harvard with you."

INSPECTOR MORAN was a quiet gray man; gray hair, gray eyes, gray suit. His lack of color was, however, deceptive. He was salty and hard-hitting when he moved into action.

He was tilted back in a swivel chair when Donovan and Reardon were ushered in by a uniformed officer. Donovan performed the introductions.

"Where is she, inspector?" Reardon asked.

"Just light for a minute, Mr. Reardon," Moran said. "I want you to have the facts before you talk to her." He waved at chairs and his visitors took them. "Here it is, strictly without embroidery. The dead man's name was John Quigley. He had lived in a two-room suite at the Donnelly for eight months. Nobody seems to know what his business was. He had a private telephone, he never got any mail, and he almost never had any callers. That's just the outline of a personality. You can't help us there, can you, congressman?"

"No," said Reardon. "I never heard of him till an hour ago."

"Too bad. Well, at eight thirty last night a woman in the room next to Quigley's heard shots. She telephoned the desk. About five minutes later the house detective and the bell captain arrived at Quigley's suite. The door was open. They saw Miss Lewis bending over Quigley's dead body. He'd been shot twice through the heart." Moran's quiet voice hesitated as if he expected a question. When he didn't get it, he went on:

"Miss Lewis promptly denied having anything to do with the killing. She said Quigley was an old friend and that she had just dropped in to say hello and found him dead. That's a rough quote. Gleason, the house detective, insisted on the usual search for the weapon. Miss Lewis made no objection. Gleason found a small .32-caliber revolver in her handbag. She wasn't, he says, a bit flustered by the discovery. He took a whiff of the barrel and realized it had been fired very recently.

"Gleason says Miss Lewis still was quite calm. She said"—and Moran glanced at a stack of notes on his desk—"'I have never fired that or any other gun in my life.' He asked her why she carried it. He says for the first time she acted a little confused. She said, 'I always carry it, just in case.' Can you verify that, congressman?"

Reardon shook his head.

"It was routine from there on," Moran said. "Gleason called us, and we held Miss Lewis as a material witness and turned the gun over to ballistics."

Reardon looked up with a quick flash of hope which died instantly as he saw the inspector's grim face.

"Miss Lewis' gun is the gun that killed Quigley. There was nothing we could do then but change the charge to suspicion of first-degree murder."

"And she still denies it?" It was a feeble straw to which Reardon was clinging.

"She won't talk at all," said Moran. He rocked back and forth in his chair. It needed oiling. "I'm not unaware, congressman, of the implications in this business. I know that having your fiancée charged with murder isn't going to be a help in your fight against Buckler."

"I wish all of you would stop worrying about me and my career!" Reardon said sharply. "I don't give a damn about anything but clearing Mona."

"Well, then, congressman, I can tell you it isn't going to be enough to get her off on grounds of self-defense or insanity. She went there of her own free will, armed. But—"

"What?" Reardon asked eagerly.

"Well, the first question I'd ask, if I were the defense counsel, is why, if she shot Quigley, did she wait there a good five or six minutes to be caught? She had time to get away. Her statement is that she had just got there when Gleason found her. If that's true, then you've got a real tough job, congressman. Unless you can put that gun into some one's else hands, Miss Lewis is behind the eight ball for keeps."

Reardon stood up. "Let me talk to her, inspector."

WHEN Reardon had been taken to a reception room to see Mona, Moran got up from his chair and began to pace the office floor.

"Do you know this girl, Harvard?" Moran asked.

"Sure. She's been around Danny's a good deal."

"What do you think of her?"

"Mona? Why—she's a good enough kid. Ten or twelve years younger than Reardon, but it looks like a first-rate match to me." He realized he had never given Mona very much thought. She was good to look at. Dark, with a creamy skin and a top-drawer figure. Just a trifle too lacquered, too turned out, for his taste. "Her father's George Harmon Lewis. Got his own firm on Wall Street. He's lousy with dough."

"He picked a fine time to be A. W. O. L.," Moran growled. "What about Reardon?"

"He's aces. Why?"

"Well," Moran said, "naturally, one of the first things that occur to you is that the girl is protecting *him.*"

"Nuts! Protecting him from what?"

"There's a large section of this community would like to see Congressman Reardon on ice," Moran said. "Buckler's section. Danny's got quite a pile bet on this investigation, hasn't he?"

"Too much if Reardon keeps hollering 'To hell with my career' enough times, because that's just where it'll go."

"It's tough all around," Moran said.

The office door opened. A uniformed policeman stood there and looked doubtfully at Donovan.

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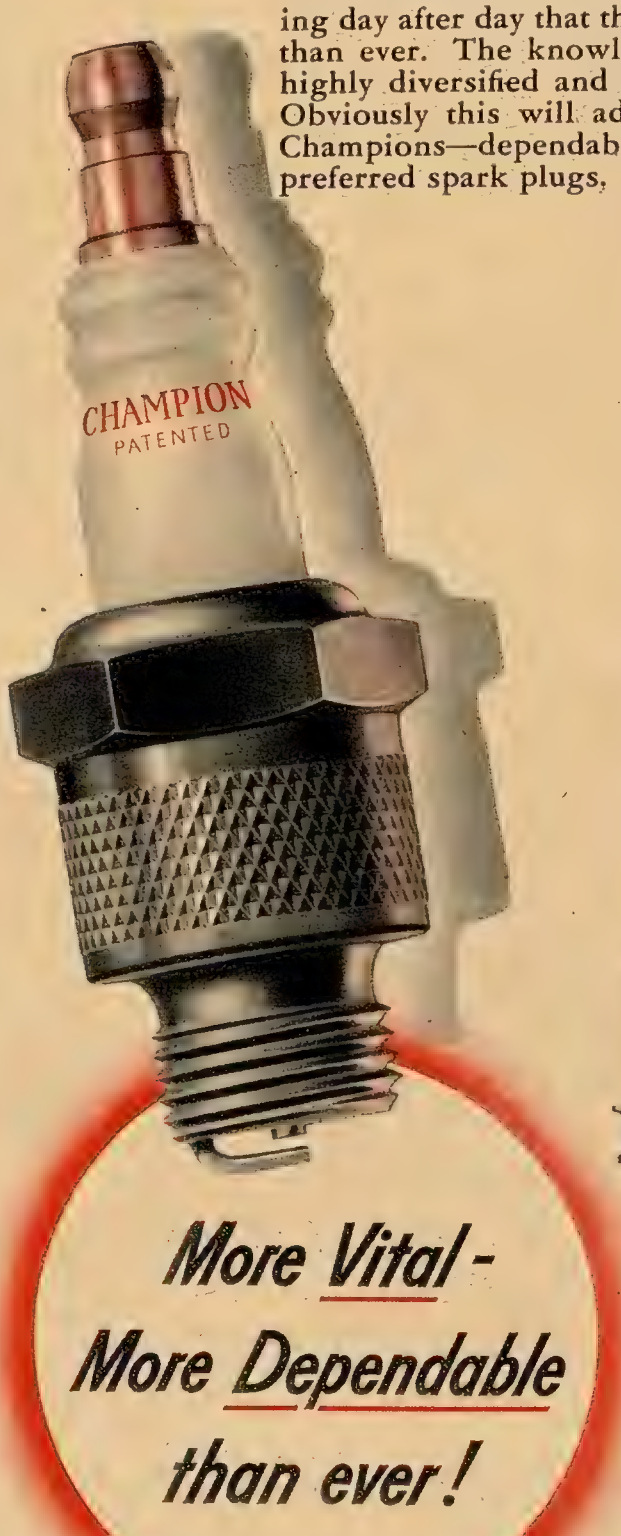

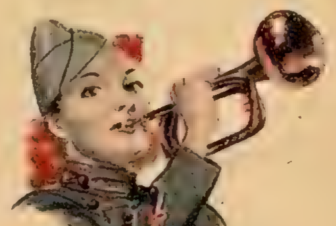

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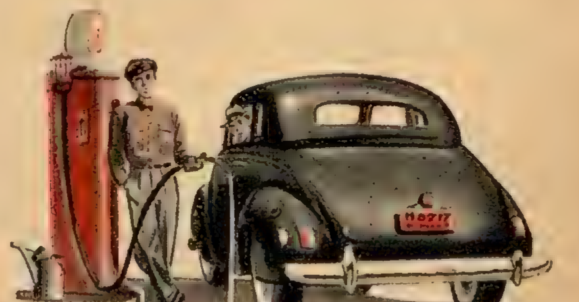

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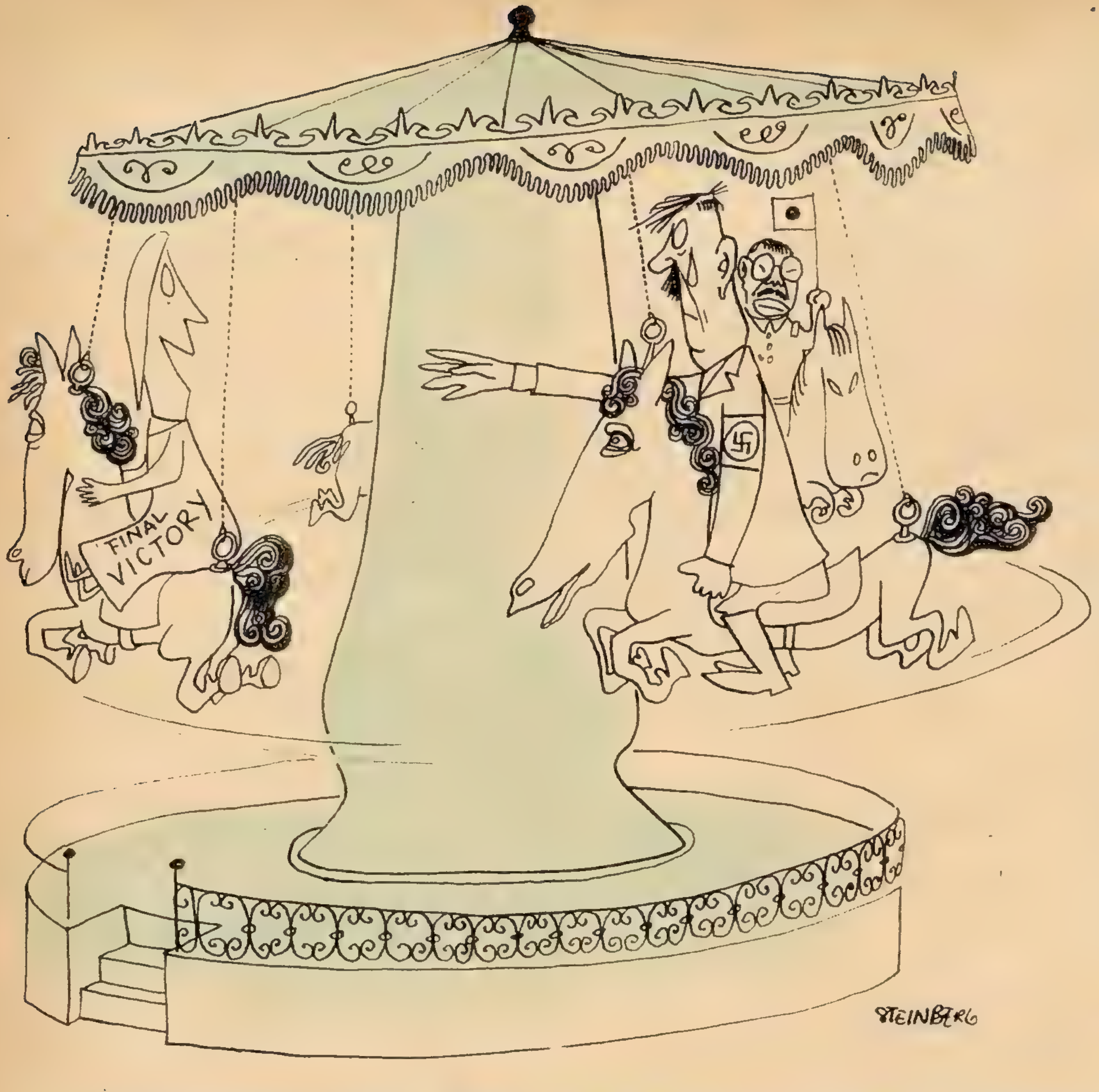

"Go ahead, Hamlin, spill it," Moran said.

"She won't tell him nothing," said Hamlin. "Just like with us. She says she didn't do it and that's all. She won't explain nothing. He's pulling a lot of mush stuff on her, but it don't do no good."

"Damn!" said Moran. "O. K."

"You mean to say you've got somebody listening in on those two?" Donovan asked, when Hamlin had gone.

"Why not?"

"A nice clean-cut business you're in, chum."

Moran kicked at the leg of his desk. "I've been chasing murderers for twenty years, Harvard," he said, "and I never found one yet who operated under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Why should I?"

TWENTY minutes later a beaten-looking Terry Reardon was brought back to Moran's office.

"No dice, inspector," he said. "I don't know what to do! She ought to have a lawyer. I swear I—" He looked at Donovan. "Harvard, would you talk to her?"

"Why would she give for me if she won't for you?" Donovan asked.

"She might. She's all mixed up about something, Harvard."

"O. K., if you say so. Look, Terry, aren't you due back at your hearings?"

"The hell with them," Reardon said.

"Listen, chum," Donovan said. "A lot of people are counting on you. And has it occurred to you that Mona may be clamming on your account? Keep pitching, Terry, till there's something you can really do here."

A NIGHT in jail didn't seem to have rubbed any of the gloss from Mona's finish. There were dark shadows under her eyes, but if anything they made her more appealing.

The reception room was bare of furnishings except for two straight chairs, a deal-topped table, and a large brass spittoon in one corner. The bars over the windows didn't add to its hominess. Mona was standing looking out through those bars when Hamlin let Donovan in.

"Hello, Mona," Donovan said.

"Hello, Harvard." She walked listlessly across to one of the chairs and sat down.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

He held a match for her, watching her as he did.

"It isn't going to do any good for me to ask you things, is it?"

"No," she said. "They've been at me all night and all day. And now poor Terry—" Her voice trembled. "I suppose you think I'm being a fool?"

"How can I tell if I don't know why you're doing it?"

She squinted at him through her cigarette smoke. "If I ask you something, will you tell me the truth, Harvard?"

"If I know it."

"They—they don't ever electrocute innocent people, do they?"

Donovan's eyes met hers steadily. "It's not customary, but it happens." He could see fear rise up behind her eyes.

"Harvard, I didn't kill him," Mona said. "You must believe me."

"O. K.," he said.

"I swear I didn't, Harvard. You'd believe Jane if she said that to you, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"But you don't believe me?"

"I'd believe Jane because she'd give me the lowdown."

Mona twisted from side to side in her chair. "I can't, Harvard. I really can't!"

"O. K." He could see it was tearing her to pieces to keep still.

"There's no reason you should do me a favor, is there, Harvard?"

"I don't have to have reasons for doing favors, Mona."

"If I were to ask you to do something and you were to say no, would you promise me on your word of honor not to tell any one I'd asked you?"

"No," said Donovan. She covered her face with her hands. He went on: "I have no secrets from Jane, and none from Coyle if he's interested. Has this jam you're in got something to do with Terry or his job?"

She hesitated a moment. She evidently wanted to ask the favor badly. "No," she said. "It has nothing to do with Terry or his job. That's the truth, Harvard."

Donovan stood up and wandered over to the window.

"It wouldn't be a secret anyway," he said. "There's a dictograph hidden in this room."

"Harvard!"

Donovan stopped by the spittoon, poked at it with his foot. He smiled; he had found Moran's ears. He bent down, took hold of the dictograph receiver, and gave it a yank.

"Now ask me—quick," he said.

She ran to him. "Harvard—Harvard, I could get out of this if you'd help me. But you've got to promise. Promise not to tell any one."

"I'll have to use my own judgment," he said.

DESPERATION seemed to drive her to a decision. "Harvard, I could get out of this if you'd—if you'd lend me four thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifty cents."

He stared at her, dumfounded.

"Terry hasn't got it. He couldn't get it without—without— But if you'd lend it to me, Harvard, I'd work for you—I'd do anything you asked. I'd even—"

The door burst open, and Moran was there with Hamlin at his heels. "What the hell's going on here?" Moran bellowed. "Hamlin! Take her back to her cell."

Hamlin took Mona away. She didn't even glance back at Donovan.

"What was it she wanted?" Moran was apoplectic. "I give you a break and you pull a thing like this on me! What was such a big secret?"

Donovan drew a deep breath.

"She just wanted to make a touch," he said. "That's all."

"Don't give me that! Why should she make a secret of a thing like that? What did she want?"

"That's my story," said Donovan, grinning, "and I stick to it."

A FINE Sir Galahad you are," Jane said. "A girl asks you to keep a secret, and right away you tell it to the police almost before she's out of sight."

"It seemed like a good way to keep it a secret. Moran's positive I was lying, so he'll pay no attention."

"Are you going to lend her the money?"

Donovan shrugged and nodded toward Coyle, who was sitting behind his desk, hands folded on his stomach, his eyes half closed. After a long time he opened his eyes to look directly at Donovan.

"You haven't told Reardon about this yet?" he asked.

"No."

"Then get the money from the safe, Harvard."

"What's the angle, Danny?"

Coyle looked glum. "It's a very small outlay toward protecting what we've already got invested in Reardon," he said. He shifted his position in the custom-built chair. "Besides, it may get us somewhere. That money is for a pay-off of some kind."

"How do we keep tabs on it?" Donovan asked.

"She can't walk out to a corner post-box and mail it while she's in jail," Coyle said. "You're already a party to the secret. I expect you'll be the messenger boy."

"You don't have the slightest notion that Moran will let me within ten miles of Mona now?"

"Leave Moran to me," Coyle said.

When Donovan got to Moran's office the inspector was still simmering, but apparently Coyle had made the fix.

"Do I get to see Mona?" Donovan asked.

"Why should you?" Moran's temperature was going up again.

"Search me," said Donovan. "It's Danny's party."

That went home. "All right, see her!" said Moran. "Danny's never double-crossed me yet."

"No Gestapo agents hidden in the closet?"

"Go ahead. I'll play it Danny's way—this once!"

HAMLIN brought Mona into the little reception room and left her alone with Donovan.

"I've got the money here," he said, tapping his breast pocket. He thought she was going to crack up from sheer relief. "Take it easy," he said.

"Oh, Harvard, I don't know how to thank you! I'll—I'll—"

"Skip it. What's the next move?"

"Would you—would you do one more thing?"

"If you mean deliver the money—yes."

"Listen, Harvard. There's a place on Forty-sixth Street just west of Broadway called the Times Square Club. Go there and ask for Mr. Lowery Kent. He's the proprietor."

"What is it, Mona, a night spot?"

"No, a bridge club."

"A *bridge* club?"

"Yes. See Mr. Kent, Harvard. In return for the money you're to get an I O U of mine."

"One I O U for four thousand-odd dollars?"

"Yes. Be sure it's signed by me. If you have any doubt, make Mr. Kent give you a written statement that I don't owe him anything as of today."

MONA, are you trying to tell me that you lost four thousand bucks at bridge in one sitting?"

"Please, Harvard! Please don't ask questions. Just get the I O U."

"Did Quigley have something to do with this Times Square Club?"

"You promised, Harvard. I told you I couldn't answer questions."

"All right," said Donovan. *"All right!* But you're being a sucker, Mona. It's ten to one you didn't lose your dough on the level."

"Will you come back here after you've seen Mr. Kent?"

"I'll come back," Donovan said. "But, before you settle with this Times Square outfit, don't you think you ought to talk to Danny?"

"I can't, Harvard."

"It's your funeral," said Donovan.

What is Mona hiding? Is she protecting some one? And what has her gambling debt to do with the murder? The mystery deepens in next week's chapter.

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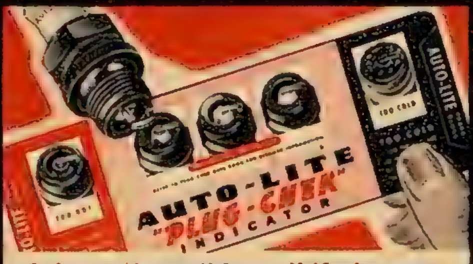

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ENEMY OUTPOST

BY
JAMES SAXON
CHILDERS

Two eavesdroppers make a terrifying discovery. Can they give warning in time?

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MIKE KILPATRICK, a newspaperman, poses as a geologist and goes to the Moose Club in the Canadian woods to track down some Nazi agents. There have been explosions at various factories in the United States, and Mike is sure that the explosives are either being made secretly in Canada or are flown there from Germany. At the club he meets Sally McDonald, Judge and Mrs. Puckett, Ed Carroll, Christopher Beck and his father, and Dorothy Tyler, the elder Mr. Beck's sister-in-law. Mr. McDonald, Sally's father who, with Puckett and Carroll, founded the club, is away on a trail trip.

Certain suspicious things happen. Dorothy Tyler tries to kill Mike by setting him adrift in a canoe during a storm. He is saved and she passes it off as an accident. Later she remarks to him, "You Americans are too soft," revealing the fact that she is not an American. He pretends not to notice her slip of the tongue. He suspects her and the Becks of being leaders of the Nazi group he wants to trap, but he has no real proof. He does not know that Mr. Beck and Christopher have murdered Moses Bigfoot, a guide who knew too much about their visits to Spruce Lake, the landing place for German planes; or that Christopher has killed Jock, another guide, because the guide had found Mr. McDonald's body, riddled with machine-gun bullets, on Loon Lake. He does not know, either, how much Christopher wants to kill him, Mike, for fear he will discover something and interfere with the Nazis' colossal plan to take over the North American continent on Sunday, July 12—now only a few days away.

Mike and Sally go fishing and meet Fred Chausse, Mr. McDonald's guide, who tells them that McDonald has disappeared. He also tells of having heard several rifle shots in swift succession. Immediately Mike thinks of a machine gun on a plane. He decides to go at once to Spruce Lake to investigate. Sally insists on going with him and Fred. At the portage at Spruce Lake Fred slips and breaks a leg.

PART FIVE—THE SECRET OF SPRUCE LAKE

FRED'S leg was wedged in the crack of the rock. His face was greenish gray.

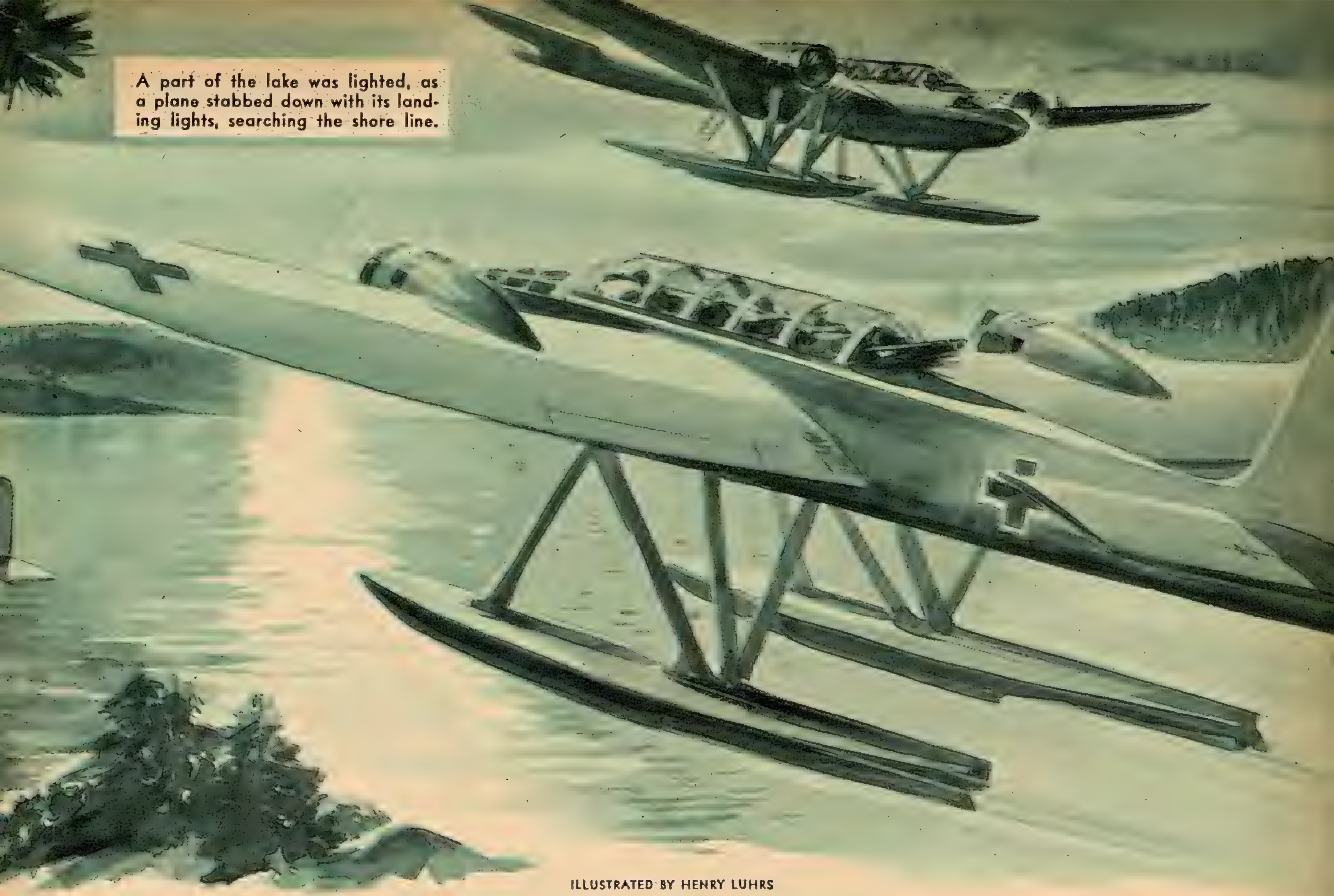
"Is it broken?" Sally asked, as she put her arm around him to help lift him up.

"By gee, this is bad." Fred spoke between his clenched teeth. "How you get back to the big camp? Who carry the canoe?"

"Never mind that," Sally said.

Mike worked until he freed the leg from the fissure. They could all see that it was broken.

"I'll fix things," Sally said. "Jock showed me how." She made a pillow out of pine brush wrapped in her jacket and placed it under Fred's head. She ran down the cliff, made a fire,



A part of the lake was lighted, as a plane stabbed down with its landing lights, searching the shore line.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

and boiled cedar twigs until they were soft. She made splints from a cedar limb. Carrying a blanket and her father's whisky flask, she went back up the cliff. She gave Fred a drink and then helped Mike get the guide's boot off. Between them they pulled the leg straight. Then Sally made a poultice of the warm cedar twigs and strips of the woolen blanket. She and Mike put the splints on each side of the break and tied them.

Somehow they got Fred down the cliff and back to where their packs and canoe were.

"How're you feeling?" Sally asked, as they all sat resting.

"Oh, not too bad."

"Fred"—Mike began testing the weight of the different packs—"suppose I take down the canoe and Sally takes one of the packs. Then we'll come back for the other two packs. Afterward, we'll make a litter and carry you down."

Fred held up his finger. "You listen, mister. I been thinking. You got next lake, Serpent Lake. You got next lake, Loon Lake. You got next lake, Old Woman's Lake. Too many portages. Maybe you can carry canoe, but you no can carry Fred, for sure."

"We've got to carry you. We—"

"Mister, you no talk. You listen. Serpent Lake, she is long, lean lake what twist like this." With his hand Fred showed them. "At west end of Serpent Lake is maybe portage. Sometime long ago was portage to fire lookout tower. If you can carry canoe to Serpent Lake, you paddle to west end. Maybe you see portage. Maybe you can walk to fire tower. By gee, then you all fine. Fire watchman he take care of you."

"There's a telephone in the tower, Mike," Sally said. "We could telephone Kakiwani."

Mike dropped his cigarette and stepped on it. "All right, Fred. We'll go to the fire tower."

"Mister, I no can say for sure portage is still there. But more better you go look for see."

"Sally, should you stay with Fred?"

"I'll have to come with you. You can't handle a canoe. It would take you a week to get to the end of the lake."

"I thought of that." Mike went to the edge of the bush and peered in. "We'll take Fred in here. We can't leave him lying in the portage."

They carried the packs into the bush and made a bed of them. They laid Fred down and made a pillow for him. Mike put some food and a kettle of water within reach. Sally made a small pack of food for Mike and herself and fastened it in the bow of the canoe. She laid out blankets for Fred.

Finally, with the canoe on Mike's shoulders, they went down the trail.

From Spruce Lake to Serpent Lake the portage was not long, but it was steep downhill. Twice Mike had to stop and rest. "Maybe we should have left Fred one of the rifles," he said.

"Maybe. But he doesn't really need it. There's nothing in the bush will attack a man. Besides, he has his hand ax. At close range a hand ax is all the weapon any guide needs."

As they paddled on to the west, Sally knew that she was afraid. Mike was with her; but instead of depending on him, she felt responsible for him—he had no idea of the innumerable secrets lurking in the green thicket that walled them in. She thought of camp. She thought of her father, and Jock—if the old white-haired Indian would only step out on the shore, smiling at her, then everything would be all right.

It was late afternoon when they came to the end of Serpent Lake and paddled slowly along the edge, looking for the opening in the bush that would mark the beginning of the portage leading to the fire tower. But there was no opening.

"The portage has closed up," Sally said. "The bush has grown back."

At one place the rocks were broken by a stretch of sand beach. There they got out and examined it carefully. There was nothing to tell of a portage.

"This is bad luck," Sally said, and now she was truly afraid. There was no sound, nothing unusual, not anything she could have named, but suddenly she began to run over the beach toward the canoe.

"Hurry," she said. She dragged the canoe from the shore, wading out almost to her boot tops. "We must get back. We can't get to the tower. There's no portage here."

Mike went out into the water to her. "But there's certainly nothing to be afraid of." He caught her wrist. "What were you running from?"

"I don't know. And you're hurting me."

"To bring you back to your senses."

He turned her loose. "We're stuck up here with a man with a broken leg, and we've got to get him out. Furthermore, we've got information that may save thousands of lives, and we've got to get it out. Yet you pick this time to act like a child in the dark."

"I'm sorry," she said. She sloshed through the water to him. "Kiss me and say it's all right—please, Mike. I won't do it again."

"It's all right," he said, after he had kissed her. "Now get in and we'll paddle back."

They followed the twisting of the lake, staying close to the shore; but when it became fully night and was dark, they steered to the middle of the lake where even in the black they could see the dull gleam of the water. Until the moon rose, they could never find the entrance of the portage that would lead them back to Spruce Lake.

They paddled slowly until the moon came up. Then they went fast until at last they came to the trail they were searching for. There they pulled the canoe well onto the beach and turned to face the portage, a black opening under the laced branches of the trees.

They stood looking in. Then Sally took Mike's hand and together they entered the blackness. They walked close together. In the darkness and the silence, the hobnails of their boots rasped over the stones. And when at last they climbed beyond the stones and came to the clinging mud, they felt the weight of their boots, heard the tugging suction as they pulled them free. They heard, too, the sound of their own heavy breathing.

"It was here," he said, taking her hand and turning off into the bush where they had left Fred. But when they came to the place, the packs were gone. And Fred was gone.

At the same time that they were paddling west on Serpent Lake, Mr. Higginbotham was driving along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. With him was a small man with bad skin and gold-rimmed spectacles.

"It is a very satisfactory report," Mr. Higginbotham said. "I do not believe you have omitted anything."

Reaching the Capitol, they drove around it slowly until they came to the front.

"Our plans are perfectly made," Mr. Higginbotham said, peering up at the Capitol. "We cannot fail."

"Do you think any one is suspicious?" the older man asked.

"No," said Mr. Higginbotham. "They are all stupid. The Americans trust every one."

"Yes. And it will be pleasant to laugh at them. To show them what blind fools they have been."

"I shall not laugh at them. I do not laugh when I remember that they are our enemies, and that we have sworn to crush them as a nation. I do not laugh when I remember what they have said about our Leader, and how they have dared interfere with his plans. The time shall come when I shall remind them of how they have opposed our Leader. I shall be pleased as I see them writhe under the lash; I shall enjoy it, but I shall not laugh."

"You have not yet received your final orders?" the other man asked.

"No. The lesser explosions will be carried out according to instructions already received and rehearsed. But orders for the great destruction will be flown from Berlin tomorrow. I shall receive them in Canada tomorrow night. I am leaving for Canada in an hour. I shall go to our air base there and personally receive the orders that Berlin will fly to us."

"You do not yet know how the plans will be executed?"

"I know only that the great explosion will come at the moment the whole country will be listening on Sunday evening, at the moment the Fireside Chat actually begins. This first explosion will be our signal. In the national chaos that follows, we shall strike as planned, setting off lesser explosions in all parts of the United States. Then during the night our bombers will attack from east and west. Our submarines will be the beginning of our victory and our glory."

And while this conversation was taking place Uncle Ed Carroll was pacing up and down the big dining room at the Moose Club, talking to Christopher and Mr. Beck.

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"When her daddy's not here, I'm her daddy," declared Uncle Ed; "and I don't care what the rest of you say, I'm going to have search parties out. All we know is that when Solomon and Rose got back to Round Lake yesterday afternoon, Sally was gone. And she stayed gone all night."

"Have you talked to Mrs. Puckett and the judge about it?" Christopher asked.

"Just did. They'll be here in a minute." He glared. "Why don't you want to send out search parties?"

"But we did send out a searcher," Christopher said. "We sent out Johnny Buckshot early this morning. He hasn't come back yet."

"Fat lot of good that would do. Johnny's still bleary-eyed from his drunk of night before last."

"What would you suggest?" Mr. Beck asked.

"Suggest! Hell! I'd suggest taking every guide we've got and going down to Round Lake. Let them circle the lake. See if they can pick up any tracks. Then somebody go to Kakiwani and get some planes up here. We'll scour the bush. If I have to go to Kakiwani myself, I mean to get action."

"That won't be necessary," Christopher said. "Johnny should be back shortly now. If he brings no word of them, I myself shall go to Kakiwani." He looked at Dorothy and their eyes met in full understanding. "I'll see what I can do about getting some planes into the bush."

PRESENTLY they heard a motor rounding Goat Island and heading for the camp dock. Instantly they all left the table and hurried to the porch. It was Johnny Buckshot, and all he could tell them was, "No see."

Christopher and Mr. Beck waited until the others had returned to the main lodge. Then Christopher said to Johnny: "Well?"

"Some man come out of bush. They all three talk. Then they go up portage toward Old Woman's Lake."

"Who could the man have been, Johnny?" Mr. Beck asked.

"Maybe Jock," Johnny said.

"No, it couldn't—" Mr. Beck stopped.

"All right, Johnny," Christopher said. "If it wasn't Jock, who else might it have been?"

"I don't know, me."

"Did you wipe out their tracks completely, so that not even the guides can find them?"

"For sure. And I wipe out tracks on portage to Old Woman's Lake."

"All right. Go get your lunch. We're going out again soon. Take a pack and enough food for three days."

"Who could it have been?" Mr. Beck asked, when Johnny was out of hearing.

"It was somebody Sally trusts. And there were only three men in the bush she did trust. Her father and Jock are dead. That leaves only Fred Chausse."

"Fred! That's who it was."

"Maybe. But we can't be sure. Kilpatrick may have had somebody meet them."

"You said you'd get a full report on him tonight."

"Yes. It'll be waiting for me in Kakiwani." Christopher beat his fist in the palm of his hand. "Why did they have to go toward Old Woman's Lake?"

"Careful, Chris," Mr. Beck warned. "Your nerves are beginning to show. Everything depends on these next two days. Go back to the lodge and promise Mr. Carroll his planes; make it sound convincing."

They walked into the main lodge and Christopher announced that he was setting out for Kakiwani.

"I might not be able to get those planes here tomorrow," he told Uncle Ed. "But I'll have them by Sunday without fail. On Sunday everything will be settled, I promise."

Late that afternoon, after he had made the trip from camp, Christopher strolled along the street in Kakiwani. He made some purchases in several stores, always chatting and joking with the clerks, letting himself appear as just another good-natured fisherman stocking up for a trip into the bush. After he had finished his buying in each shop, he would go out and wander along the street again, apparently looking for no one, yet watching constantly.

At a small garage, he turned in. Inside, a mechanic came forward quickly. He went into the small office and came out with a folded paper.

"He's a newspaperman from New York," the mechanic said. "Here's the full report. It came in this afternoon."

Christopher put the paper in his pocket and went out of the garage.

When it was dark, he went over to the hotel and had his supper, sitting so that he could look out and see the people passing along the street. Afterward he was standing in the lobby, near the door, when a man came in and walked back to the washroom in the rear. Christopher lighted his cigarette and moved about. Presently he went into the washroom. He looked carefully to make sure only one other man was in the room. Then he said, "Go out of the hotel. Turn to your left—your left. Walk three blocks—three blocks. I shall be waiting for you on the corner."

"Very good," said Kurt Schneider of Stuttgart, Germany, who for six years had been known as George R. Higginbotham.

•

THAT same night Mike and Sally, standing speechless at their discovery that Fred was gone, heard from the end of the lake the crash of an ax. They tiptoed back to the edge of the bush and peered out. Suddenly at the far end of the lake a great fire flared up. Across the lake another blaze, and then a third were lighted.

The chopping in the bush near them stopped as a man called out something in German, which Mike understood. "We are late. We must hurry."

The chopping began again, faster than before.

Mike put his lips close to Sally's ear. "Whatever happens, don't be frightened," he whispered.

She pulled him down, brushed a kiss across his cheek. He straightened up and looked again. The men who had been chopping in the bush were coming from the shadows, dragging limbs of trees with them. Quickly they built a fourth fire and lighted it.

"What does it mean, Mike?"

"Landing flares for the planes. Don't talk." Again he looked out. The men had moved back from the fires. They stood on the beach looking up.

AT last from high above them came a faint shrill singing sound. It went away, it came back, louder, more shrill; and now they could hear the rush of the wings. With a hand torch one of the men on the beach began to signal, spelling out that all was clear and that the planes could land. Suddenly a part of the lake was lighted as a plane stabbed down with its landing lights, searching the water and the shore line. Then a second plane landed. And a third.

The man on the shore continued signaling with his hand torch. The pilots raked the shore with their spotlights. When they were satisfied, they moved on and, after cutting their motors, steered the bows of their ships gently onto the beach. The doors of the cabins opened and officers stepped out and sprang onto the shore.

The men on the beach saluted, then began to talk. But what they said, Mike and Sally could not hear.

Other men were now climbing out of the planes and forming themselves into three lines, one from the door of each fuselage. They unloaded boxes and cases and stacked them on the beach. When the planes were emptied, the flying men immediately entered them again. The men on the shore pushed against the wings and freed the planes from the beach and they rode fully on the water once more. Huge and black, they turned slowly and moved over the water until they came to the end of the lake. There they swung into position.

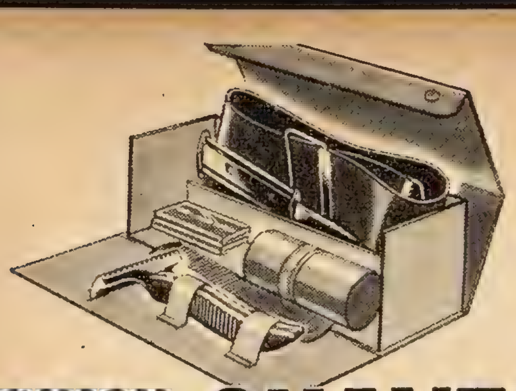
Suddenly their motors sounded full. With lights blazing, they swept down the lake, rose above the trees and soared into the sky. Then their lights went out and the sound of the motors dimmed into the distance.

"That's Rose's ball of fire," Mike whispered.

The men on the shore now began carrying to the canoes that they had brought out of the bush the explosives that had been brought from Germany. Then the men themselves got into the canoes and began paddling across the lake toward the portage.

The four fires had now been put out, but the men could be plainly seen as they crossed the water. They could be heard as they laughed and joked, coming near to where Mike and Sally were hiding in the bush.

One of the men out on the lake said, "You know, I'm enjoying my vacation up here. I think I shall build me a permanent summer home."



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The others laughed, and one of them said, "Canada is always courteous to its tourists."

On the beach they swung their packs to their shoulders. They lifted their canoes and started down the portage toward Serpent Lake.

It was at that moment that Mike caught Sally and gripped her until his fingers sank into her flesh.

"Our canoe," he whispered.

Sally went cold as she thought of it, plainly in view, pulled up at the bottom of the portage.

"We've got a quarter of an hour before they find it and get back up here," Mike said, once the men were out of hearing. "Let's go."

They hurried into the bush. When underbrush snared them and tangled in their legs, they took out their hunting knives and cut themselves free. They traveled until the night was almost gone, and they believed they were safe from the men behind. Then they stopped to get some rest. Soft mold dug out of a dead tree made beds for them, with balsam branches for blankets.

In spite of her fears, Sally went to sleep soon after Mike had kissed her good night.

THE sun was fully up and lighting even the deep thicket when they woke.

There was no water for them to wash in, so they rubbed their eyes and stretched and called it their toilet. They started off at once, turning south toward Serpent Lake.

"What's the chance of meeting somebody and getting help?" Mike asked.

Sally was laughing as she shook her head. "You simply can't realize that you're so far from civilization that you might travel for weeks, even months, and use the portages, the highways of travel, and never meet any one."

"Well," he said, "since it's just us—how long will it take us to get down to Kakiwani? We dare not go back to camp."

She counted up on her fingers. "A week at least."

He stopped and stared. "A week! We can't go for a week without food."

"Men have lived in the bush without regular food for much longer than a week. They live on roots and berries and they catch frogs. Porcupines, too, are good to eat. They taste a little like roast duck." She was laughing as Mike shut his eyes and shuddered.

He said, suddenly serious, "I think you're grand not to mope and be solemn. We're in a tough spot."

"Mike, being grim never helped anybody."

"Yes, but not enough people know it. And because you do, is another reason I like you. Come to think of it," he said, still serious, "there're a good many reasons why I like you. But, Sally, we've got one frightful responsibility. Do you realize we're the only Americans who know about this place? Just us, Sally—you and me."

"I know. I fully understand." She nodded. "We've got to get out of here—we just don't dare fail."

It was nine o'clock when finally they came down to Serpent Lake. Staying well back from the shore so they would not be seen, they went along until they could see the portage. Their canoe was gone.

"If they'd been smart," Mike said, "they might have left it there, hoping we'd walk into a trap."

All morning they followed the shore line of Serpent Lake until at last they came to Three Pine Point, where they had camped two nights before. Sally hurried forward to the fire pit.

"Oh, thank goodness," she said. "He's been here. He's got my note. It's gone."

The food was still cached.

"He was probably on his way back to the main camp," Sally said, "and had enough food to last him. That's why he didn't take this."

They ate lunch by the edge of the water. Then they followed the shore line until they came to the portage to Loon Lake. They turned into the trail and started down.

"Loon Lake is next," she said. She was walking ahead.

Mike started to answer, but suddenly he heard a slight sound behind him.

He tried to turn; but before he could, something crashed down upon his head and the sun exploded before his eyes and he knew nothing more.

Have the Nazi agents beaten Mike and Sally? Can they escape now in time to give warning of the terrible plot? Where is Fred? Read the sixth dramatic chapter next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Brigadier General James Doolittle, commander of the air raid against Tokyo.

2—The Black Sea and the Sea of Azov.

3—The Dionne quintuplets had their hair bobbed for their eighth birthday.

4—Salt, in modern sailor slang.

5—Babies less than one year old, under California law.

6—"Put it out"; used in connection with coastal dim-out regulations.

7—The swinging bar on a vehicle to which the traces of the harness are fastened.

8—Office of Defense Transportation.

9—Isaac (Genesis 27:22).

10—Ancient demons supposed to symbolize the nations sent by Satan to destroy Jerusalem and who themselves were destroyed.

11—Irish Premier Eamon De Valera.

12—The name is applied to the preseason games played by teams in training camps, usually in the South, where grapefruits are plentiful.

13—The Constitution ("Old Ironsides").

14—Over an armament factory. The flag is awarded by the army and navy jointly to firms doing exceptionally well in producing materials needed by the two services.

15—John D. M. Hamilton, former chairman of the Republican National Committee.

16—Since 2000 B. C. in China, and probably earlier.

17—The motto of Virginia. It means "Thus always to tyrants."

18—A white star in a blue circle.

19—Sir Walter Raleigh, who spread out his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on.

20—Queen Mary, Queen Mother of England.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OUR flags never waved more proudly than they do this Fourth of July, and never before have there been so many of them waving. Since last winter, when we entered the war, the flag business has broken all previous production records. Everybody wants a flag these days. Looked at merely as a seamstress job—cutting out the stars and stripes and sewing them together—the work of meeting our flag demand is a huge industrial task carried on principally by women. From C. R. Beard, who manages Annin & Co., largest and oldest American firm of flag manufacturers (established in 1847), I heard some facts you may like to know about flags. . . . Most popular outdoor display flag is five feet by three, of wool and cotton; costs from $2 to $5. The army buys four flags per pole per year, allowing each flag a life of three months. As a rule, private owners get six or eight months' use out of a flag flown every day. Soon there may be a scarcity of flagpoles. . . . For indoor display the most popular flag is of silk, twelve inches by eight, with gold fringe, cord, and tassel, mounted on a brass rod topped by a small eagle. Costs $5.60. . . . Our blue dye for the star field used to come from Germany. We've just perfected a new American blue that is as good or better. . . . Largest flag ever made belongs to the J. L. Hudson department store, in Detroit. Size 270 feet by 90. It cost $4,500.

SAW a girl crying alone at a railroad station where soldiers and sailors and their relatives and friends were saying good-by. Asked the girl if there was anything I could do. She was so upset it wasn't easy for her to talk, but here's what she finally told me: "I'm not his serious girl. His real girl—the one he's going to marry—is there with his family and friends. I'm only his *other* girl; but I love him, too." . . . Not very important, perhaps, but human and tragic; and it's happening every day.

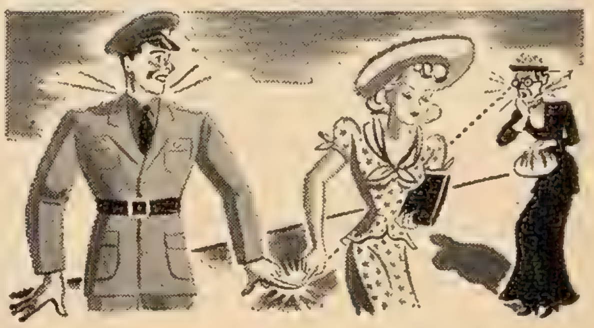
I'VE learned that in different parts of the U. S. A. two traditional Fourth-of-July desserts are watermelon, and peach ice cream. Last July at a New Jersey country club I tasted both combined in this delightful *Peach and Watermelon Surprise:* With circular scoop take balls of ripest flesh from melon. Remove all seeds. Fill melon with fresh peach ice cream. Cover top with watermelon balls and sprinkle with chopped mint.

THEATER people are glad the Office of Emergency Management doesn't need to clamp down on historical costumes just yet. There have been emergencies in the past when war shortages left actresses nothing to wear except their stage clothes. Helen Hayes has been telling me which of her costumes she would value most in such an event. "My favorite," she says, "is my Mary of Scotland riding habit with the leather jacket and the Stuart plaid across one shoulder. But for duration I'd choose my brown serge from the first act of What Every Woman Knows, with its comfortable ankle-laced boots." . . . A tip, maybe, for designers.

GIFT *suggestions for summer guests:* House of Herbs, Inc., has launched an attractively neat kitchen rack of white enameled wire, holding eight small jars of fine flavoring herbs—basil, marjoram, rosemary, tarragon, savory, and three mixtures, one for meat sauces and stews, one for poultry and stuffings and vegetables, one for salads and eggs and cheese dishes. The set costs $1.50. . . . We don't need to go to museums for all our art appreciation. Some of our merchants merit more praise than they get. Store displays and packaging used by Shulton, Inc., for their Early American Old Spice and Friendship's Garden lines of cosmetics, are a pleasure to the eye. Their new summer toilet water, Friendship's Garden, in a pretty hobnailed bottle, is exactly right. $1. . . . A timesaver for service men is the new outfit of postal-card messages for home folks, humorous pictures on each card, with printed questions about health and happiness, the answers requiring only to be filled in. The Stationers' Specialty Corporation distributes this handy novelty through department stores, stationery stores, gift shops. Trade name is Kamp Kards—32 Visits by Mail. Costs 50 cents.

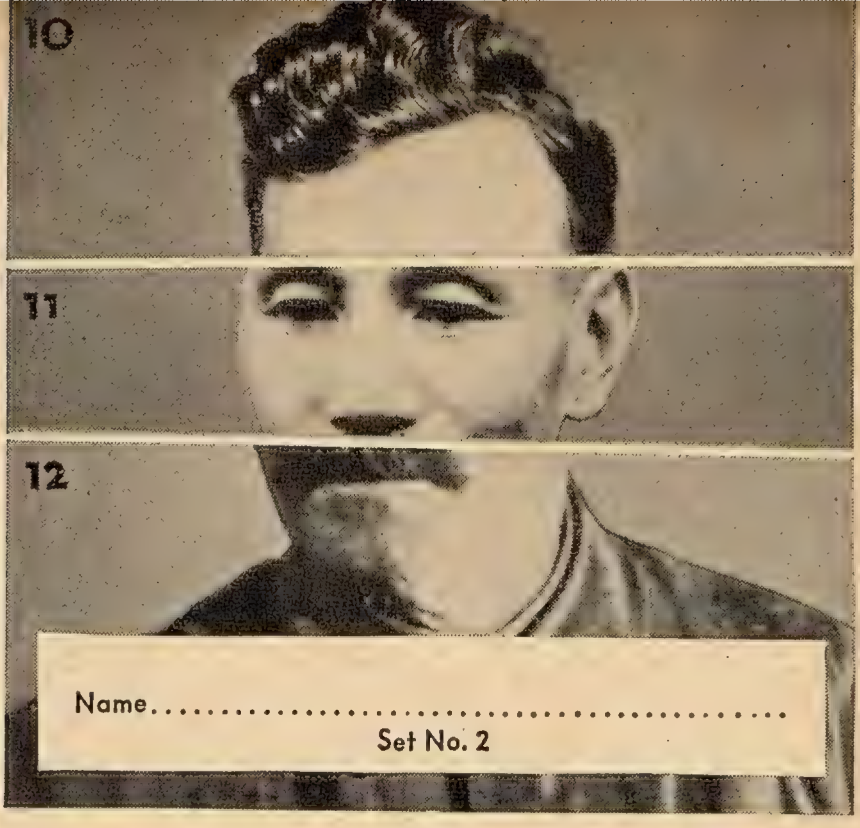
NEXT door to where I live a high-school boy is slowly and excruciatingly learning how to play a cornet. It's awful, but I suppose *somebody* has to learn to play those things. They sound grand in bands. The Theodore Presser Company, of Philadelphia, publishes a series of pamphlets called The Child's Own Book of Great Musicians. Each booklet costs 20 cents. John Philip Sousa, the great American bandmaster, is the subject of the latest one.

OH, fap! Now one of the prunes-and-prisms ladies who write etiquette rules in the newspapers has laid down a law to the effect that it ain't good manners for a soldier or sailor to walk along the street with his arm around his girl. He may be going away to fight for us, perhaps to die for us, and we have the nerve to tell him he ought not to put his arm around his girl in public! I say, any girl who believes in such slopiquette doesn't deserve a man.



Name Today's Great WAR HEROES!

DO YOU KNOW THEM? You've shouted their names and glorified their deeds! You know these valiant heroes, but can you recognize their pictures?



The forehead is of a father whose two-year-old son has been recommended for West Point; the eyes and nose belong to the husband of a Wellesley graduate; the mouth and chin are of a cobbler's son.

$5,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

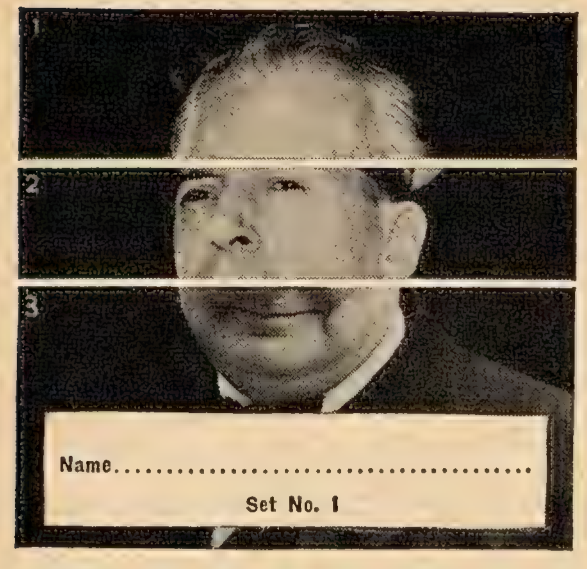
Here is your chance to test your skill and memory. Liberty will pay $5,000 in swell cash prizes for the best answers in this new and intriguing War Heroes Contest!

Just separate the composite pictures, reassemble them correctly, and name the heroes. That's all there is to it! Save your entry until you have all ten sets—then send them to Liberty.

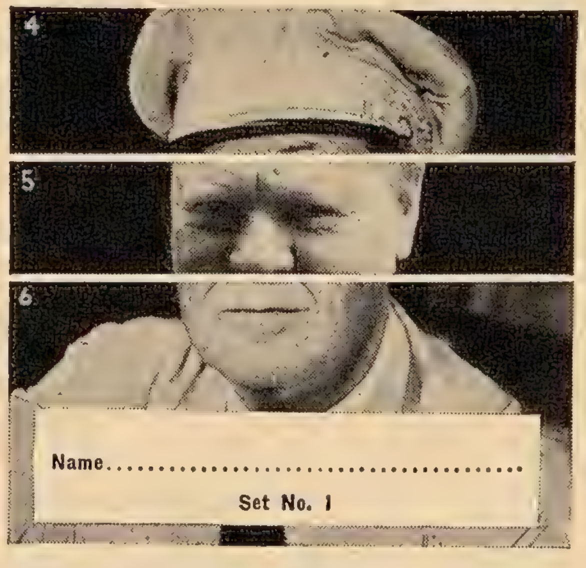
The first two sets of War Heroes appear in this issue. In case you missed the start of this contest, Set No. 1, which appeared in last week's Liberty, is reprinted here for your convenience. Set No. 2 is this week's group. And there are eight more sets to come. Read the rules and observe them carefully.

Remember, these famous figures of courage encompass the military, naval, diplomatic, and civilian theaters of the war. All have been recognized internationally for exceptional devotion to duty. You should know them.

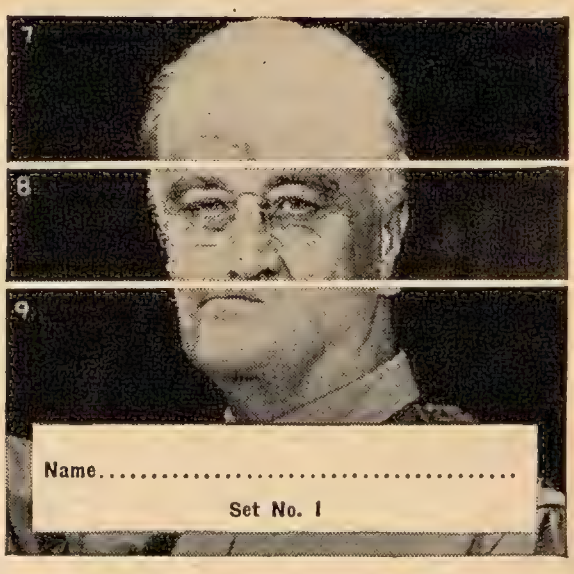
START NOW—HERE'S LAST WEEK'S SET



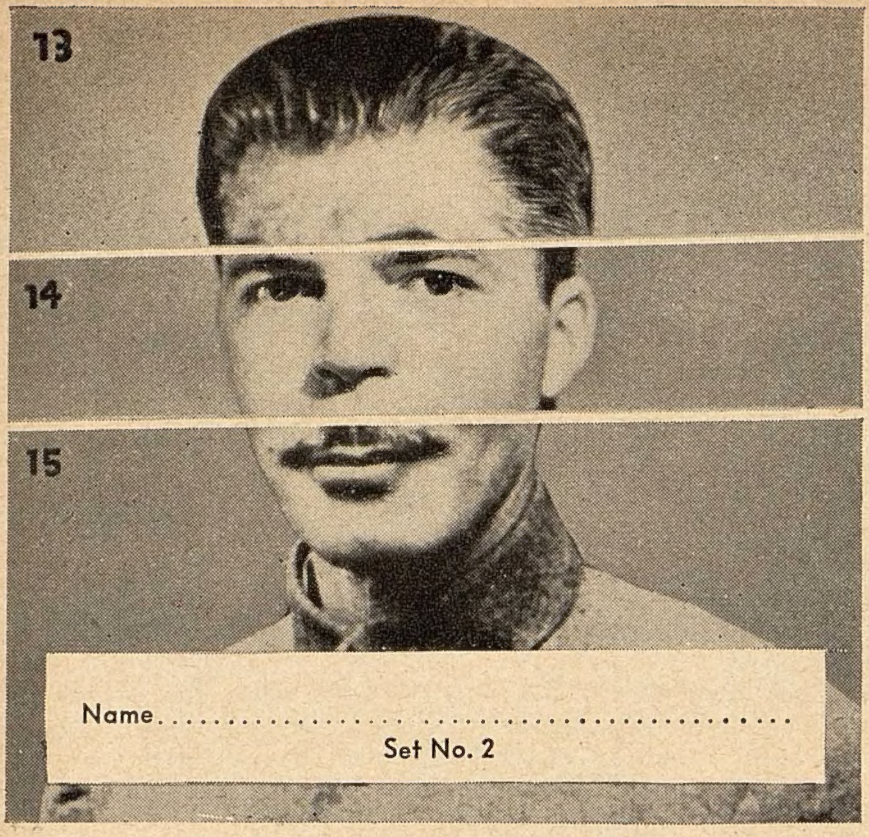
The forehead is of a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the eyes and nose are of Arkansas' most distinguished son; and the mouth and chin belong to a well known collector of hats.



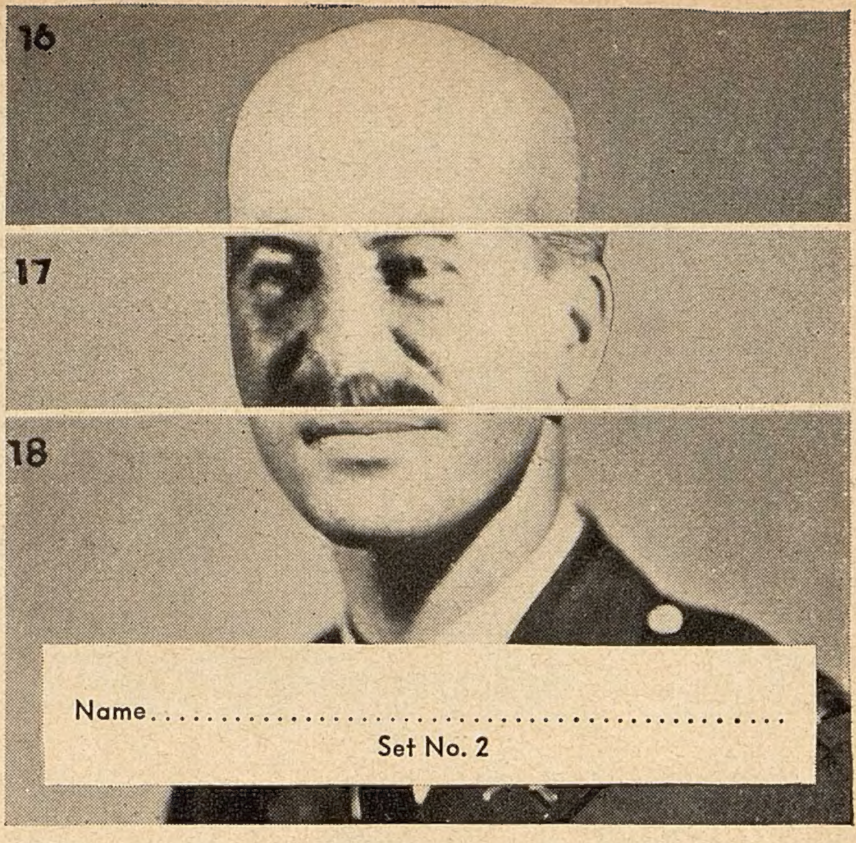
The forehead is of a man almost paralleling his father's career; the eyes and nose are of a son of an American mother and English father; and the mouth and chin are of a famous former governor of an Eastern state.



The forehead is of a man who once built an army of 1,000 toy soldiers; the eyes and nose belong to a candidate for Vice-President of the U. S.; and the mouth and chin are of a hero of the last war's Rainbow Division.



The forehead is of one fond of Hollywood "oomph" girls; the eyes and nose belong to one of Florida's most famous sons; the mouth and chin are of a former soldier in the Japanese army.



The forehead belongs to a village merchant's son; the eyes and nose are of one who studied for the priesthood; the mouth and chin are of a man who sank a Japanese battleship.

EASY! EXCITING! PROFITABLE! —AND LOTS OF FUN!

Begin today! Enter Liberty's great War Heroes Contest at once! One of these 237 inviting prizes can be yours:

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000

The Six Heroes in Sets Nos. 1 and 2 Are Among These Men

Chiang Kai-shek

Roosevelt

O'Hare

Nelson

Churchill

Cripps

MacArthur

Kelly

Bishop

Stalin

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

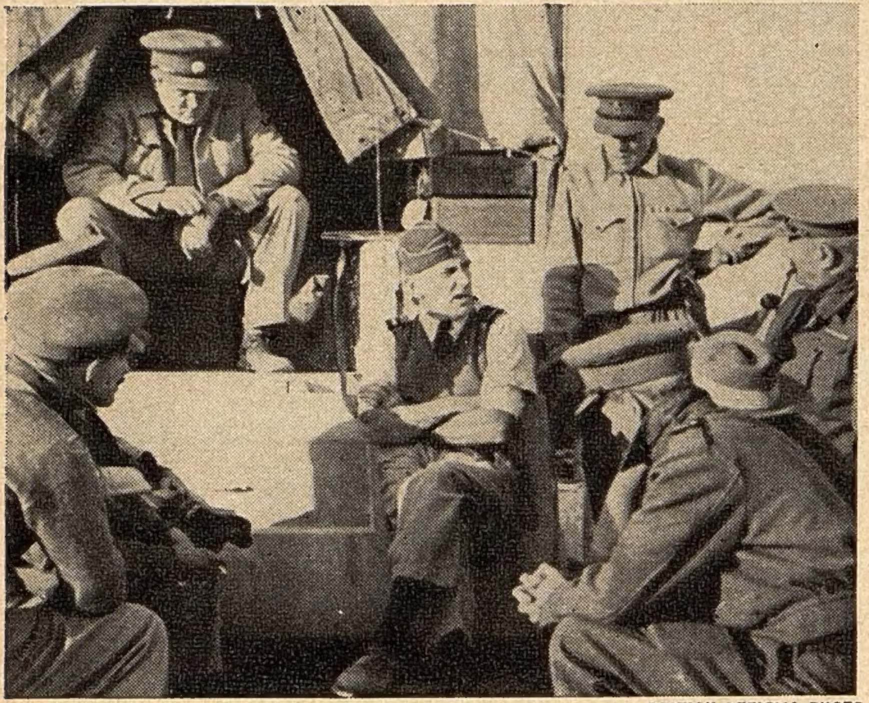
5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

THE WAR OF THE TANKS in the Libyan desert, which is raging as these lines are written, brings thoughts of a young man who knows too much for our own good. If that seems a scrambled statement, we hasten to explain that the young man is Robert Low, and the intimate knowledge of modern battle tactics which he gained in covering the war for Liberty is the reason it has been so long since we published a piece by him. It's this way:

Low was in the thick of last winter's fighting in North Africa. Our February 14 issue contained a vivid radioed dispatch from him, entitled I Helped Chase the Germans in Libya. It was literally a close-up of tank warfare, since Low had been at the heart of a battle, shared a turret with a troop commander, described the maneuvering in detail. (He is shown, in a manner of speaking, in the picture above of a press conference near Tobruk with Air Marshal Arthur Coningham. The Air Marshal sits in the center with folded arms; Low's cap and hands are just visible at the left.)

OUR MR. LOW CAME BACK to the United States in the late winter—and promptly did a disappearing act. It seems his reputation as a skilled observer had preceded him. With no warning at all, we found, he had been whisked off by the Army to a tank-training center, to tell American officers what he had seen and learned. We got him back after a time, and he managed a couple of articles for us—you remember, no doubt, the colorful one about the Yugoslav fighter General Mihailovitch, for which he got special cabled information from secret sources overseas.

Now we've lost him again. The Army never really let him go. He is, if you please, Captain Robert Low of the Army Air Force, and has gone off into the censor-hidden nowhere to help fight the war. He is still of the Liberty editorial family, but when or what he can write for us we don't know.

The fortunes of war. We didn't raise our boy to be a soldier; we just unintentionally trained him to be one. And we are very proud to have done so.

LOW JUST HAPPENED TO LIBERTY. The vision of things carefully planned by conference in an editor's office is one that does not always reflect the facts. Edward Doherty was in London as a war correspondent for Liberty, covering Europe. He struck up a friendship with a London representative of a Hollywood motion-picture concern, working in a prosaic setting of filing cabinets and desks. The picture man craved adventure. Could he try some war pieces for Liberty? On Doherty's recommendation we cabled a cautious "Let's see what he can do."

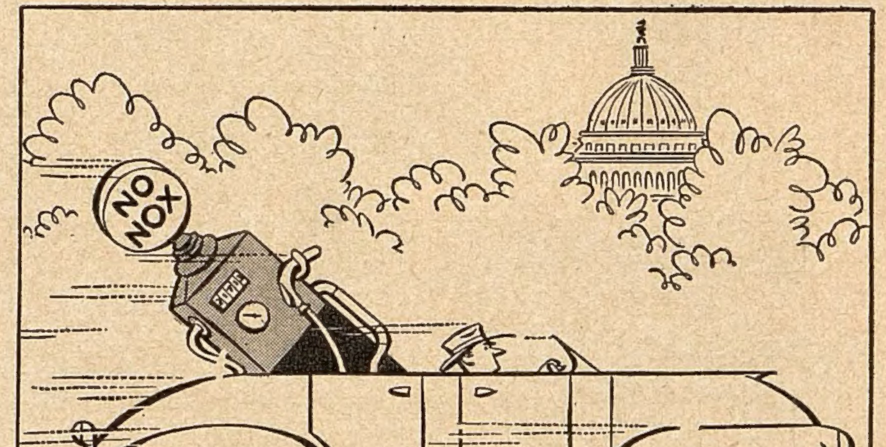
First thing we knew, Low was flying in bomber planes, going to sea in warships, getting into the midst of the war all over Europe, the Near East, and the Mediterranean area. Twice he was captured and escaped. The reports of his adventures which he cabled and radioed to Liberty have been among the classics of recent journalism. The picture man made good.

GOOD EDITING MEANS PLANNING, but it also means meeting the unexpected when it comes. We had never laid eyes on Robert Low when we gave him his chance. We have never yet laid eyes on the lady whom Columnist Sidney Skolsky calls "the girl reporter of this war, to date." Out of Manila, five days after Pearl Harbor, came a memorable account of the early bombings of the Philippine capital, which we promptly published. That was our first word from Annalee Whitmore Jacoby, then a bride on a honeymoon which the Japanese turned into a nightmare; now, by one of the war's sudden tragedies, a widow. Her intimate story of General MacArthur and his family in Liberty for May 30 was, you remember, finished just before word came that her husband, Melville Jacoby, had been killed. Some day we would like to meet Mrs. Jacoby.

PRESSTIME POSTSCRIPT: A PRIVATE CABLE from London says: "When visiting Americans sound a note of doom, saying 'You know what is going to happen as a result of thousand-a-night bombings: The Germans are going to come over here and wipe out the whole island one night soon'—the astonished reply of Britishers is: 'What other reason do you think we have, except that the Germans have a try at it?' " That's England!

The Editors

FALA



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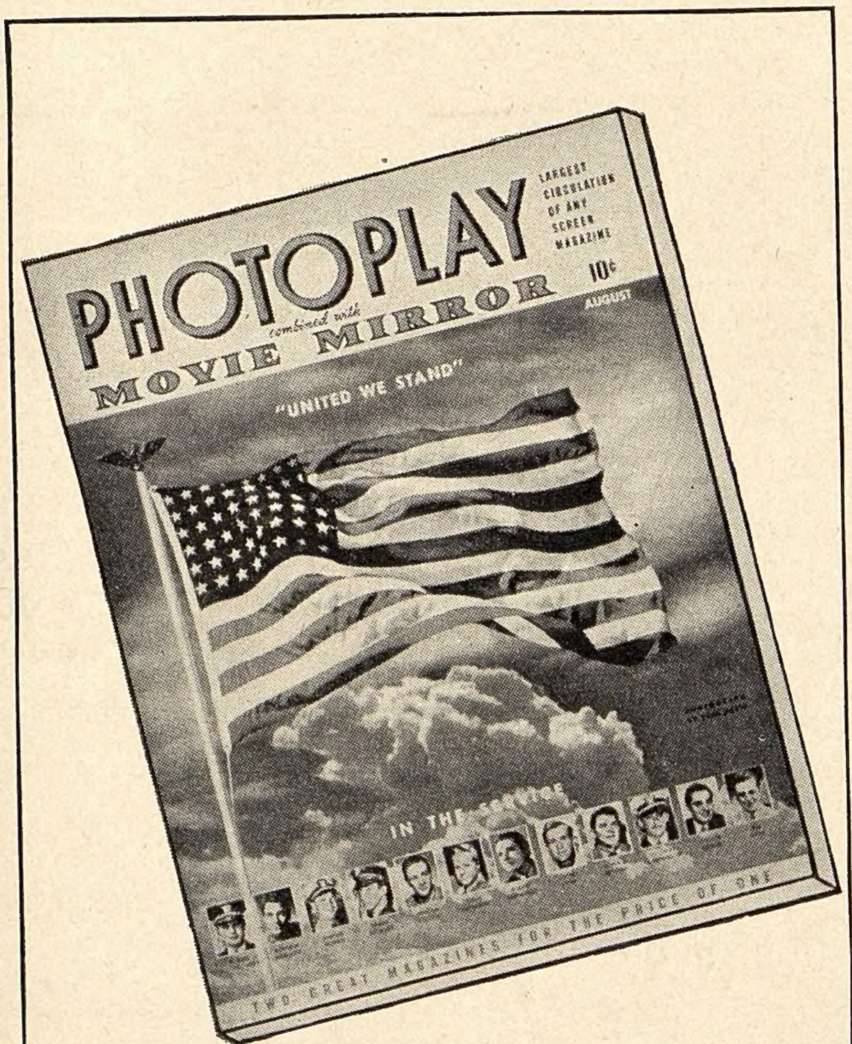
To every lover of fine photography any one of these portraits is worth many times the cost of the magazine alone—a priceless addition to their collection. We aren't going to tell one iota more about them for we want you to have the thrill of seeing these truly grand pictures as a perfect surprise! Get your copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror today! You'll recognize the August cover by the beautiful color photograph of our American flag, plus a lineup of miniature shots of twelve of Hollywood's stars who are now in the service.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SPECIAL FEATURES The following are but three of the outstanding features in the August issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror—

"LITTLE MISS DYNAMITE"—the story of Veronica Lake is entirely different from any of the so-called life stories that have passed over the editor's desk. You'll enjoy—and believe it.

"HOW CLARK GABLE IS CONQUERING LONELINESS" deals with something both the Gable and Lombard fans wondered about. Read how this real he-man who loved and lost a beautiful girl is trying to smother his sorrow.

"WHAT HOLLYWOOD THINKS ABOUT GARY COOPER" will cause our readers to voice some pretty definite personal opinions. It's a good article and worthy of discussion. Don't miss it.

These are just the highlights of the August issue which is crammed to the brim with more, much more—intimate and interesting candid shots of film favorites, pages of movie gossip, timely interviews, fashion news and unbiased reviews of the current pictures.

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